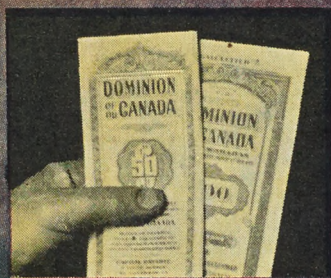


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# THE *Country* GUIDE



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## Everybody Pitched In

B.C. harvests a record fruit crop—New agricultural possibilities looming up—Timber industry being investigated

By CHAS. L. SHAW

**B**RITISH Columbia has harvested one of its biggest fruit crops on record, and this was accomplished in spite of an almost unprecedented shortage of help in the orchards. Nature helped throughout the season, however, by providing excellent growing conditions.

As in other war years, ev-

eryone pitched in to help with the harvest in the Okanagan and other important fruit-producing areas. In cities like Kelowna, Penticton and Vernon many stores and business houses were closed on certain days during the peak of the season so that the staffs could get into overalls and take their place on the production line, either in the orchards or in the packing houses.

Officials of the British Columbia Tree Fruits, Ltd., selling agency for the Okanagan growers, expected that they would market twice as many peaches this year as ever before, and estimates ran as high as 1,500,000 crates.

Apples, of course, are king in the Okanagan and the growers planned to ship some 6,000,000 boxes this year, compared with some 4,100,000 boxes last year.

Looking over the whole agricultural picture in the west coast province it is difficult to point to any dark spots. In the battle for food production the farmers have had an exceptionally effective year, and for much of their success they owe a debt of gratitude to their neighbors—the storekeepers, professional people, garage workers, salespeople—everyone who realized that he or she had a duty to support the region's main industry and keep the wartime flow of fruit in motion.

### High Mark at Salmon Arm

Several individual shipping areas in the province's interior are setting new high marks this season. We might cite the case of Salmon Arm, not because its showing has been better than any other area but because it is fairly typical of a remarkably good season.

There are 2,000 acres in fruit in the Salmon Arm district, apples being the main crop. The average yield has been about 125 boxes to the acre. But with irrigation production might have ranged as high as 400 boxes to the acre.

Water, incidentally, is still one of the great needs of the interior valleys. Without it, the soil is often unproductive, but with an abundance of irrigation the possibilities seem almost without limit. Some promising regions are still without an effective irrigation program, and it is likely that when the war is over some important development will be carried out in that connection.

Irrigation is only one of the many projects on British Columbia's post-war program. Another is highway construction. The provincial government is convinced of the need for extending its network of roads not only as a means of stimulating permanent settlement but of encouraging the tourist traffic.

Tourists were an important contributor to British Columbia's revenue in the years before the war when everyone had plenty of gasoline and tires. During the past three or four years there has naturally been a decline in this activity, but tourist agencies anticipate that once the war is over everyone will be looking for new places to visit, and that British Columbia will be highly favored by the touring motorist—provided that the roads are good.

The past month witnessed the completion of an important highway link between Prince Rupert and Terrace, which resulted in making Prince Rupert accessible for the first time by road from the interior and the main highway system of the province. This new road, which was built as a result of wartime impetus rather than as a tourist attraction, will open up a new agricultural country of considerable promise.

But a highway of even greater significance to the farming community is the projected route from Prince George north to the Peace River country. Survey parties have been out during the past summer and it is expected that construction of this road, which will join the Alaska Highway near Dawson Creek, will be started shortly.

This road will provide the long-sought transportation link between the Peace River valley and the Pacific coast and from a market standpoint this will represent an important gain for the northern producers. It may also be the means of making the Peace River more definitely tributary to British Columbia than to Alberta. After many years of stalling and frustration, British Columbia is beginning to recognize the potential value of her Peace River section.

### Political Quietude Reigns

Politically there has been little action in British Columbia during the past month. There is more interest in the prospects of an early federal election than in the possibility of a provincial contest next spring or summer. Premier John Hart's coalition government appears to be doing a good job and the premier himself is working so hard that the newspapers are urging that he get out and see more of the province and let his constituents in the more remote localities have a good look at the man who has been running their finances longer than any other provincial minister in Canada. People prefer to vote for a man they know personally regardless of the number of times he may have his picture published in the papers.

The C.C.F. continues its aggressive campaign of organization but the only important statement of policy made by the party recently was the declaration of one of its chief spokesmen, Colin Cameron, that if the Socialists took over the reins of office at the next election they would take immediate steps to apply state control to the timber industry.

Mr. Cameron made this statement at a session of the Sloan royal commission, which is surveying conditions in the province's \$120,000,000 lumber and logging industries. The C.C.F., said Mr. Cameron, fear monopolistic tendencies in the forest domain and claims that the operators are getting too large a share of the returns.

The big operators for their part contend that they are in a better position because of the very size of their control, to give the forests what they most need—sustained yield, to perpetuate production.

As the time of the Seventh Victory Loan approaches, Canadian Soldiers are engaged in some of the bitterest fighting of the war. The best news we can send them is that the Loan has gone over the top.



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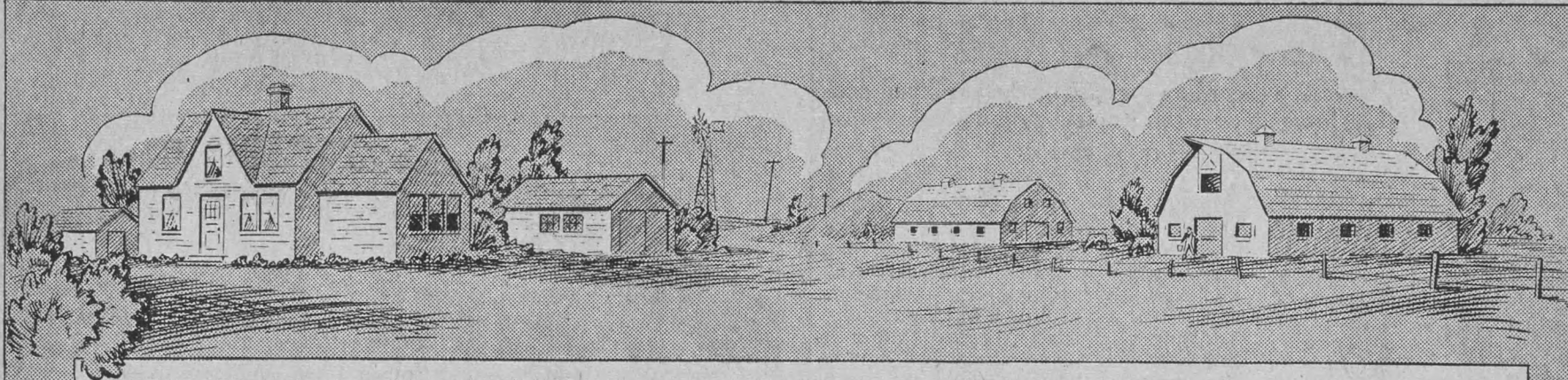
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# TIME

## Marches Past

THE Country GUIDE

### "And What A Plan!"

**O**PERATIONS are proceeding according to plan, and what a plan! Churchill remarked. And what a plan it is that is unfolding before our eyes. The overall strategy now stands revealed. The keynote was, liquidate the Nazis first. They were defeated at El Alamein and swept back to Algiers. The Americans had landed and were there to receive them. Then the soft underbelly of Europe was assaulted. Mussolini, Hitler's chief ally was taken out of the war. The strength of Nazi resistance in Italy was not foreseen, but they are being steadily driven back. As Kitchener remarked in 1914, wars take unexpected courses.

The Western Front was opened on the Normandy coast by a quarter of a million men. A bridgehead was built up. Over two million men were poured in. The British and Canadians held the Nazis on the left flank while the Americans cleaned up the Cherbourg peninsula and then broke through to the South. The Yanks then began their great mechanized sweep which cut off the Nazi coastal defense zone from the rest of France. They sped on until they had penetrated the Siegfried Line. Meanwhile the British and Canadians pushed east, by-passing and investing the pockets of resistance around the ports. These are being reduced one by one. They pushed on through Belgium and into Holland, crossed the Meuse and reached the Rhine.

In the meantime the landing was made in southern France, close to the Italian border. This force cut off communication between the Nazis in northern Italy and France, leaving them only the Brenner Pass. It pushed up the Rhone Valley, not far from the Swiss border and linked up with the American army from Normandy. Together they are now facing the Nazis on their Siegfried Line. France has been liberated with a minimum of war destruction.

But that was not all of the plan. The Russians have certainly come through with their share of the fighting. Starting at the North, Finland has been taken out of the war. Estonia has been retaken from the Nazis and Latvia and Lithuania are next in line. About two-thirds of Poland has been recaptured. Roumania is now fighting on our side, and Bulgaria is out. The Red Army has entered Yugoslavia. An Allied force has landed on the Adriatic coast of Yugoslavia and now this force, Tito's Partisans and the Russians have cut off all Nazis in the southern Balkans and Greece.

These colossal and astounding operations have been among the most spectacular in the history of human warfare. Before winter closes in it is reasonable to expect that the Nazis will find themselves largely contained within their Inner Fortress, Germany, Austria

and Western Czechoslovakia. In East Prussia, Silesia and on the west, the fighting will be on German soil. The liberation of Europe will be practically complete. As to Norway — the Norwegians are hoping that Germany does not collapse before the Allies isolate the Nazis in their country. They will then have a chance to give their oppressors their deservings. The relief of Norway and Denmark, as well as of North-eastern Holland depends on the Allied success in turning the North end of the Siegfried Line, which is weak along the lower Rhine, where the water table is almost at the surface of the ground.

The plan has worked, and what a plan!

### The Road to Tokyo

**I**T'S a long, long way to Tokyo, if the Office of War Information at Washington is looking at the right road map. It predicts that the Pacific War will last from 18 months to two years or more after Hitler cries kamerad or decamps in a sub for Argentina. The Japs still have a lot of what they took by laying on of hands. A good start has been made in getting it back but to clean up the job will take a lot of time, because half the concave globe intervenes between the Allies' home ports and Nipponese home waters.

The Americans have been sinking Jap ships faster than a fox killing chickens in a hen coop, but the said Japs are ship builders and can replace part of the million and a half tons sunk per annum. Besides, as the perimeter of their mushroom island empire shrinks, fewer ships are needed. It takes a lot of ships now, and will take more later, to maintain Allied armies on the other side of that geographical vacuum, the Pacific Ocean. Furthermore, the Japanese can still greatly increase their production of war

materials while as for the army, she hasn't begun to scrape the bottom of her manpower barrel.

The decisive action of the Pacific war is likely to take place in China and things haven't been going so well there. The Japs have been on the offensive and may be able to cut China in two. Several good air bases have been lost. Inflation is rampant resulting in something like an economic breakdown. There is a chasm in the Chinese political field; Chiang Kai-Shek has trouble with the communists.

Another problem will be the mopping up of Jap guerrillas on the islands. Some of these islands are among the biggest in the world. Borneo and New Guinea are each twice as big as Japan and over three times as large as Great Britain. Sumatra is twice the size of Great Britain and Java is nearly as large as England. When the bases are captured, thousands of Japs will take to the jungles and to the hills, join up with disgruntled natives and take a lot of rubbing out. On Bougainville in the Solomons, Jap guerrillas have been on the rampage for over a year.

Such is the realistic picture. It adds up to this, that though the Nipponese are in for an awful shellacking, it will take time to get ready to administer the finishing coat. The only good Jap may be one who has been dead six months, but there are 80 million of them and they will take a lot of punishment.

### Field Marshal Montgomery

**T**HE arrangement, it seems, was that General Montgomery would have command of all the ground forces in northern France while the British and Canadian armies were numerically superior to the American forces in that theatre. Soon the Americans exceeded the British and Canadians. Then the command was divided. Lieut-Gen. Omar N. Bradley took over command of the Americans and General Montgomery retained full command of the British and Canadian armies, both under the overall command of General Eisenhower. Montgomery was given the baton of a Field Marshal to offset the widespread impression that he had been demoted. The impression would have been forestalled if the arrangement had been announced when it was made.

### The Finnish Peace

**F**INLAND appeared in history in the eighth century, was conquered by Sweden in 1157 and taken from the Swedes by Russia in 1809. At that time the Finns had substantial constitutional rights, including a parliament and cabinet, which she retained. Her rights were confirmed as late as 1881 by Czar Alexander III, and included exemption

from military duty. For 15 years before the first world war, attempts to Russify Finland caused constitutional chaos, and Finnish rights practically disappeared. The Kerensky government restored them, and in the chaos of the Red revolution Finland emerged as an independent nation for the first time.

After Munich, Stalin began looking to Russia's defenses. Leningrad was vulnerable, for the Finnish border was within cannon shot of it and the city's water approaches were bordered on the north and south by non-Russian countries. He restored part of the frontier of 1914 by occupying Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania in 1939. From Finland he demanded the old Russian naval bases and the withdrawal of the Finnish border further from Leningrad, in return for territory elsewhere. The Russo-Finnish war followed and Finland's



heroic resistance was finally overcome. The objective was attained without compensation.

Now Russia and Finland, after a former abortive effort, have concluded a peace. The 1940 boundary is restored. The Petsamo area in the North, with its port and rich nickel mines goes to Russia. A naval base on the South-west of Finland is leased to Russia for 50 years. Finland pays an indemnity of \$300,000,000, half what was formerly asked, and disarms the German army within her borders—no easy task. The battle line is shortened by about 800 miles.

### Polish TNT

**T**HE Polish question is full of TNT. It influenced Dumbarton Oaks. About the only point on which agreement was not reached was whether or not one of the Big Five, including reconstructed France, if accused of aggression, would have a vote as to whether or not it was guilty. The Russian delegates insisted that such a nation should have a vote. It was believed to be chiefly because the Polish government-in-exile may prefer a charge of aggression against Russia in the peace settlement, for invading Polish territory in 1941. The case of Finland is also cited.

An attempt to reconcile the Polish government-in-exile and the Moscow Committee of Polish Liberation was made when Premier Mikolajczak appointed Gen. Komorowski, the Polish leader of the Warsaw patriots, to succeed General Sosnkowski as leader of the Polish army. It was rejected by President Morawski of the Moscow committee who branded Komorowski, or General Bor as he has been called, as a criminal. He announced his committee's determination to bring to criminal trial those in London who had engineered the premature Warsaw uprising.



At last he is hanging out his washing on the Siegfried Line.





## What We Have Done

*This war caught Canadians unprepared for that kind of an enterprise.*

*That morning when the Nazi planes poured death on Polish cities and Panzer divisions roared across the Polish border, we had an army of 4,500 men. Now we have upwards of 480,000, of whom over 465,000 are men and 13,000 women.*

*We began with an air force of 4,000. Today we have an air force of 190,000 men with over 14,000 in the Women's Division.*

*From 15 ships of war the Canadian navy has mushroomed into third place in the Allied Nations' naval strength, with over 250 combat ships and 450 others. The navy personnel has grown from 1,700 to over 85,000, of whom over 80,000 are men and 5,000 women.*

*The total intake has been about 920,000 men, from which casualties, and men discharged for medical or other reasons, must be deducted. We now have, in all branches of the service, around 740,000 men. About 40,000 young women have volunteered for the auxiliary services.*

*The war has taken and is still taking its toll of young Canadian manhood. Up to July 31, the dead reached 20,820, the missing, 10,676 and the wounded 19,542. The merchant navy casualties are upwards of 1,200, which brings the figure to about 53,000. There has been bitter fighting and heavy losses since July 31.*

*From the outbreak of the war to the end of 1943 this country produced 31,000 armoured vehicles and tanks and 556,000 mechanical transport vehicles. It built 10,517 aircraft. It turned out 83,150 gun barrels carriages and mountings. Close to a million machine guns and small arms were manufactured. Over 59 million rounds of heavy ammunition and 3,202 million rounds of small arms ammunition were made. Away over a million tons of chemicals and explosives were manufactured.*

*Our shipyards constructed 232 cargo vessels, with a tonnage of 2,326,700, together with 356 naval vessels and patrol boats and 482 other vessels and special purpose craft. We manufactured \$264,000,000 worth of instruments and communication equipment. To all this must be added the tremendous output of this present year, 1944.*

*The people of Canada are paying their own way in this war. Up to the end of this fiscal year the total will be 15 billion dollars. About half the cost is being met by borrowing. Eight loans have yielded \$7,156,175,500; in addition there are sales of War Stamps and War Savings Certificates. The Seventh Victory Loan has an objective of \$1,300,000,000.*

*Canadian forces, in Italy and on the German frontier, are at final grips with the Nazi desolators. We must back them up by buying Victory Bonds!*

# Toward POST-WAR SECURITY

By Edward Murray

**T**HIS year has seen the most ambitious program of legislation ever laid down by a Canadian government. Not since the days of Confederation have the Canadian houses of parliament taken such momentous decisions, and certainly the weary legislators who sat in that hot and sweaty chamber on Parliament Hill in August could look back on a session during which the money of the Canadian people had been spent more lavishly than ever before.

The range of the legislation ran all the way from baby bonuses to changes in the Bank Act. It will be some time before the full import of the measures introduced is brought home to the Canadian people. Most of the bills were aimed at defeating some angle of the problem of post-war reconstruction and rehabilitation.

Three measures introduced during the session were designed to ease the problem of demobilizing the service men. They are the Act setting up a Department of Veterans Affairs, the Veterans' Insurance Act, and the War Service Grants Act. The new Department of Veterans Affairs will take over that part of the Pensions and National Health Department concerned with the welfare of war veterans. The Pensions and National Health Department is being dissolved, and it is expected that its present Minister, Hon. Ian Mackenzie, will get the new job as Minister of Veterans Affairs. This depends, of course, on the political future of the government and of Mr. Mackenzie, whose position has certainly been weakened by the attacks on hospital accommodation provided for wounded servicemen being repatriated from overseas.

A system of veterans insurance, similar to that introduced after the last war, was brought in toward the close of the session. Under the scheme all veterans, including drafted personnel, are provided (at a small cost) with life insurance up to \$10,000. Veterans may take advantage of the scheme at any time during the three years following their discharge or the institution of the Act, whichever is later. An interest rate of 3½ per cent to policyholders has been set, and benefits may be taken in the form of an annuity (for life or for certain definite periods) or a cash settlement may be made.

The War Services Gratuities measure received hearty approval from all groups in the House of Commons, only criticism being that it should have been more. The Act was designed to fulfil two functions: to give a cash benefit to volunteer members of the armed services (and those draftees who served in the Aleutian Islands) and to aid the serviceman with some concrete financial backing during the difficult period when he is trying to rehabilitate himself to civilian life.

**B**ASED on the length of service, the War Service Grant Act provides \$7.50 for every 30 days service in the western hemisphere, \$15 for each 30 days overseas. On top of this, for each six months overseas the soldier gets seven days' pay and allowances, including the dependent's allowances he had been receiving. Then, at the time of discharge all members of the armed services are to receive a rehabilitation grant of a month's pay and allowances, and \$100 for clothing. The scheme goes into effect next New Year's day. The gratuity will not be given in a lump sum. Payment is to begin one month after discharge. Rate of payment is not to exceed one month's pay and allowances,

but if the serviceman dies before receiving the full gratuity, payment of the rest of it will be made to the person who was receiving his dependent's allowance or assigned pay at the time of his death.

According to the Act, a married private with two children who has had one year's service in Canada and three years' service overseas, would receive: War Service gratuity, \$630; Overseas Pay, \$203.85; Rehabilitation grant, \$108.12; Clothing Allowance \$100; total, \$1,041.97.

So far we have looked at the war service grant only as a cash benefit. But the Act also provides that servicemen who do not take advantage of the government's technical, vocational and educational training schemes are eligible for another benefit, equal in amount to the cash gratuity. This "re-establishment Credit" which is payable any time within ten years of discharge or of the Act coming into force, will be paid only for certain specified purposes among them are these: to help buy a house by providing up to two-thirds of the required cash payment; to repair and modernize a house, to pay two-thirds the cost of furniture and household equipment; to provide working capital for a business, to buy tools, equipment or instruments for a trade, profession or business, to pay insurance premiums under government established scheme. Cost of both cash benefit and "re-establishment credit" aspects of the bill is estimated at \$750,000,000.

Coincident with, or perhaps before the problem of demobilization of the armed forces is the problem of relief for war-devastated countries. During the session Parliament approved a measure to contribute \$77,000,000 as Canada's share in the work of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration.

This measure is not without its significance to the Canadian domestic picture. It will have at least two

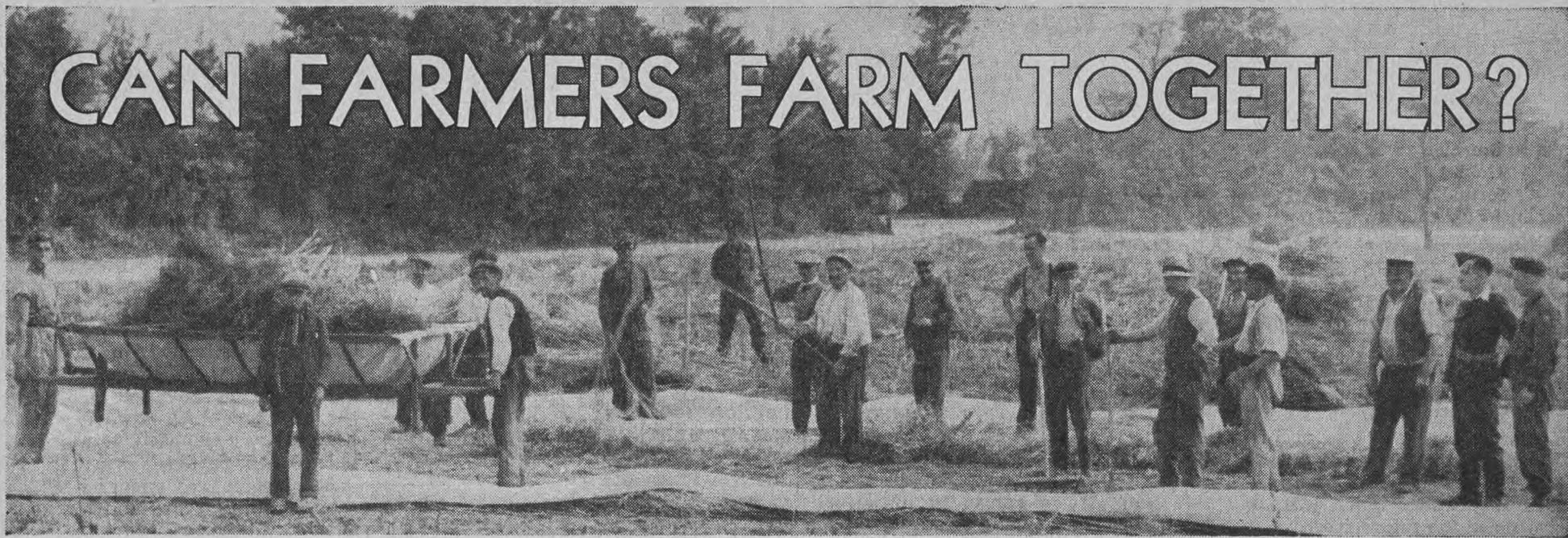
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In the Peace  
River Country.



# CAN FARMERS FARM TOGETHER?



Two Canadians, one of them Pte. J. P. Loxam, Red Deer, Alta., (extreme right), watch a group of French farm laborers in Normandy flail out Colza seed, from which oil similar to rape oil is obtained for lubrication and for burning in lamps. Colza is a botanical variety of the Swede turnip plant (*Brassica campestris*, var. *oleifera*).—R.C.A.F. photo.

**M**ORE than 2,900 years ago there lived an old king, who, according to reputable authority, was very powerful, very rich and very wise. He was very powerful because he inherited from his father a kingdom that was very large for those days. He was very wise because he wrote a book that still ranks among the 66 best-selling books in the world; and he was very rich because after he had built a huge and costly temple, he still had enough money left to support 500 wives. His name was Solomon, and according to the people who came after him and, indeed, according to his own testimony, he had accumulated a lot of experience. He had seen everything there was to be seen, consumed large quantities of wine, built great houses and other public works, engaged extensively in farming, gone in for forestry and irrigation, specialized in levying and collecting taxes, patronized music and the arts. He became, in fact, so great, that according to his own testimony, he "increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem." It was this old patron of beauty and the arts, learned seeker after wisdom, who finally concluded that "there is no new thing under the sun."

Hundreds of years passed and another man wrote an even more widely read book, near the end of which he was able to say, "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth." Of course, he wasn't writing the literal truth. What he meant was that a new dispensation was at hand—and he was right enough. A new and powerful thought had reached mankind, but in spite of this, nearly 1,900 years have not been sufficient time for it to gain universal acceptance. As for the old heaven and earth, they are still with us; and geologists tell us that the earth is pretty much the same old rolling ball of dirt and rock and water that it was for millions of years before either of these best-selling authors wrote their books.

Yet—"The old order changeth, yielding place to new, and God fulfills himself in many ways"; and men of later generations, men of goodwill and honesty, of some perception and much sincerity, have, each in his way, seen visions of a new heaven and a new earth. Wycliffe, Huss, Luther, Cromwell, Calvin, Knox, Wilberforce, Wesley, Owen, Shaftesbury, Marx, and Woodsworth are each to be numbered among the men of history who held a torch according to his own wisdom, for the upward struggle of mankind. In many instances the winds of circumstance battered them down and put out their light. Power and the awful authority of ignorance were often too much for them. Someone has said that "it takes great strength to train to modern service this ancestral brain; to hold back with one hand the weight of dead men's habits, methods and ideas, and with the other to support the weak steps of a new thought." As a generalization, history supports the statement, because, while a few men have succeeded, many other strong men have tested their shoulder muscles and succumbed.

Happily, men of vision and enthusiasm continue to emerge, to make the world safe for democracy, or make democracy safe for free enterprise, or socialism, or social credit, or co-operation. Strange to say, there are men of goodwill in each camp: men who believe in the good life for others as well as for themselves. Therefore, the latest new-old vision to emanate from those who are thoroughly sold on the virtues of co-operation in agriculture is that of co-operative or group farming. Quite frequently, the re-establishment of returned men on the land, under conditions suitable for them, has been offered as the principal reason for putting forward this new form of co-operation. Less than two months ago, the newly

## The history of co-operation or group farming indicates that the prospect of success is not very bright

By H. S. FRY

elected government of Saskatchewan officially blessed the idea by calling a conference of some seventy persons, representing organizations of many kinds concerned with agriculture, for the purpose of examining the question of co-operative or group farming.

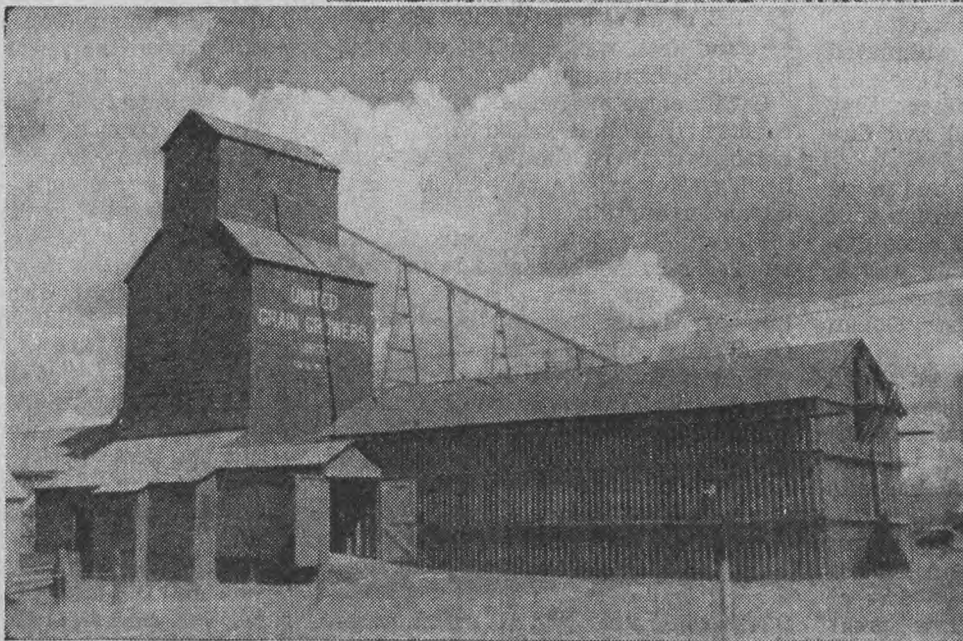
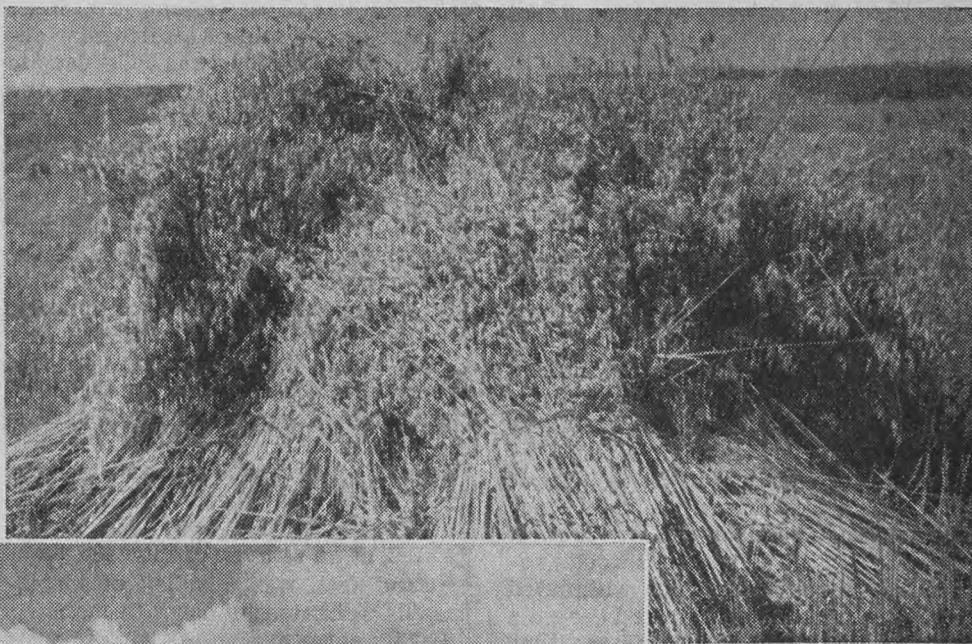
**T**HE Conference appointed a committee of 13 members, of whom seven were government employees, to consider plans which might be applied to farm production. The committee later announced four plans, ranging from: First, all organizations of farmers formed for the specific purpose of sharing individually owned farm machinery and implements; second, co-operative organizations for the purchase, ownership and operation of farm machinery and for the use of labor and the distribution of farm products; and third, the establishment of co-operative communities involving co-operative ownership of land, implements, and other social and economic facilities; to the fourth plan, which would involve the purchase of land by the government for the co-operative use of veterans. It is understood that the Saskatchewan government has set up a further committee to negotiate with the federal government on matters related to the Veteran's Land Act now in effect. Premier T. C. Douglas is also reported to have given the conference a definite promise that the Saskatchewan government would act upon the recommendations of the committee.

Aside from the fact

that this is the year 1944 and not some earlier period in the world's history, and the additional fact that group or co-operative farming has now been officially blessed by the socialist government of a free and democratic people, there is nothing new in the idea of co-operative farming. The world's outstanding single example is, of course, Russia, where the practice is widespread, on an immense scale, and compulsory. It has been tried voluntarily in France, Belgium, England, Paraguay, Iceland, Cuba, Palestine, the Panama Canal Zone, the United States and Canada.

Of 209 such organizations listed in 1942, originating as early as 1732 and as late as 1927, only 18 were still in existence. Of these 18, ten single tax co-operative farm communities organized between 1895 and 1927, were all operating. Of the remaining 199 communities, 64 were religious groups, and of these four were still operating definitely, with two other probables; then there were 47 which were either co-operative or socialistic communities, and 17 Owenite communities, named after Robert Owen, who pioneered with his New Lanark community 31 years before the Rochdale Co-operators opened their little store. Of these 64 communities, none of the Owenite groups have functioned since 1848, and none of the 17 communities, with the exception of the original New Lanark community in England, lasted for more than six years.

Turn to page 36



*Signs and  
Symbols  
of  
the  
Harvest  
1944*



# THUNDERHEAD

## PART II.

**N**EXT morning when the sun rose, the Goblin stood comfortably among the yearlings of the Goose Bar Ranch, snoring softly in peace and blissful ease.

It lasted for a week—the peace and the bliss. A week in which, as it happened, no one of the McLaughlin family discovered that the prodigal had returned.

It was during that week that young Ken McLaughlin, in a fury of despair over the loss of his colt, stood on the top of Castle Rock and hurled down the cherished stop watch which was to have timed the future racer.

At the end of the week Goblin drifted south again. His terror had changed into knowledge and acceptance of a danger. And those mountains down there exerted an irresistible fascination.

When at last he reached the rock where he had been attacked by the eagle, it was near the end of July. This time there was no piebald foal lying across the rock in mid-stream, no monster bird in the air.

Goblin spent a half-hour by that rock, smelling and snorting, going over every inch of the little beach where he and the eagle had fought. Something like a dried curled branch lay upon it. He circled it, then reared and came down pawing at it. He cut it and ground it into the earth.

He followed the torrent upward until it filled the gorge. He raised his head. The rock walls were so steep and so high that he could no longer see the sky, only craggy peaks. But up beyond all that was where he must go.

Cow and horses will, by instinct, always find the easiest way through a mountainous country. Goblin detoured from the river on the eastern side. He had stiff climbing to do but there were breaks in the river-walls, and hours of hard going brought him at length to the last grassy terrace before the rocks shot up in an almost sheer cliff.

Goblin was hungry and he began to graze. Rounding a clump of trees he halted and lifted his head sharply. There, not a hundred yards away, close to the base of a cliff wall, were two handsome bay colts grazing.

Goblin was quiet for a moment, savoring the interest and delight of a meeting with some of his own kind. Then he whinnied and stamped his foot. The colts looked up. With innocent friendliness they trotted toward him. Goblin had to discover certain things immediately. Were these mares or stallions? Where did they come from? Would they be friends or enemies?

This plan was interrupted by a ringing neigh that came, it seemed, right out of the wall of rock. The colts responded immediately. They whinnied in answer and galloped toward the wall, and then, to Goblin's amazement, they galloped right into the wall and disappeared.

Goblin galloped after them and found himself in a narrow chasm which split the rampart of rock and led some distance into the heart of it. There was no sign of the colts, but the passageway was full of the smell of horses. Goblin trotted confidently on.

At last the sides of the chasm sloped away, exposing a wider wedge of sky. And in front of him was a mass of the great boulders which seemed to have been rolled down the sides, choking the chasm completely.

But there was still the smell of horses—Goblin went on. And a turn showed him an open way through—a sort of keyhole, roofed with a single great

For Nell and Rob comes a testing time while Ken gives his white colt a tryout

By MARY O'HARA

### The Story Thus Far:

**FLICKA**, young **KEN** McLAUGHLIN's beloved mare, had foaled. No one on the Goose Bar Ranch, save **HOWARD**, his older brother, knew that the boy had brought Flicka and her colt in from the range. The little foal was white, and Ken begged Howard not to tell. Clearly he was a throwback, and this fact distressed Ken, but only because he feared his father's displeasure. He had not forgotten **ROB** McLAUGHLIN's sharply expressed contempt when, given a choice of any of the colts on the ranch, Ken had selected Flicka for his own. And while he had gentled her, it had almost cost him his life.

As a filly, Flicka had been as wild as her mother, **ROCKET**, as beautiful as her sire, **BANNER**, and as wicked as her grandsire, a great white, untamed horse known to all the ranchers as the **ALBINO**. Ken had heard enough lore to understand the shortcomings in her strain. Some of Flicka's forebears had been fleet. So, because he had wanted a racehorse, he had contrived to have Flicka bred to **APPALACHIAN**, rancher **CHARLEY SARGENT**'S stallion, which had sired many famous racers. Ken reasoned that if he owned a fast horse and could race it successfully, his father and mother would be released from their perpetual worry about money. But now his secret would have to be told, for it would be unfair to his father if he pretended that **Banner**, the finest stallion on the Goose Bar, had been the throwback's sire.

At first, neither **Rob** nor **NELL** McLAUGHLIN, and least of all, **Charley Sargent**, had given the boy's story credence. It was utterly fantastic. But in the end, they had accepted Ken's explanation. And as the months flew by, Ken, alone, gave thought to Flicka's offspring, for Flicka and the little white colt, which **Nell** had named **THUNDERHEAD**, were with the herd on the range.

boulder which hung on slight unevennesses on the side walls. Beyond, Goblin glimpsed blue sky and green grass. Galloping through he came out into brilliant sunlight and a far vista of valley and mountains.

Goblin had found his way into the crater of an extinct volcano. Two miles or more across, and of an irregular oblong shape, the valley was belly-deep in the finest mountain grass. Here and there, rocky or tree-covered hills rose from the valley floor reaching as high as the jagged and perpendicular cliff which ringed it and shut it in. Outside of the crater walls rose still higher mountains. On the lower slopes of the stone rampart were narrow ravines in which were close thickets of quaking asp, their roots deep under the rivulets that gathered from a thousand crevices to pour into the valley and join the broad river that wound across it. Reaching the rampart, the river burst through, changed to a foaming torrent by the compression of the narrow cliff walls.

**H**ERE, at an altitude of fourteen thousand feet, was a valley of incomparable richness, unknown to man.

Goblin stood motionless. This was the country that had called him. Those horses over there, the big, loosely flung herd, grazing quietly, were the horses he had been hunting.

Mares! His nostrils quivered. He neighed loudly. The mares raised their heads, the foals faced around. Nickered, they trotted toward the newcomer. Goblin rushed happily to meet them.

They milled around him and he lost all thought of fear or caution in the happiness of having arrived. He met and smelled and talked to them one by one. The squeals and whinnies, the jumps and snorts and playful kickings were all delightful fun.

On the summit of a nearby hill stood a great white stallion.

He was upwind from his mares, which

was fortunate for the Goblin. As it was, the Albino noticed the commotion in his harem and faced around to observe it.

Pure white, the Albino stood sixteen and a half hands high. His body had power and strength rather than gracefulness. He was not smooth. His coat was marred by a hundred scars. His great age showed in the hollows of his flanks and shoulders and face. But behind the dark glare of his eyes, a fire blazed.

He stood there looking over the kingdom which had been his for many years. He permitted no colt older than a year to remain in the band of mares, nor any stallion older than a two-year-old to be in the valley. Here and there, in the deep grass, were the polished bones of those who had challenged him. And, if any attempted to return after he had driven them forth, they did not try a second time.

When Goblin caught the unmistakable scent of the stallion, he trotted out from the herd to find him. He saw him up there on a hill—just where **Banner** would have been—and with a joyful nicker, started toward him.

The Albino came down to meet him.

Goblin, a creature of fire and magnetism himself, came to a stop. It occurred to him that he was going in the wrong direction. But he held his ground.

The Albino slowed his pace, came closer—stopped. Their noses were about two feet apart.

For as long as a minute they faced and eyed each other.

They were the same. Trunk and branch of the same tree. And from that

confusing identity—each seeing himself as in a distorted mirror—there flamed terror and fury.

No self-respecting stallion would deign to attack a mere yearling. But sud-

denly the Albino raised his right hoof and gave one terrible pawing stroke, accompanied by a short grunting screech of unearthly fury. And in so doing, he both acknowledged and attempted to destroy his heir.

The stroke was delivered with lightning speed. From his great height, if the blow had come down on Goblin's head, as was intended, it would have killed him instantly.

But Goblin was endowed with the same lightning speed and reflexes. He swerved. The great hoof glanced down his neck, ripping the flesh at the shoulder, and sent him rolling. The stallion turned and lashed with hind feet to catch the body of the colt as he fell from the blow—and finish him off. But the Goblin rolled too far and too fast, landed on his feet, and whirled to streak toward the band of mares. They opened ranks and let him in, but scattered again at the impact of the Albino's head-on rush.

Goblin dodged. He felt the rake of the Albino's teeth down his haunch, and he squealed and doubled behind another mare. The Albino's charge knocked her off her feet and Goblin went down under her. He felt a burning pain in his ear and tore it loose. He was up again, shouldering into a group of mares and foals. When he came out the other side, the Albino had lost him for a moment. It was his chance. He fled toward the keyhole in the rampart, the Albino in thundering pursuit. Entering the passageway, the Goblin followed the zig-zag path which led through it, and here his smaller size gave him an advantage. Emerging on the other side, the Albino was some distance behind, but still coming fast.

It was a long chase.

**G**OBLIN'S youth and the cover given to him by the rocks and clumps of trees saved him. Six miles down the river, he was alone at last, as the afternoon light began to fade. He was limping from the painful wound in his shoulder. He carried his head on one side, favoring the torn ear, now and then giving it a little shake to shake the pain away, scattering drops of



There was a rapt look on Ken's face as he passed them. "He runs in the air," howled Sargent.



blood. To move, now that he had stopped running, was an agony.

The memory of all that had happened was graven in him. Never mind—there would be another day.

Goblin grazed until he had filled his belly and renewed his strength, then took his way home.

**K**EN walked slowly along the dry irrigation ditch with his gun on his shoulder. For weeks he had been nursing his grief. To have lost the Goblin was just something that couldn't have happened.

In his mind, he had cut a groove of ugly thinking. Blame of his father who kept saying that the colt would come back of its own accord; that animals always returned sooner or later to the place where they were born. That was all very well, but no chance should have been taken with such a valuable animal, destined to make all their fortunes. He shouldn't have been put on the range with the other yearlings.

That wasn't all. There was his stop watch. The watch he had spent all that money on.

He might have known Howard would do a thing like that. And so smug! Not at all as if he had played a nasty trick, but was just interested in getting information. Asking his father last night at supper.

"Say, Dad, I want to ask you something."

"Well, Howard?"

"You know Ken bought himself a stop watch before he left Laramie."

"Oh, he did!"

"Yeah—to measure Goblin's speed, you know—and see if he could be a race horse—" (Howard's calm, impersonal tone—*hypocrite—snake in the grass*).

There was a moment's silence, and a funny sharp look on their father's face.

"Well?" he asked.

"Well now, what I want to know is, if

Ken got mad at the watch, and threw it away—stood right up on top of Castle Rock and pitched it down hard as he could—" (so informing his father that Ken had had a tantrum) "and if I found it, would it be mine or his?"

And the helpless misery that had made Ken choke furiously as his father turned to him and asked, "Did that happen?"

"Sure," Ken had sneered. "He can have it. I don't want it."

"But what I want to know," insisted Howard, "is it really mine or his?"

Their mother had looked very straight at Howard, her eyes narrow and blue. But their father had answered harshly, "It's yours, Howard."

And so Howard had got not only the watch but even a sort of title to it.

The sun was sinking low. Slowly, Ken trudged the rest of the way to the house.

He got his chance to work off his

grudge just as he arrived. That skunk his mother had been complaining about for days, was ambling along on the terrace, and Ken forgot until the last moment that, behind the skunk, was the house. It made him jerk his arm a little. The bullet missed, hit one of the flat rocks that edged the terrace, ricocheted, and went right through the kitchen window where the family had just sat down to supper.

"What the hell do you think you're doing!" shouted Rob McLaughlin, rushing out on the terrace and seizing Ken by the shoulder.

"Kennie!" an outraged cry from Nell.

And a terrible smell all over the front terrace from the skunk.

"This is the last straw," roared his father, taking the gun. "You go upstairs to your room and stay there. Forget about supper. You won't want any."

It had all happened so quickly that Ken found himself seated on the edge of his little chair, alone in his bedroom, before he had time to think. He didn't care about missing his supper. What was the use of eating, anyway?

**H**E sat there and counted his miseries. First and worst, he had lost the Goblin. Second, his father was mad at him. Third, if he wasn't to have a race horse, he would never be able to give his mother any presents, or take down the barbed wire and put up wooden fences for his father.

Presently he noticed the sound of his alarm clock ticking. That made him think of the stop watch. He wondered if Howard carried it with him everywhere, or left it in his room? This would be a good time to find out.

He went into Howard's room and began to look for the watch. He searched

## ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE TILLENIUS

bureau and desk drawers; all the pockets of the coats and pants that hung in the closet. It wasn't there.

Returning to his own room, Ken drew his chair to the window, folded his arms on the back of it and laid his tousled head on them, sitting silently while the room grew dark and one star shone out over the pines across the Green.

Later, when Ken had gone to bed, his father came in and stood at the foot of the bed and talked to him.

"When Howard can't have what he wants, he just grits his teeth and holds on to himself. But if you can't have what you want, you howl!"

Ken was shocked. "I don't howl, Dad!"

"Your way of howling. Going around as if you were about to die. Worrying your mother and me. None of us in this life gets what we want all the time, Ken."

The boy's face quivered. "But Goblin, Dad—"

"I know, Goblin. But before that it was Flicka. In a year or two it'll be something else. People go through their lives wanting. But what if they don't get what they want?"

"Well—well—" stammered Ken, trying to think hard. It was a pretty big question.

"Answer me!" demanded his father, "Can you take it, or can't you?"

The boy stared at him, his face streaked with tears and dirt. His father stamped from the room and came back with a wet wash rag and a towel. "I said, take

it. You've heard that before, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, what do you think it means? There's many a day you've seen me walking through this house when I've just lost something I had hoped for and counted on. And you don't see me neglecting my duties or making a general nuisance of myself."

His father was giving his face a vigorous going over with the wash rag. Ken screwed his eyes shut, but held up his face helpfully. Then McLaughlin dried it and flung the rag and towel on the chair. "Well?" he said.

"Neglecting duties?" muttered Ken, questioningly.

"You've made a mess of training those two-year-olds and you know it. You left the oat bin open and the barn door, too. You're never on time to meals. You aren't clean or tidy. When it's supposed to be your time for work, you're off somewhere moping and I can't find you."

He paused for breath. His hard, handsome face, bronzed and cleancut, held the boy's gaze. Then he sat down on the edge of the bed, with one arm propped on the far side of Ken. A sweetness went through the boy, it was as if he were within his father's arms.

"Ken, you can't always win. Much more of life is failure than success. The things that happen to you, good or bad, don't matter as much as the fortitude with which you meet them."

Ken's face was shining up at his father's. He said, "Dad, I've decided I can take it."

"You can decide until hell freezes over and still maybe it won't be done," Rob said. "But if you do it, it's done, isn't it?"

"Ye-e-es, but if you decide, you can go ahead and do it, too, can't you?"

"Sometimes. Sometimes not. You can break your heart trying, and still you can fail."

With this incomprehensible statement he went out, and the boy was alone.

**I**N the next room Nell put her arms on Rob's shoulders and looked into his eyes. "What did you tell him?"

Rob sank into the big chair, drew her to his knee, and told her.

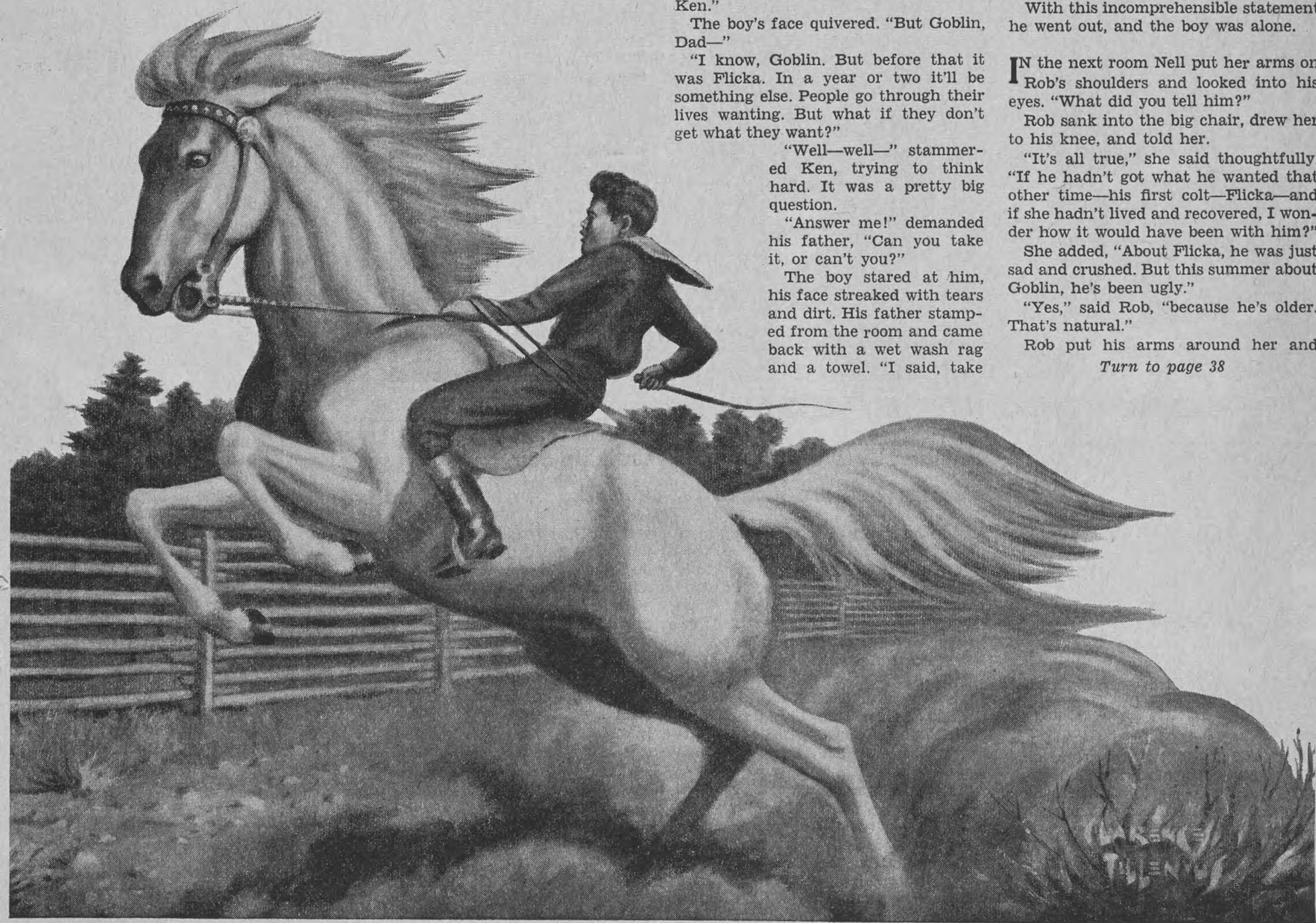
"It's all true," she said thoughtfully. "If he hadn't got what he wanted that other time—his first colt—Flicka—and if she hadn't lived and recovered, I wonder how it would have been with him?"

She added, "About Flicka, he was just sad and crushed. But this summer about Goblin, he's been ugly."

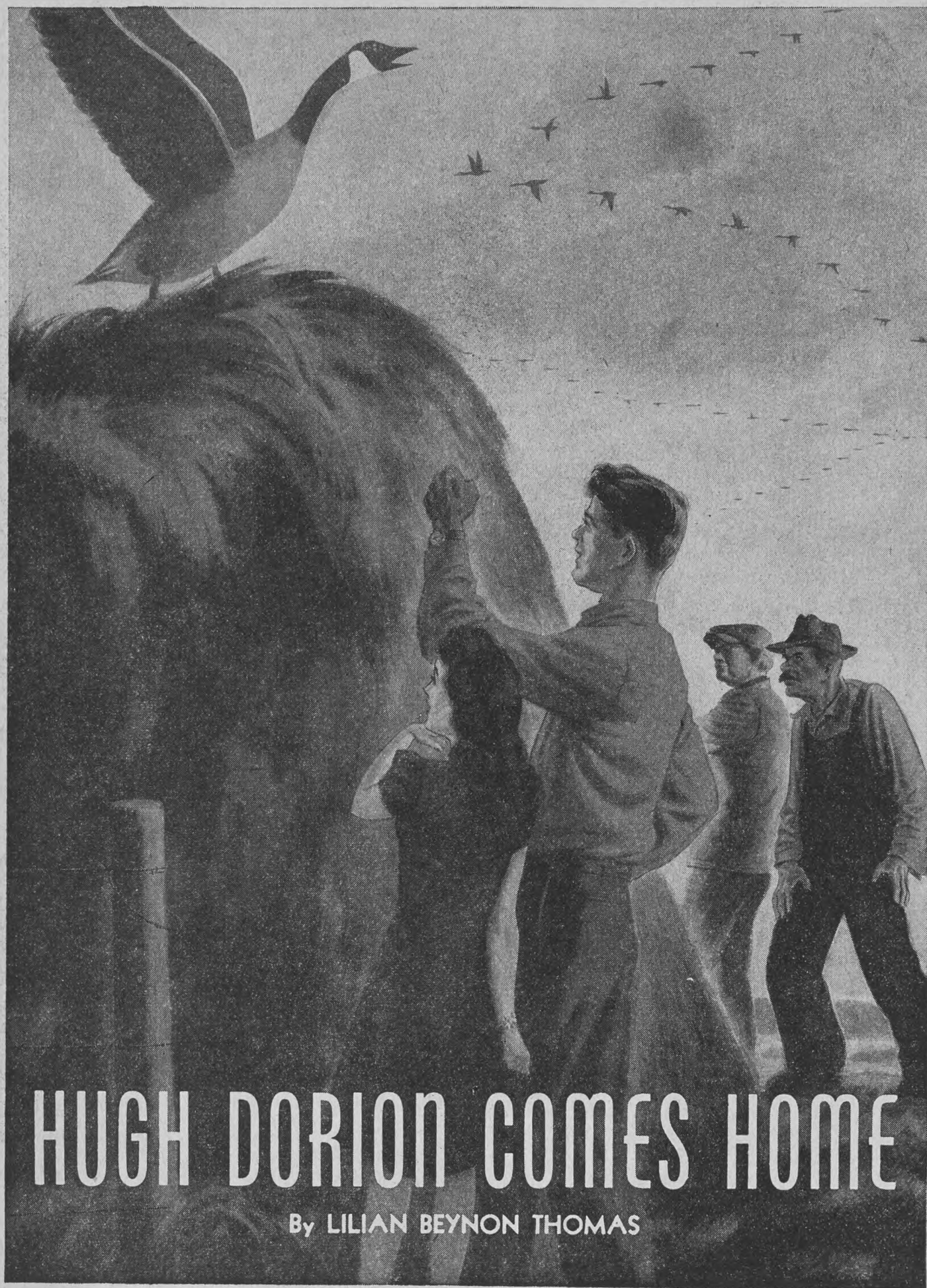
"Yes," said Rob, "because he's older. That's natural."

Rob put his arms around her and

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# HUGH DORION COMES HOME

By LILIAN BEYNON THOMAS

**H**UGH Dorion strolled into the farm house kitchen. It was great to be home all right. He had been at home three weeks and he could scarcely believe it. He kept telling himself over and over, "I'm home. I'm home. I'm really home." Everybody had been wonderful.

Funny thing though whenever his mother was around and heard him say, "It's wonderful to be home," she say, "Hugh'll be all right when he settles down." He wondered just what she meant but he didn't ask her. He did not wish to try and shape this thing in his mind into words, not yet. This feeling that he did not fit in. He could not understand it. He needed time, only time so far had not helped much.

He stopped beside the kitchen table where his sister Beth was putting chocolate icing on a cake. Her tongue like the red pistil of a flower peeked from between her lips and curled around with each effort of her hands. Hugh laughed. "I remember when we made mud pies you used to twiddle your tongue like

**A story, by a well-known Canadian writer, to live in your memory, because it is of the substance of our day and life**

that when you had a very juicy piece of dirt."

"I didn't twiddle it," Beth raised her icing knife as if to hit him. "I'd daub you only chocolate is too precious these days. This is very special just for you. We haven't had a cake with chocolate icing for months."

"Just for me?" Hugh laughed.

Beth grinned. "Hester and Sam and the rest like chocolate cake all right and I don't mind a bit myself," she acknowledged, "but we didn't have any when you were away."

Hugh turned away. He did not know how he was going to tell her he would not be at her party. He reached for his twenty-two rifle that was hanging on the wall. Beth had been so good to him he did not wish to let her down but somehow he just could not meet Hester and Sam Payne and the others all to-

gether. Not yet! He wanted to wait until he'd fitted in or whatever it was he needed to do. Everything seemed muddled inside him.

He had seen Hester the day he came back. He had made up his mind he was going to be friendly but casual with her. He would be just like when they went to school although she had been special with him even then. She was standing at the Harley farmyard gate waiting for him. She didn't run down the road to meet him. He was glad she didn't. She had made him go all the way.

*The wounded goose braced himself ready. Hugh could feel the watchers growing tense.*

Illustrator - - ROBERT F. RECK

She always had been like that, independent. He had thought it would be easy just to say, Hello or Hi and kiss her lightly.

But when they met, when they looked into each others eyes, words were out. Hester was in his arms and he was glad his right arm was all right. Even his left arm that was badly shot up went around her awkwardly and there was nothing the matter with his lips. All the dreams he'd had about her in Africa and Italy and on the sea came true right then. When he released her he said thickly, "Seems like it's all right, whatever happens I've had a bit of heaven."

Hester answered by tightening her arms.

But on his way home that night, swinging along the side of the road like he used to do, feeling good, his foot hit a thick tuft of grass. His damaged hip was rigid and he fell. When he got up he decided not to see Hester again until he'd taken stock of his assets. He had to be able to see a bit further into the future before he talked any more to Hester.

"I'm going over to see Rhoderick MacKenzie," he said as he scuffed his injured foot across the kitchen floor. "I want to tell him old Joe Herriott's down in the ravine with a spy-glass trying to catch farmers shooting geese out of season."

**H**UGH'S mother who was at the end of the table making sandwiches looked up with a twinkle in her eyes, "Wouldn't that be more likely to make Rhoderick shoot a goose just to make old Joe mad?"

"Might," Hugh grinned, "but Rhoderick has other troubles worse than Joe. His wife's in the hospital and he's a bit behind with his harvesting."

"Don't be long Hugh," Beth warned. "Hester's coming early."

Hugh's mother followed him to the kitchen door, the bread knife in her hand. "Can you see the cows coming? I told Jim to hurry so's we could get them milked and the milk separated before your company comes."

Hugh stood on the kitchen stoop and looked across the old pasture field that had been plowed that summer to the new pasture on the other side. "I can hear the dog barking," he said "but it looks to me as if some of the cows are in the old pasture."

"That Spitfire again," Mrs. Dorion said. "Hugh, I think you'll have to sell that heifer. Nothing ever cures a breechy animal."

Hugh noticed his mother's pronoun. She expected him to settle down and manage the farm as he had intended to do after his father's death if there had been no war. But at that time he was just a kid really. He was crazy about sport, the champion runner in that part of the country and almost a professional baseball pitcher. He had started a course at the agricultural college too. He was keen to learn.

Now he felt old. Funny how old he felt. Maybe because he couldn't run.

Maybe because he couldn't pitch any more. Young Jim threw him a ball the night before. Gee! He felt too old to go to college too. He felt, that was the queer thing, he didn't know how he felt. He wasn't the Hugh Dorion who

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# THE Country GUIDE

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## No Slackening Now

This European War is hastening to its climactic close. The battle lines are receding. The yoke of the oppressor is being removed from the necks of his victims. Out-generated, out-fought, outnumbered, the decimated remnants of the hosts of Nazidom are retreating to their inner citadel. For the first time in a century German soil trembles to the tramp of hostile soldiery.

Out on the Pacific, the quickly won Island Empire of Japan is shrinking. Her outposts are being methodically reduced; her shipping destroyed; her air fleet obliterated. Her navy cowers near its home ports. While China grimly fights a delaying war, the bombers and fighters, the merchantmen and battlecraft of the Allies, gradually released from the Western Theatre, are hastening to Far Eastern air and waters. Soon, by every indication, millions of soldiers will follow. The Rising Sun of Nippon will go down in the flame and smoke of exterminating battle.

The Reign of Horror will cease; the leaf will be turned on the blackest page of human history.

But this war is not over. It will not be over until the last bomb is dropped, the last hand grenade thrown, the last shell fired from a battleship. It will end at least a year earlier than anyone dared to hope a few short months ago, but it is not over. Young Canadians are still fighting bravely and dying gloriously. They will be in there, fighting and dying until the last bomb and grenade and shell has hurtled toward the enemy. This grim war brooks no slackening until victory is complete. There will be no pause or slowing down in its final stages. The rage of full battle will surge on until the cease fire follows upon unconditional surrender.

While the war lasts, the home effort must continue unabated. The soldiers and sailors and airmen must know and feel that we are behind them to the last. We cannot let them down. Nothing but the best, in fighting equipment, in care for the wounded, in moral support is good enough. Nor will the cost cease with the fighting. The experience of the last war clearly showed that demobilization is as costly as actual hostilities.

The Seventh Victory Loan campaign is upon us. The farmers of Canada are being asked to do even better than they did last time, if possible. It should be possible. The cash income of prairie farmers for the first six months of this year is officially estimated at \$404,865,000 compared with \$258,865,000 for the same period in 1943 and with \$152,411,000 in the first half of 1942. It has been estimated that, if the rate of increase for the first six months keeps up during the second half of the year, the income of the farmers of Canada will be \$1,700,000,000 in 1944; nearly a billion dollars more than for the year 1939. These are notable increases. They are accompanied by restrictions in spending; the goods are not there to buy. On the money that is being saved, Victory Bonds should have the first call. The money thus invested backs the men at the front, it is safe, and it will be available, when the battle flags are furled, for purchasing the equipment and making the improvements that have been deferred during the war. Every incentive, both of patriotic duty and of self interest, demands that the last dollar possible should be invested in Victory Bonds.

## Restrictions and Price Control

The Wartime Prices and Trade Board performs a double barrelled function. It restricts the production of civilian goods. The idea here is to channel as much as possible of the national effort into the production of war goods. And it controls prices. The idea here is to prevent the artificial scarcity of civilian goods from producing inflation.

Donald Gordon has announced that as rapidly as the progress of the war will allow, the restrictions on the manufacture of civilian goods will be hoisted. As the demand for swords falls off, industry will be switched to making plowshares. Already a long list of limitations and prohibitions have been blue penciled, mostly on small but handy gadgets. Everybody will hail the day when the switch is complete.

But there will be a lag between lifting the restriction on an article and getting it on sale everywhere and in the required quantity. In the meantime there is this pent-up demand and this stored-up purchasing power. Take the controls off prices and what would happen? The same thing that happens to a balloon when the rope that holds it down is cut. The danger of inflation is not over until goods are again available in sufficient quantities to meet the pent-up demand and stored-up purchasing power. For that reason price control must outlast restrictions on manufacture. Donald Gordon would no doubt like to chuck the W.P.T.B. as soon as peace is proclaimed and go back to his old job with the Bank of Canada, but we will need him until the store shelves and the warehouses are crammed with goods again.

## Peace Preparedness

The work of UNRRA, which met recently at Montreal, goes far beyond feeding liberated peoples until they get their agriculture back to something like normal, which by all appearances will not be long. Allied armies furnish food relief for six months or so, and then UNRRA takes over. But there is more to it than that. Already \$377 million of its two billions has been allocated to furnish sanitary and medical supplies, soap, clothing, shoes and industrial and agricultural equipment and supplies. Uprooted people will be assisted back to their home communities and the 2½ million Germans who have moved in on other peoples' property will be hustled back across the German border. UNRRA's work will be temporary in character. It is a relief and rehabilitation organization, and it is now a going concern.

The conference at Bretton Wood, New Hampshire, dealt with international monetary and financial questions. Delegates from the 44 Allied Nations met to blueprint a permanent world organization to stabilize currencies and exchange and to stimulate world trade. There is to be a fund of \$8,800 million to which the nations contribute according to their gold production and holdings, and their prewar foreign trade. Canada's share is \$300 million. Member nations will be able to borrow from the fund to bolster their foreign credits. There is to be an international bank, capital \$9,100 million, to finance economic reconstruction. These recommendations are tentative, and have to be approved by the nations involved.

Dumbarton Oaks is one of Washington's oldest colonial mansions. There, representatives of Great Britain, the United States, Russia and China held exploratory talks on a world peace organization. From the conference emerges a plan, which also will have to be ratified by the conferring nations, for an inner council, composed of the great powers and of smaller powers in rotation to police the world and stabilize the peace. There will also be an assembly including smaller nations, and presumably a world court in which international disputes will be tried.

Evidently, the world has learned its lesson. It will not enter the postwar period unprepared to meet and solve its problems, as it did once before after a world war with dire consequences.

## Biscuits Are Big Business

Garfield Weston, who inherited his father's soda cracker factory in Toronto after the last war, has turned out to be quite a go-getter. He expanded the family interests by the old method of buying up other baking firms and forming new ones. Then he went to the United States and annexed considerable slices of the biscuit business there. Later he expatriated himself to Britain, where he mushroomed out into a still bigger and better biscuit baker, copped off a seat in the British house of commons, and is reported to have had an income of \$9,000,000 last year in spite of restrictions on eating biscuits and everything else in the war-engrossed mother land. He heralded his return to his native heath by buying control of the E. B. Eddy Company from Viscount R. B. Bennett and by also getting control of the J. R. Booth lumber and paper interests, and of Somerville, Ltd.

But it was when he bought the controlling interest in Western Grocers Limited, that there was a murmur of protest in financial and business circles. It was this way. One morning the minority shareholders received in their mail an intimation from the management of Western Grocers, Winnipeg wholesalers, that the control of the company had passed to Weston. The big fellows had sold the controlling interest in the company, in which the little fellows had an equity and a vital interest, without their knowledge or consent. They protested, and The Financial Post was moved to say that though the stock market had acted favorably, and quotations on shares had gone up, the minority shareholders have a just grievance and "the principle of full and prompt disclosure by management of all the facts vitally affecting the company and all its owners is, it must be admitted, morally right." To which it might be added that consumers also have an interest in the biscuits, matches, lumber and the like. They are the ones who shell out, no matter who sells out.

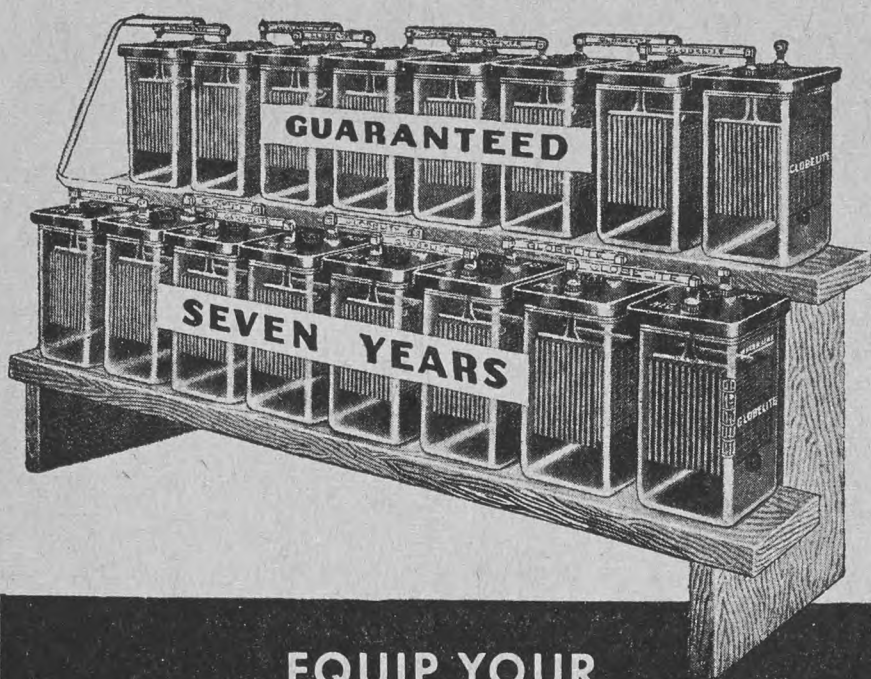
These huge transactions are another indication that in the realm of high finance the same old game of consolidation and centralization can proceed unimpeded as in the past. The high priests of the new era which was to emerge from the fires of this universal conflict belong to the same old order, wear the same old regalia, and use the same old ritual. There is no objection to bigness as such, and men have a right to sell their own property, but there will come a day when the mania for power, and the ability to accumulate power, will not range unfettered and uncontrolled. Men will have to convince a public tribunal that their proposed deals do not run counter to public interest.

## Blackouts

There was rejoicing the world over, except in darkest Nazidom, when the lights of London went on once more. They went out in England's darkest and finest hour. For four long years they were hidden. Now the deep night of the Nazi terror has passed; the dawn is breaking; soon the sun of peace will cast its benevolent rays again. The lights of London are a harbinger and a symbol of peace.

Here in Canada we have the inconvenience of a minor blackout. For the farmer, fast time is a nuisance and a humbug for at least six months out of the twelve. For months now, farm families have been getting up in the dark and fumbling with lamps and lanterns while in the evening daylight has been going to waste. This is particularly true in the western half of time zones. It will get worse and worse until, in midwinter, children will again be stumbling to school in the early dawn or darkness. People gladly put up with inconveniences that help, even remotely, with the war effort. But in these northern latitudes, fast time is of little if any benefit in the long summer days and it is a distinct handicap in the short days of winter. It is time the irritation was removed and this western country put back on normal time in the winter at least.





## EQUIP YOUR LIGHTING PLANT WITH GLOBELITE *Farm Light* BATTERIES

The Batteries with  
Longer Life and Greater  
Economy of Operation

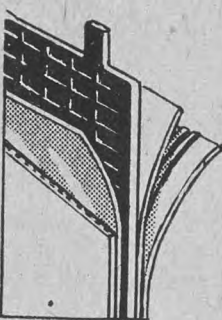
**F**OR real lighting satisfaction and economy of operation GLOBELITE Farm Light Batteries have no equal—offering the nearest approach to city light yet achieved. Only quality materials and skilled workmanship are used in building GLOBELITE Batteries. That is why they are able to carry a seven-year guarantee. Remember—all batteries may look alike, but care and proper inspection during manufacture make a big difference.

### DOUBLE INSULATED MULTI-LIFE WOVEN GLASS MATS

One of the main reasons for extra life of GLOBELITE Batteries. The Woven Glass Mats and strong, porous, grooved wood separators of Port Orford Cedar give double insulation and prolong the life of positive plates.

Sizes and capacities are available for all 6-volt, 12-volt, 32-volt and 110-volt wind electric and gasoline-driven lighting and power plants.

Your Fairbanks-Morse Dealer can supply you. Consult him—or write your nearest Fairbanks-Morse Branch.



The **Fairbanks-Morse** COMPANY  
CANADIAN Limited  
FORT WILLIAM • WINNIPEG • REGINA • CALGARY • EDMONTON

### Other Fairbanks-Morse Farm Equipment to Save Labour and Cut Operating Costs:

- Water Systems
- Wind Mills
- "Z" Engines
- Lighting Plants
- Hammer Mills
- Hand Pumps
- Scales
- Grain Grinders
- Electric Fence
- Wind Chargers
- Coal Stokers

## NEWS of AGRICULTURE

### C.C.I.L. Moving Again

**C**ANADIAN Co-Operative Implements Limited was incorporated as a private company under the Dominion Companies Act on September 6, 1940. In 1937, a special committee of the House of Commons at Ottawa had reported that implement companies should make every effort to reduce the cost of farm implements to the farmer, or farmers should be encouraged to organize the co-operative distribution and servicing of farm implements. In 1939, a Special Committee on farm implement prices and distribution was appointed by the Saskatchewan Legislature; and its report, adopted March 27, 1939, recommended the development of a co-operative movement in Saskatchewan with a view to handling and distributing farm implements so as to substantially reduce the cost. Not only did the C.C.I.L. have the full support and co-operation of the Government and Legislature of Saskatchewan, but B. N. Arnason, Director of the Co-operation and Markets Branch of the Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture was secretary and organizer of the company in its initial stages.

The company was organized with capital stock of \$1,000,000, made up of 10,000 shares of \$100 par value. Share dividends are limited to six per cent, payable after a reserve of not less than five per cent has been provided for. The balance of surplus earnings is to be distributed as patronage dividends. The Company may operate throughout Canada and elsewhere and may manufacture, buy, sell, import, export, exchange and repair implements, machinery and all kindred items. It may not construct or operate a railway, telegraph or telephone line, or organize and conduct an insurance company, trust or loan company or a bank, nor may it issue paper money, according to the letters patent.

Much more rapid progress was made in Saskatchewan and Manitoba in the organization of the company than in Alberta. By the summer of 1941 more than 8,000 shareholders had been recorded, but rationing and wartime restrictions soon almost prevented further organization. The organization more or less confined itself to facilitating exchanges of implements between farmers during the period of short supply. An interest in National Farm Machinery Co-operative at Shelbyville, Indiana, was purchased and a few "Co-op" tractors found their way into Canada. Later, the National Farm Machinery Co-operative purchased three other implement companies, The Corn Belt Manufacturing Company of Waterloo, Iowa; The Universal Milking Machine Company of Waukesha, Wisconsin; and the Ohio Cultivator Company of Bellevue, Ohio.

Recently, a conference of the officers of the Company, together with ministers of the three provincial governments, was

held in Winnipeg. During the Saskatchewan election, Hon. W. J. Patterson, former premier of Saskatchewan, announced that the three governments had decided to appoint a commission to make a full enquiry into the practical possibilities of manufacturing farm machinery and repairs in the west. Inasmuch as the C.C.F. has declared itself in favor of ministerial responsibility, rather than royal commissions, this proposal may now be off. In any case, the three governments have agreed to provide a quarter of a million dollars each for the C.C.I.L., who propose themselves to raise an additional \$750,000 through the sale of share capital, and obtain the final half-million dollars from about ten large co-operatives in the three provinces, in order to bring their total available money to about 2¼ million dollars. Within a week of the Winnipeg meeting it was reported that the C.C.I.L. had purchased the Gregg Manufacturing Company of Winnipeg.



### W. D. Albright Takes a Rest

**W**. D. ALBRIGHT, Superintendent of the Dominion Experimental Station at Beaverlodge, Alberta, is taking a well earned rest after 31 years' residence at Beaverlodge, and 30 years' contact with the Dominion Experimental Farm service of the Dominion Department of Agriculture. For the last seven or eight years, his health has not been of the best and on the doctor's order he is taking a well earned rest. He plans to spend some time in Vancouver and during his absence the work of the station will be carried on under the supervision of E. C. Stacey, assistant superintendent, who went to Beaverlodge in 1924 as an undergraduate and has been there ever since, except for one or two terms at the university.

Mr. and Mrs. Albright arrived at Beaverlodge on October 26, 1913, and began a few tests of seeds supplied by the Experimental Farm at Ottawa, in 1914. He seeded his first grain plot with a 20-run drill hauled by four oxen and clubbed the sheaves out by hand. In 1915, the Dominion department paid him an honorarium of \$200 to continue the tests; and in 1917 leased 20 acres of land from him and paid him a part-time salary. In 1940 the Dominion Government purchased the half-section on which Mr. Albright had carried on his work; and in 1941 the station was given the status of a Dominion Experimental Station, instead of that of a Dominion Experimental Sub-station.

Mr. Albright's knowledge of the agricultural conditions and potentialities of that northern country is unrivalled. His name is engraved on the scroll of its history.

During the 31 years of his enthusiasm for agriculture in the Peace River area, he has made a host of friends who will wish him the best of health and long life.

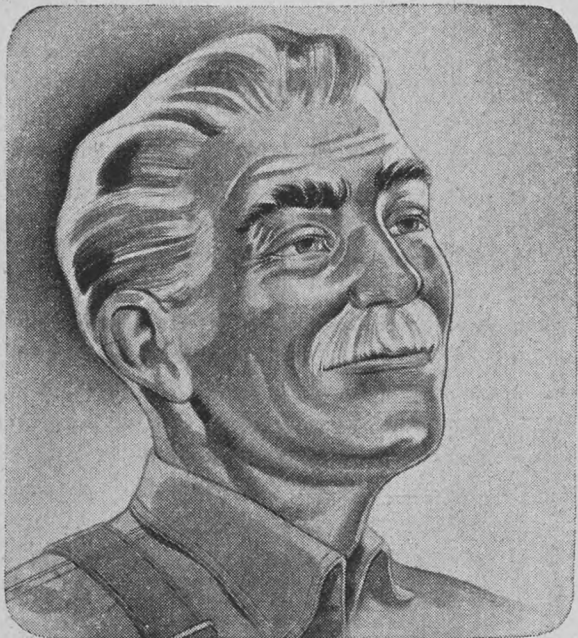


Dr. J. H. Craigie.

Dr. Craigie has been appointed Associate Director, Science Service, and Dominion Botanist and Plant Pathologist in the Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, and will take up his new duties early in 1945. Born at Merigonish, Nova Scotia, in 1887, Dr. Craigie received his M.Sc. from the University of Minnesota and his Doctorate from the University of Manitoba. Since 1928, he has been in charge of the Dominion Laboratory of Plant Pathology at Winnipeg, where he and his associates have been responsible for the development of rust resistant wheat, which has saved western wheat growers, particularly those of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, from losses estimated at \$20 million annually. In 1934, Dr. H. M. Tory, President of the National Research Council, estimated the loss from wheat stem rust up to that time at \$600 million. Dr. Craigie succeeds Dr. H. T. Gussow, recently superannuated.



# *Invest in Victory...* REHABILITATION *and* PEACE



## BUY MORE THAN BEFORE!

### *Farmers !!*

CANADA'S SEVENTH WAR LOAN DRIVE opens OCTOBER 23rd. The objective set is a minimum of \$1,300,000,000.00.

YOUR PURCHASE of 7th War Loan Bonds — incidentally the finest, most secure investment you can make — will help speed the return to their homes, families and friends, of Canadian soldiers, sailors, airmen, doctors, nurses and field hospital staffs, many of whom have been recruited from western Canadian farming districts . . .

WILL HELP CARE for the sick, wounded and disabled by providing them with adequate hospital accommodation and skilled medical and nursing care — a sacred duty which should make a strong appeal to every Canadian farmer's heart . . .

WILL HELP PROVIDE the means of rehabilitation for the many thousands who must make up the gap of the lost years of opportunity by training themselves for civilian life . . .

WILL HONOR — finest of all else — the memory of those who, in Abraham Lincoln's noble words "gave the last full measure of devotion — life itself" — to save all our lives and homes . . .

CANADIAN FARMERS in the past, have, in many districts, enabled their district to exceed its quota of War Bond Sales. Just now prices of farm products are at higher levels than for many years. The urgent problems of Victory, Rehabilitation and Peace MUST be financed. Seventh War Loan Bonds are for this necessary purpose and are a secure investment, backed by Canada's entire resources . . .

ALL FARMERS — and all other citizens — are urged by the Government of Canada to invest in Victory, Rehabilitation and Peace by purchasing "more than before" of CANADA'S SEVENTH WAR LOAN BONDS.



WHEN YOUR DISTRICT CANVASSER CALLS UPON YOU  
ON BEHALF OF CANADA'S SEVENTH WAR LOAN BONDS

## *Buy More than Before*

## FOR VICTORY • REHABILITATION • AND PEACE





"I WONDER HOW

*Get ready to Buy*





# JACK'S MAKING OUT?

"I wonder how Jack's making out, over there? It must be hard going, sometimes . . .

"Well, no matter how tough his job is, I know he'll keep his end up. He'll see it through. That's the sort of fellow he is.

"We'll keep *our* end up, too. Oh, I know it's no real sacrifice, buying Victory Bonds—good interest, the best security in the world, and just as good as cash anytime we really need it. But even if it pinched a lot tighter, I'd still say, 'Let's buy more Victory Bonds, this time'—it's the least we can do to help our own boys finish the job."

*There is no safer investment than Victory Bonds. Every dollar you lend will be repaid in full, with interest, for Victory Bonds are backed by all the wealth and resources of our whole Dominion. Never yet has Canada failed to pay both interest and capital on any loan.*

# VICTORY BONDS

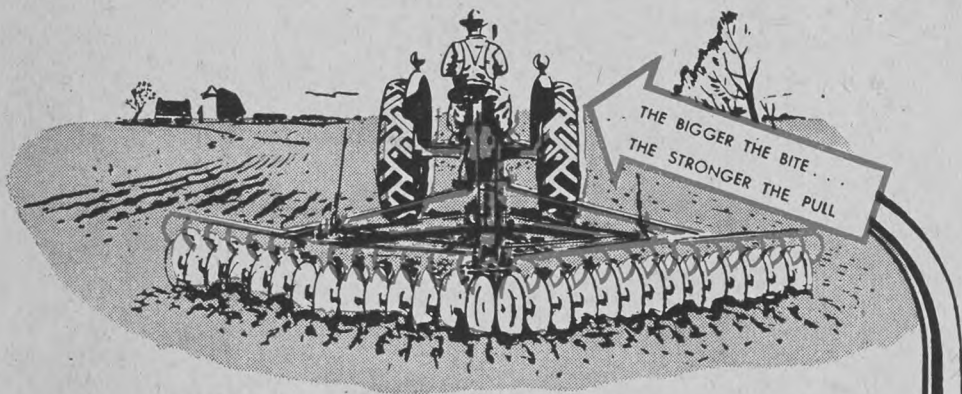
**BUY ONE MORE THAN BEFORE**

NATIONAL WAR FINANCE COMMITTEE



# Get **LONGER** **TIRE LIFE** *No Extra Cost*

and **YOU WILL GET EXTRA TRACTION,**  
**BETTER CLEANING** and **EXTRA QUALITY, TOO!**



**W**HEN you buy a tractor tire that gives extra long life you know that tire will give extra performance. Firestone Ground Grip Tractor Tires outlast others because Firestone builds extra quality into them.

To make the body *extra strong*, Firestone uses the strongest cord. Then it is Gum-Dipped for added strength and protection. To get *extra traction*, Firestone uses extra bar length—up to 215 extra inches per tractor. These bars are triple braced to give *greater strength and better cleaning*. For long tread life, tough, long-lasting, weather-resistant Vitamic rubber is used.

These are the essentials of long life you get in Firestone Tractor Tires... and at no extra cost!

## Firestone

### GROUND GRIP TIRES

#### CAR TIRES

When you obtain a tire ration permit insist on having Firestones on your car. Made by the famous Gum-Dipping process, with Safety-Lock cords and the Gear-Grip Tread now made with Vitamic Rubber, you are assured of getting the most value for your money.

#### TRUCK TIRES

Firestone truck tires have always been noted for their long, dependable, low-cost mileage. Be sure to go to your nearby Firestone Dealer's Store and have him recommend the type of tire best suited to your needs.



## Sidelights on the Food Front

**S**OYBEAN OIL is a mixture of materials, some of which, according to Dr. O. E. May, Chief of the Bureau of Agriculture and Industrial Chemistry at Washington, are best suited for use as food and others adapted to use in paints and varnishes. Until recently, these two types of materials could not be separated economically, but recent research has perfected methods of separating individual components and may lead to considerable expansion in the industrial use of soybean oil. The separated portions will, it is said, be worth much more than the original oil. The principal constituent of soybean oil is linoleic acid, which seems to be the most valuable product obtainable from ordinary fats and oils for industrial use and is the initial raw material for the manufacture of a wide variety of synthetic products such as resin, rubber substitute, plastics, adhesives, paper coatings and various films and fibres. The food and seed industries will probably continue to be of greater importance than industrial utilization of the soybean.

**C**ORN SYRUP, a favorite food product in many households, is chemically identical with wheat syrup, which, until about 100 years ago, was the sole source of starch from which the syrups are made. Corn became cheaper, so that nearly all commercial starch production is from corn, a very little coming from wheat, white potatoes, sweet potatoes and rice. Fine laundry starch is still made from wheat and also the starch for sizing textiles. A new process has been developed for completely recovering the natural gluten of wheat, as well as the high quality wheat starch, on an economical scale; and beet sugar plants, which formerly operate only a portion of the year, can be readily adapted to this new process. The new process may prove commercially profitable on the Pacific coast, where a considerable surplus of soft wheat normally exists. There is already a wheat syrup plant in Vancouver. The starch yield of soft wheat is about the same as from corn. Low grade flour is also a possibility as an economical raw material for wheat syrup.

**M**ILKWEED, which has experienced a wartime demand for its floss, used to manufacture life preservers, appears now to yield an enzyme valuable in the packing industry for making tough meat and sausage casings tender. Before the war, juice from the pineapple was used for this purpose. Bromelin, the enzyme in pineapple juice which cuts the protein of animal casings, and asclepain, the corresponding enzyme in milkweed juice, break the complex natural protein down into more simpler forms

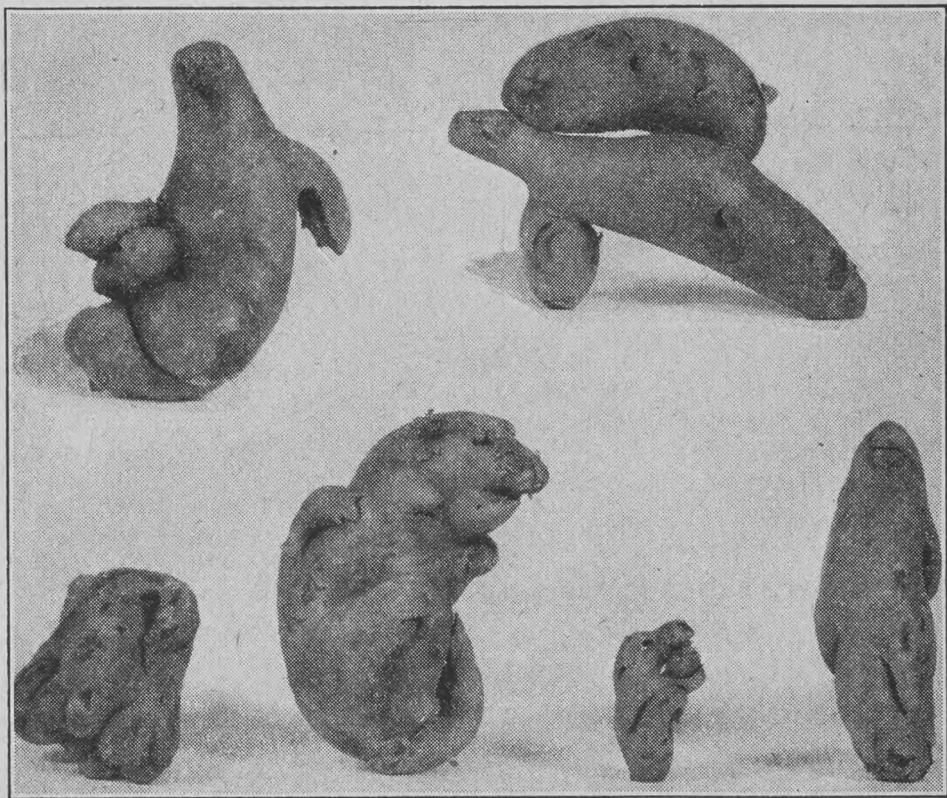
which makes the casings easier to masticate and digest. Milkweed juice is not yet used for this purpose commercially.

**A** NEW PROCESS FOR TREATING WOOL and other fibres has been devised in St. Paul, Minnesota, which makes the pelts of sheep difficult to distinguish from luxury furs such as seal and beaver. The shorn fleece is used for this purpose; but imitations of long-haired furs such as fox, require the unshorn sheep skins. The process is said to be applicable to silk, rayon, jute, hemp, catgut and bristles. About 1,500 skins per day are now used entirely for the U.S. Marine corps and Army Airforces in the manufacture of the new process material.

**I**T IS NOW POSSIBLE to take the gooferfeathers or fuzz off peaches without injuring the peach. A machine designed in California can defuzz 15 tons of peaches per hour by means of soft horsehair brushes, each brush running at a different elevation and at a different speed. The estimated cost of defuzzing a box of peaches is 1/10 of a cent and the best known use for the fuzz, which is drawn from the machine by an exhaust fan, is to make people sneeze.

**R**ICE HARVESTING in the southern states, particularly in Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas, starts about September 1 and this year will amount to over 19 million barrels of 162 pounds each. Normally, the rice crop requires from three to ten weeks to cure in shocks in the field and, like ordinary grain crops, heavy losses often result from wet weather. Last year self-propelled and tractor-drawn combines were used, supplemented by specially built rice drying plants to take out the excessive moisture which rice contains when cut. This year, 90 per cent of the rice is being harvested with combines. Two men and a helper can harvest 400 barrels per day and the standard custom charge is \$1.25 for combining and drying. In some cases, combines have been converted for rice by using larger wheels and tires and by changing the cylinder speed to handle the rice, which is heavier than wheat.

**N**EARLY FIVE MILLION ACRES of peanuts are being grown this year in the United States, and the crop will amount to a billion pounds, or three times the amount produced in 1939. This increase resulted from the wartime shortage of other ingredients in confections and imported nuts and the National Peanut Council will spend \$900,000 in the next three years on research and advertising to prevent a postwar slump in the industry.



No, these are not handicraft articles, but freak potatoes sent to The Country Guide office by reader J. D. Dovell, Langbank, Sask., who dug them from his garden. Perhaps you can tell us what animals or objects they most resemble. Quite a variety of opinion has come from the Guide staff.





*It's always dependable!*

IN THE QUIET of a little Canadian town a Ford "Red Cross" truck pulls up in front of a hall, school or church. Trained technicians hurry sterile equipment into the building, and soon the townspeople and folks from the surrounding farms are giving blood to save the lives of the boys overseas. Then, right on schedule, the truck is on the way to the next town or village. This is the Mobile Blood Donor Service of the Canadian Red Cross, which collects the blood of thousands of eager donors living far from the permanent clinics in the big cities.

To the deafening roar of our artillery, our men advance behind a protecting wall of fire. Close behind them come Ford military ambulances, pushing forward along shell-torn roads on their

missions of mercy. Swiftly the wounded are given first aid, or snatched from the jaws of death with life-saving blood serum from Canada.

Whether on the battlefield or on the home front, these trucks must get through on time. Their drivers have complete confidence in the famous Ford V-8 engine. It's the engine proved by millions in peacetime . . . tried and proved again by war's cruel tests on the frozen fronts of Russia, in the swirling sandstorms of North Africa, in the mud and mountains of Italy and the battlefields of France. More than 300,000 Ford military vehicles, serving under every Allied flag, have told the same wonderful story of the Ford V-8 Engine, "It's always dependable!"

**FORD MOTOR COMPANY**  **OF CANADA, LIMITED**

LARGEST PRODUCERS OF MILITARY VEHICLES IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE



## Faster recovery from calf scours

with



### SULFAGUANIDINE

Hardly a beef or dairy herd in this country is free of White Scours. Your calves that die or are stunted because of this disease represent a preventable profit loss.

Lederle's SULFAGUANIDINE is the *proven* treatment that works right where the trouble is—IN THE INTESTINES. Calves treated with SULFAGUANIDINE get well faster—are never as sick as when treated by *any other method!*

The calves you save today will build your profit margin tomorrow.

Send for FREE booklet:

"Save Valuable Animals With Sulfaguanidine"

**ANIMAL HEALTH IS OWNER'S WEALTH**

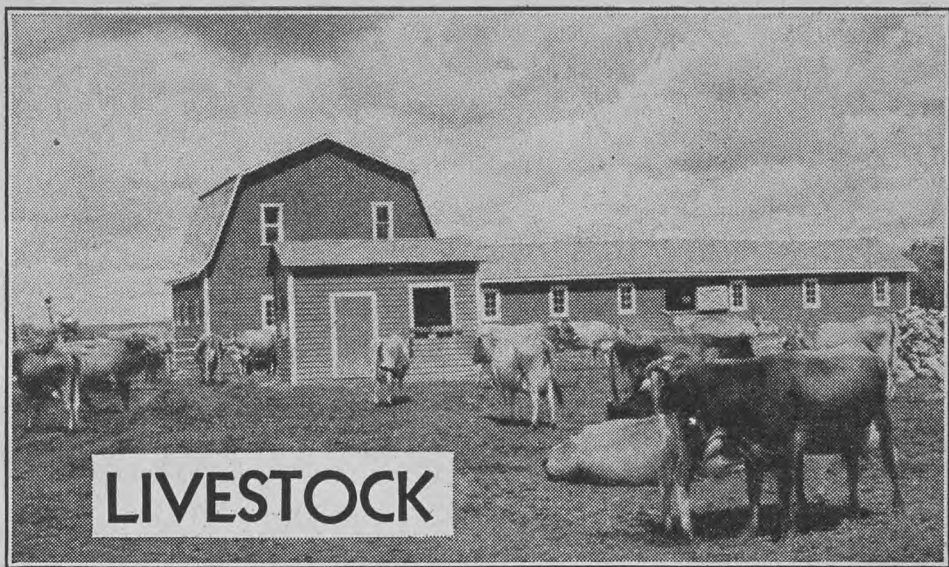
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St. John, N.B., 181 Union Street



[Guide Photo.]

Part of the purebred Jersey herd of J. W. Ward, Birch Hills, Sask., which consists of nearly 100 head, of which about one in three were milking when this picture was taken in July.

## If a Glut of Livestock Occurs

WITH 323,000 farms in western Canada, the great majority of them producing livestock to some extent, the problem of forecasting the numbers of livestock that will move to market within any given period is a most difficult one. The difficulty is increased by the fact that under the impetus of wartime necessity, livestock production has increased tremendously during the past four years. Under normal conditions, when no extraordinary events are forward, prospective marketings can be calculated with reasonable accuracy. At this time, when a shift in prices between wheat and livestock has begun to have some effect, when even the wartime balance between hogs and cattle has been disturbed by an increasing shortage of labor, and a revision of beef floor prices, higher farm net income and local influences of one kind or another, it is an exceedingly difficult nut to crack.

Early in August the Canadian Meat Board, having in mind the glut on livestock markets which occurred last fall, met with the Agricultural Food Board and the Advisory Food Board in Ottawa to determine what steps were necessary to avoid a similar glut this fall. The result was a series of three meetings held in Winnipeg on September 6, Saskatoon, September 7, and Edmonton, September 8, at which all branches of the livestock industry were represented and where day-long discussions took place as to the details of proposals brought from Ottawa by L. W. Pearsall, Secretary Manager of the Meat Board, who presided at the meetings.

The proposals which Mr. Pearsall presented saved a great deal of preliminary discussion, and were backed by figures as to the packing plant capacity throughout the country, weekly marketings of hogs, cattle and sheep during the fall period last year, and a carefully prepared estimate of marketings for the autumn months this year. As to the accuracy of the latter estimates, it is sufficient to say that most of those present seemed to feel that cattle marketings would be higher than those represented by the figures presented, while hog marketings would be lower. Nevertheless, there was a considerable feeling of uncertainty and doubt as to what actually would happen, which led to general agreement that careful plans ought to be laid to prevent as far as possible any recurrence of the crowding which took place last fall.

### Share the Responsibility

It is not the purpose of this article to outline in detail the proposals tentatively placed before the meetings by Mr. Pearsall. He presented the view that arbitrary decisions by the Meat Board were undesirable unless absolutely necessary, and that these could be avoided, in all probability, if each agency in livestock marketing were to assume its share of responsibility. In other words, if the packers would undertake to operate their plants to capacity as much as possible and not only to draw a fair share of their supplies from the stockyards throughout each week, but to kill in order of delivery at the terminals and to limit their purchases to the capacity of their plant; if the commission men on each yard limit

their handlings to the amounts which the packers could take care of and apportion available sales to packers, fairly between themselves; if the co-operative marketing associations and associations of drovers would govern themselves accordingly and do their utmost to avoid supplying the market with more than it can take; and if individual farmers, having stock to ship, would recognize the limitations of plant capacity and co-operate with the other agencies in bringing about the orderly marketing of livestock, he felt that the job could be done.

### Labor and the Producer

These responsibilities left out of consideration, two additional important factors, which were also brought before the meeting. The first and most important was that of labor in the packing plants and in the cold storage freezers. This is the real bottleneck of the livestock marketing situation. There seemed to be a fairly definite feeling that packing house labor would be available in sufficient volume as soon as harvest operations were far enough along to release men from western farms. At least 2,000 men will be required in western packing plants between the time of the meeting and the end of the year. Adequate packing house labor was not, however, the final bottleneck, because unless carcasses of killed animals could be moved readily into cold storage freezers, the whole movement of livestock could be held up; and the rather staggering statement was made that an additional 159 men in cold storage plants from Halifax to Vancouver would be sufficient to eliminate this bottleneck. The meeting naturally turned to the suggestion that this number of men could readily be released from the body of 60,000 to 70,000 soldiers now in Canada in comparative idleness and who are not available for overseas service. Nothing but exasperation came from this thought, however, since the official military mind was considered to be comparatively inflexible and more or less insensible to considerations other than military organization and routine.

The other factor in the situation had to do with the livestock producer and his awareness of his full share of responsibility. With Canadian packing house capacity limited to 238,000 hogs weekly and 30,000 cattle, and with anticipated deliveries, say from the middle of November to the middle of December, expected to reach as high as 250,000 hogs weekly and 30,000 cattle or more, a glut cannot possibly be avoided if farmers continue to send livestock to market at will. The responsibility for telling them in authoritative language rests with the Dominion government, presumably through the agency of the Canadian Meat Board. The second week following the western meetings, similar meetings were held in the East; and presumably it will be necessary for the Meat Board and perhaps others to finally consider the policy to be adopted before issuing a final authoritative statement. Groups and organizations represented at the meetings are anxiously awaiting such a statement and provincial governments have become anxious lest the matter be allowed to drift until it is too late to get effective action. On the very day of

**LOOK YEARS AHEAD—  
SPECIFY JUBILEE BRAND  
BUILDING PAPER**

.... IT HAS WHAT IT TAKES  
TO RESIST STRAIN AND STRESS  
... AND STAY PERMANENTLY  
WEATHER-PROOF

**HERCULES  
SHEATHING**

Extra weight, long fibre and strong texture make Hercules the finest sheathing money can buy. Either kraft or tarred. Ask your dealer.

Jubilee Building Paper is manufactured from tough, long-fibred Ontario spruce—the toughest wood known. That's why it stays airtight to keep out dust, wind and moisture for the life of the building. Kraft or tarred.

**BUILDING PAPER**

**JUBILEE**

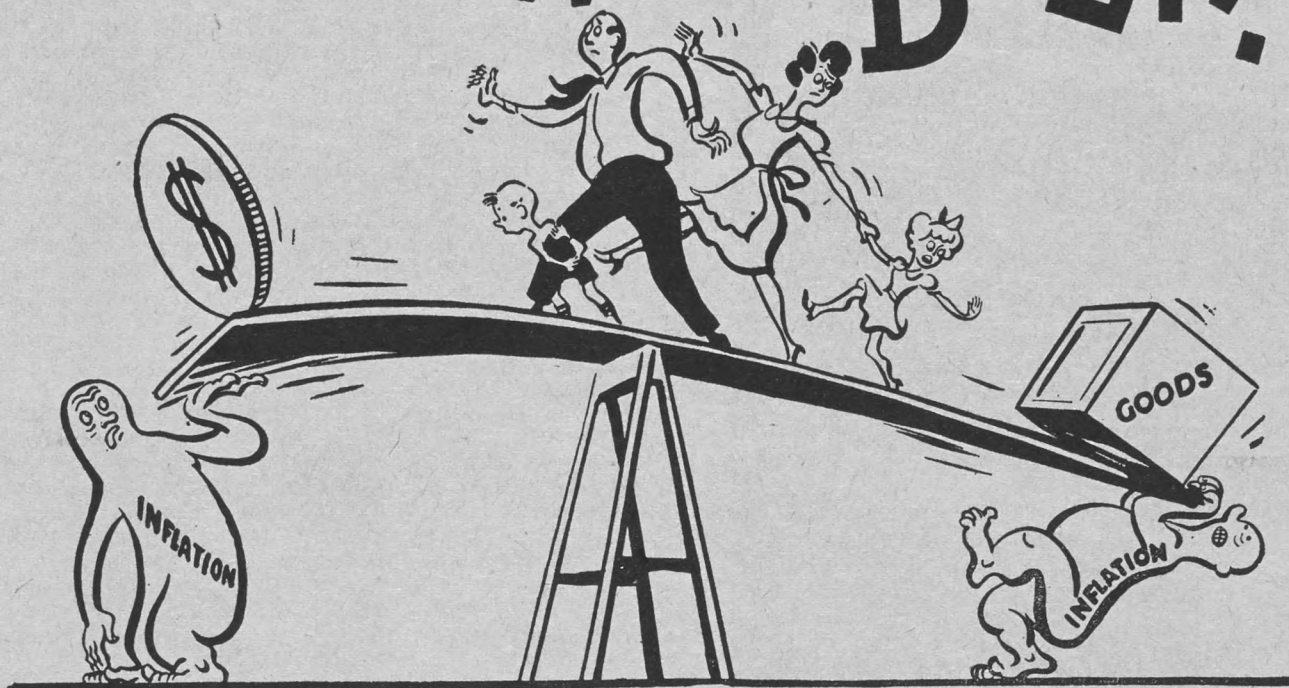
ANOTHER MARSHALL-WELLS PRODUCT

See Your Building Supplies Dealer

**ASPHALT ROOFING**

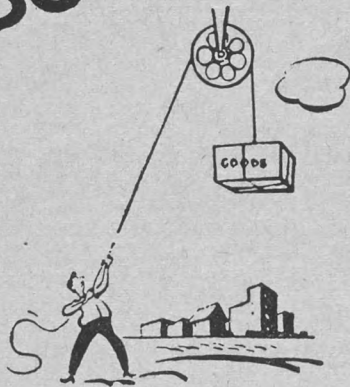


# Let's not WOBBLE...

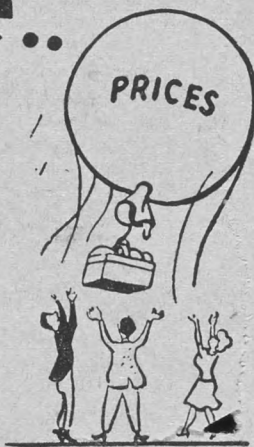


To maintain a reasonable balance between what you earn and what your dollars will buy in wartime, it has been necessary to put a ceiling on prices, to control wages, salaries and profits, and to distribute available goods on an equitable basis.

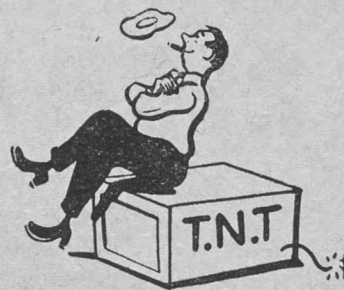
## Because..



... higher costs of production would require higher prices for the things you buy



... higher prices would require higher wages and salaries



... higher wages and salaries would mean higher costs.

and so on...in an endless spiral




**Demands for higher selling prices, wages and profits must not be allowed to push up the cost of living. This would bring distress and confusion on the Home Front, shackle our war effort now, and leave us with handicaps in the peace to come.**

This is one of a series being issued by the Government of Canada to emphasize the importance of preventing further increases in the cost of living now and deflation later.



# MONARCH BUILT WORK CLOTHES



**The COMMODORE**

**MONARCH BUILT** MADE IN CANADA

**CANADA'S FINEST OVERALL**

**MONARCH OVERALL MFG. CO. LTD. WINNIPEG MANITOBA**

A little hard to get just now—but worth asking for

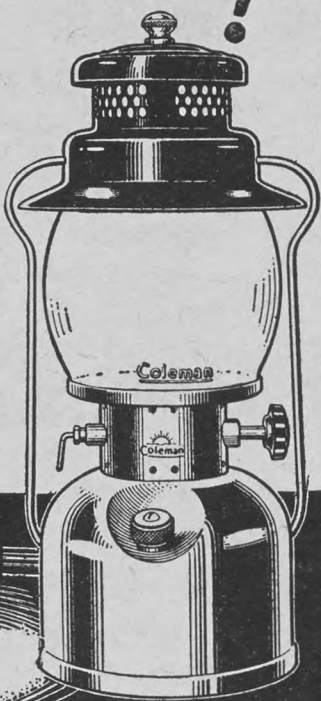
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## BE THANKFUL IT WAS... BUILT RIGHT!

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Write for the FREE BOOK of helpful suggestions on "How to Make Your Coleman Appliances Work Like New".



# Coleman

# LANTERNS

*The  
Sunshine  
of the  
Night!*

The Coleman Lamp & Stove Co., Ltd. Toronto, Canada

the Winnipeg meeting there were more than 7,000 cattle on the Winnipeg market of which perhaps 2,000 had to be boned out. A great deal of time is required after a statement does come from Ottawa before a real appreciation of the situation will develop in the minds of all producers with stock to ship during the fall months. There is no excuse for undue delay that can outweigh the loss to individual producers which is bound to result if a glut occurs on any single market, or in any single packing plant, as a result of failure to warn farmers officially in plenty of time. The farmer is entitled to be advised directly from the government what he is expected to do if, as, and when a glut develops. If he fails to do it, the fault is his; if he is not warned and advised how he can help, in his own interest, the fault is the government's. Warnings or advice by private agencies lack both the finality and the authority of the power which makes export contracts, regulates prices, distributes labor and administers the whole artificial fabric of wartime economy.

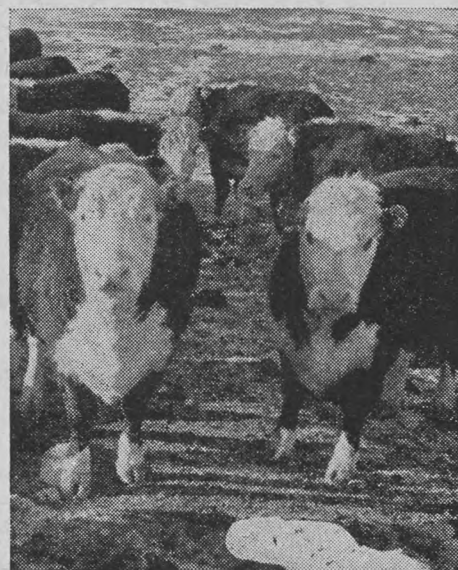
In the event of over-deliveries of livestock being present, the Winnipeg market will, in all probability, be the bottleneck, since surpluses from plants further west customarily move to Winnipeg, which has a capacity of approximately 57,000 hogs weekly as compared with 153,000 weekly for the entire west. It is not likely, therefore, that there will be any restriction on hog shipments until marketings approach the capacity of Winnipeg plants. When necessary, however, it is likely that sows, stags and hogs under 190 pounds weight at shipping point, will not be accepted either at packing plants, stockyards or shipping points. Thin, unfinished cattle of the type that require to be boned out, will probably have to be held back. Truckers will probably be encouraged to make deliveries during the latter part of the week instead of contributing to the congestion which would normally occur for the Monday morning market. It is estimated at Winnipeg that from 60-65 per cent of the cattle marketed at Winnipeg during the average week, reach the market on the preceding Saturday or Sunday, so as to be available for the Monday market. For the same reason, encouragement will probably be given to drovers and marketing associations to alter stock shipping days, in order to distribute the arrivals more evenly throughout the week.

The market for hogs and cattle continues to be unlimited. The Meat Board will accept surplus beef of all grades in unlimited quantities, subject only to the ability of the packing plants to kill and process it. There has, however, been

an unusual run of low grade cattle, thin and unfinished, and since such cattle require a disproportionate amount of labor and serve to further aggravate the situation, they must either be kept at home until the packing plants can take care of them, or be exported alive to the United States. Desire for this alternative has been vociferously voiced by some western cattlemen, who, in spite of numerous disappointments, keep hammering away at the same old brick wall. The facts seem to be that the United States market is definitely closed to Canadian cattle, at least until some time after the presidential election this fall. There are two reasons for this, the first and the most easily understandable being that gluts of livestock on United States markets have been much more serious than any we have experienced in Canada. The livestock population has increased tremendously, and while all quotas have been lifted and there are no legal restrictions now remaining as to the number of cattle we could ship to the United States, the Canadian government has been requested not to permit such exports for the time being. No publicity has been given as to the reason

for this request, but it is understood that with American lend-lease food materials going forward in huge amounts to the United Nations, shipments of Canadian cattle going across the line to be sold at prices much higher than Canadian prices, would create a political disturbance of no mean size, on the ground that the United States government was providing Canadian cattle producers with a market (at the higher level of U.S. prices), in order to give the food away. This argument would naturally be completed with the suggestion that Canada should give her own food away—which is exactly what Canada is now doing through our policy of mutual aid.

A further factor in the livestock marketing situation exists in the slow-down strikes which have been reported from at least three western packing plants during the past month. These are reported to be the result of internal friction within the ranks of labor itself, involving disputes between two rival labor unions as to which shall have jurisdiction in specific plants. Meanwhile agriculture, considered to be an essential wartime industry, is threatened with a serious interruption in the flow of foodstuffs to market and direct loss to many producers. It would be difficult for farmers to justify either the slow-down strike itself, or the complacency with which the federal government seems to have allowed it to continue.—H.S.F.



These are not the kind of cattle that should be held back if a glut occurs, because they will process more beef per hour of labor required, than other commercial qualities.

## Selection for Meat and Wool

"THE greatest amount of revenue from a sheep flock comes from the sale of meat animals. The selling value of the animals depends on their size and conformation. Generally speaking, the size of the lamb is governed by the size of the dam and her milking capacity." This comes from the Dominion experimental station at Lethbridge, where perhaps more work with sheep has been done than at any other institution in western Canada. Moreover, the statement is especially important at this season of the year when the final selection of ewe lambs and young rams has not yet been made. It is evident from this statement that, if the flock owner selects the large lambs for replacement purposes he will be reasonably sure that they carry and will be able to pass on to their progeny, size and the capacity to produce milk. Size alone, of course, is

not enough. The market does not want large, leggy animals. Compact, sturdy individuals with a full leg of mutton will always bring more money.

It is harder for the individual flock owner who may not consider himself an expert with sheep, and especially in the judgment of wool, to select for heavy fleeces. Consequently, here are some more pointers from Lethbridge on this aspect of selection:

"It has often been assumed that in order to get heavy fleeces it is necessary to have the sheep covered with wool from nose to tail and right to the feet. Data, obtained in recent years, show that by selecting for good fleece weight at the same time that selection is made for clean, open faces, such faces can be obtained without sacrificing fleece weight. Anyone who has had experience with wool-blind sheep will realize the





**1928**

# *World's greatest*

## **NICKEL MINE WAS OPENED**

TO MEET INDUSTRY'S GROWING DEMAND FOR CANADIAN NICKEL

DURING WORLD WAR I, the demand for Canadian Nickel for battleship armor and other war uses multiplied rapidly. Plant and equipment for Nickel production were vastly expanded to meet the demands of the Allies.

At the end of World War I, Nickel's war markets disappeared. Yet in less than ten years after

the close of the war, this industry's entire output was being devoted to the needs of a world at peace.

Step by step, new peacetime industrial markets were developed throughout the world, and these added up to ever-increasing totals. By 1924 the demand for Canadian Nickel had substantially increased. Shaft sinking was begun on the Frood — the world's greatest Nickel mine.

Today Canadian Nickel is again devoted to war purposes and again the industry looks to the future with confidence. Plans are ready to develop and expand old and new peacetime markets, so that the Nickel industry may continue, through its own initiative and enterprise, to make still greater contributions to Canada's welfare.



*Canadian Nickel*

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF THE PAST  
IS THE PROMISE OF THE FUTURE

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED  
25 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

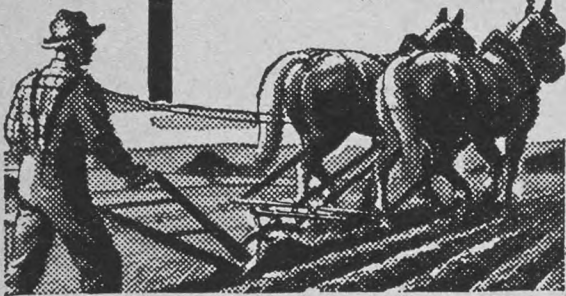


## Free Enterprise FEEDS CANADA

CANADA'S great farming acres are a monument to men with courage and initiative, who ventured into a strange territory, tilled the soil with knowing hands and set about the business of reaping their own profits from their own labour. Because of their enterprise Canada is today one of the world's best-fed nations.

This is free enterprise.

For over a hundred years, this Bank has loaned money and afforded other essential banking facilities to Canadian farmers... has contributed towards giving Canada a standard of living unsurpassed by any nation on earth.

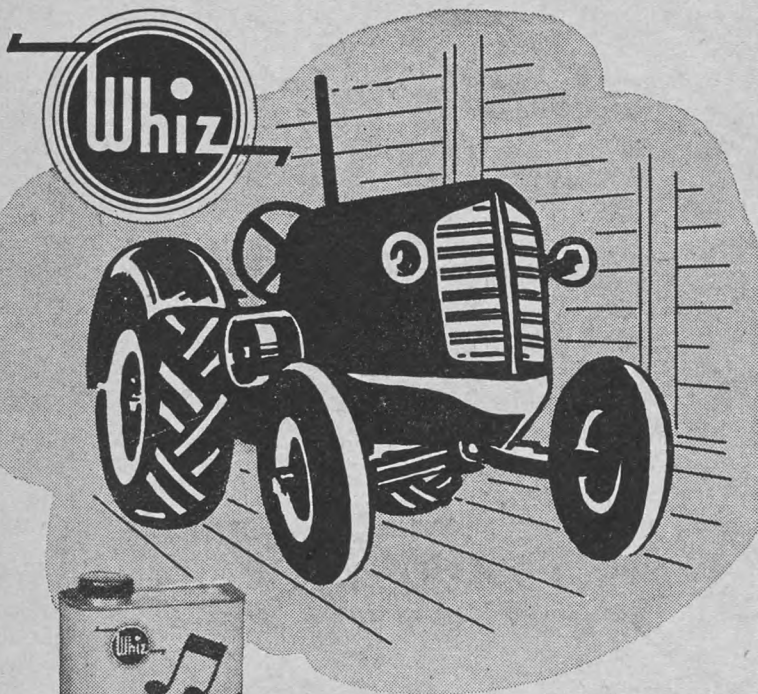


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Branches from Coast to Coast

## NO RUST FOR THE WEARY!



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helps Idle Tractors  
WEATHER THE WINTER

As your tired tractor settles down for its long winter rest, see that it's protected from internal rust and corrosion.

WHIZ MOTOR RYTHM will do it! Coat cylinder walls, pistons and other vital engine parts with this tried and proven formula, to save lost time and costly repairs next Spring.

Ask your local dealer for the correct quantity to protect *all* your power implements that must be idle through the winter months.

**THE R. M. HOLLINGSHEAD CO. OF CANADA LIMITED**  
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Canadian Manufacturers of Quality Automotive Lubricants and Chemicals

advantage in selecting those that are open-faced and always able to see where they are going.

"Selection for fleece weight in a lamb may appear to be almost impossible, as the fleece cannot be removed and weighed. Extensive data from various sources have shown that there is a direct relationship between staple length and fleece weight. In other words the longer the staple the greater will be the fleece weight. By selecting the lambs with the longest staple the average fleece weight can be increased.

"Density of wool cover also contributes to the fleece weight. It is obvious that the greater the amount of wool on a given area of body surface the greater will be the amount of wool yielded by the sheep. Density is difficult to measure accurately though a little practice in handling fleeces on the sheep soon will permit a man to class his sheep into groups of distinctly different fleece density. With this as a basis selection of the most desirable individuals can be made."

### Quality in Rams

FOR a number of years the Dominion Department of Agriculture has had in operation a ram grading policy. This policy is of considerable assistance to the would-be purchaser of a ram who may not be entirely familiar with all of the desirable type and market characteristics. The highest grade of ram under this policy is called 3XA. These are of exceptional breed type and development, and are to be regarded as choice individuals for heading purebred flocks. The next grade is 3X ram, designed to be suitable for the production of quality lambs. Rams graded 2X may be quite as well developed as the 3X rams, but do not measure up in quality and finer breed points to the standard of the higher grade.

The ram is a very important factor in flock quality. The first requisite for market lambs is conformation, because the best quality market lamb cannot come from individuals which do not possess smooth shoulders, broad loins and full and well rounded legs of lamb. Experts say that breadth and depth of loin and ribs mean a larger eye of lean in chops, and because lamb chops are so much in demand, this factor is particularly important.

The wool, too, is a matter of breeding. Wool that is all white and possesses no colored fibres is a more valuable wool than fleeces which show black and grey fibres. Pure white blankets and other manufactured woolen products cannot be made from the latter type of fleece.

### D-Day for Cattle Lice

THREE kinds of lice infest Canadian cattle, each of which is readily controlled. The obvious and best time for control is in the fall of the year when lice begin to increase and also because they increase with extreme rapidity.

There are proprietary arsenical and coal-tar mixtures which may be applied by hand or with a spray pump, and which are effective. On the other hand, the Dominion Department of Agriculture advises that spraying infested animals with a two per cent commercial creolin solution, or with kerosene emulsion, is also effective. The emulsion is made by dissolving one-quarter pound of hard soap, and one quart of soft soap in two quarts of water, after which, adding one pint of kerosene and stirring or churning the mixture vigorously. A further gallon of water should be added and the mixture stirred thoroughly.

The same authority also says that raw linseed oil (not boiled) will not cause burning if applied with a brush, but the animal should not be exposed to direct sunlight or be overheated for several hours after this treatment.

Certain powders are also useful, particularly during the colder months, when spraying is not wise. The best powders contain rotenone, but since this may not be available locally, warble fly powder, which contains rotenone, will give good results if diluted with up to ten parts of flour or cornstarch. Thorough mixing of one part phenothiazine, one part of flour and two parts of fine grade sodium fluosilicate, if mixed thoroughly, may be applied with a shaker can or dust gun. Dust

must be worked into the skin with the fingers, and from one to four ounces per animal will be required depending on size. A still further dust that has been found effective against cattle lice consists of one part of finely ground sabadilla (or cevadilla) seed and ten parts of wettable sulphur.

Of the three kinds of lice, two, the short-nosed cattle louse and the long-nosed cattle louse, are blue sucking lice. The third, known as the little red louse, is a biting species, and is more commonly found on indoor dairy animals. Animals heavily infested with lice are likely to become very thin, and their general unthriftiness may result in death before the winter is over.

Obviously it is of little value to treat the cattle for lice if they are to be maintained in lice infested quarters. Consequently, quarters, as well as cattle, must be treated.

### Fall Dipping Saves Money

IT is claimed that the fall dipping of sheep, in addition to the regular spring dipping, may easily mean an additional return of from 50 cents to \$1.50 per head, whereas the cost is only from three to five cents per head. The wisdom of fall dipping, which may be done in October before the weather becomes too cool, is that even a few ticks on a sheep in the fall will multiply many times before spring; and the advantage of dipping is derived from the increased weight of lambs and wool as a result of the increased comfort and cleanliness of the ewes.

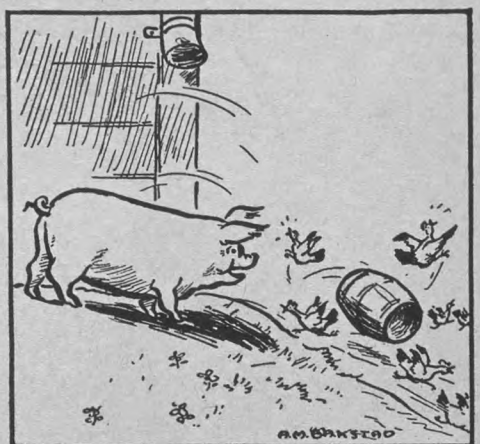
Nearly all of the standard commercial dips are effective if the directions are carefully followed. Powder dips are probably preferable to the liquid dips for fall use because only one dipping is required, if it is done well; whereas a second dipping is recommended for the liquid dips, in two or three weeks, which might throw the work into fairly cool weather. The powder dips, however, require a little longer to prepare and need a little more care in preparation. If the weather is cold, the flock should be kept inside for a night or two, until the fleece has dried.

### Store Sods for the Young Pigs

SOME time between now and freeze-up, a good supply of sods for the benefit of young pigs between fall and spring should be gathered, wherever there are sows to farrow. These sods will help cut down the heavy losses that often occur in young litters during the first two or three weeks after farrowing.

The value of sods in the winter months is that they contain some iron which cannot be obtained from the milk of the sow. When young spring pigs are able to run outside, they can get sufficient iron from the earth for all they need, but when they are kept indoors they must be given iron in some other way, and sods are one of the simplest and best methods of supplying this very essential requirement.

Once young pigs begin to eat solid food regularly and in some quantity the feeding of iron is not necessary. It is a food and not a medicine. Iron should be available when the pigs are one or two days old, and if sods have not been provided, it is necessary to use either reduced iron or iron sulphate (copperas). As much as will rest easily on a ten-cent piece should be placed on the back of the young pig's tongue with a small wooden spoon, and this should be repeated once a week for at least three weeks. An overdose should be avoided.



Porky: "Set-ups like this get me!"



# about the things you buy in wartime



## THE STORY OF CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR

**O**BVIOUSLY babies and children must have underwear. So—the Wartime Prices and Trade Board has given special attention to the production of these garments.

The problem has not been so much one of a lack of raw materials, but of getting the raw materials (wool, cotton, rayon), spun into yarns—and then knit into garments. Canada has never produced all

the wool, cotton and rayon yarn she requires. We have always had to get a substantial part of our requirements from other countries, even in peacetime. But since the war, there has been an acute shortage of underwear yarns everywhere.

There has been a greatly increased demand in addition to production difficulties. The efforts of the Board to meet the problem are given below.

When you go to a store to buy and can't get the things you want, remember that war upsets the whole machinery of production and supply. This is true not only in Canada but throughout the whole world.

As Canada is devoting over half her production making things for war it is inevitable that civilian supply must be reduced.

We just can't produce all the things required to fill the greatly increased civilian demands, but production efforts are being directed to see that the best use is made of materials and labour that are available for the production of civilian goods.

Remember these facts when you have difficulties in your shopping.

Chairman  
Wartime Prices & Trade Board

### THE INCREASED DEMAND RESULTED FROM:



More babies . . . It's apparently always the way in wartime.



Increased consumer buying . . . More people with more money.



Reduced use of second-hand or "hand-me-down" garments.

Less home sewing . . . Mothers have been working outside the home.



Extra buying . . . Perhaps too many people wanted to be "on the safe side."



Huge demand for underwear by Armed Forces.

### MORE UNDERWEAR: but still not enough!

The reason is that it just has not been possible to produce with the skilled workers and machines available to the United Nations enough yarn and garments to meet the increased demands all over the world.

### WHAT HAS BEEN DONE ABOUT IT

✓First of all the Board found out the kind and quantity of garments Canadian children must have.

✓This showed that the public is asking for more than is actually needed.

✓So plans were made to see, by directing production all down the line, how we could meet the swollen demand as nearly as possible.

✓Each manufacturer was told to produce an increased number of garments.

✓A constant check is kept on mills to see that they are producing the required number.

✓Manufacturers not previously making children's underwear were induced to go into its production. An

additional 600,000 garments will be provided this year from these sources.

✓Negotiations were conducted with production authorities in other countries for supplies of yarn to Canadian knitters for use in children's underwear.

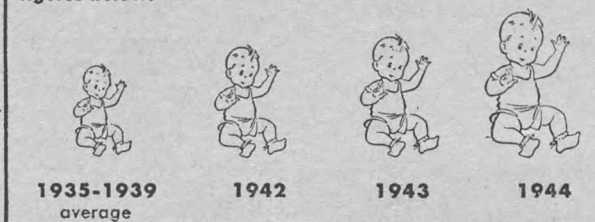
✓Primary cotton mills were required to divert spinning facilities from fabric manufacture to the spinning of underwear yarns.

✓Arrangements were made through National Selective Service to direct more labour to the underwear mills.

✓A special campaign was launched to enlist part time workers.

✓Distribution to retail stores was organized to ensure equitable supply to all areas.

The greatly increased supply of children's underwear resulting from these efforts is shown by the relative sizes of the figures below.



*You can't get all you want in wartime  
If one will do - Don't buy two*

THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD

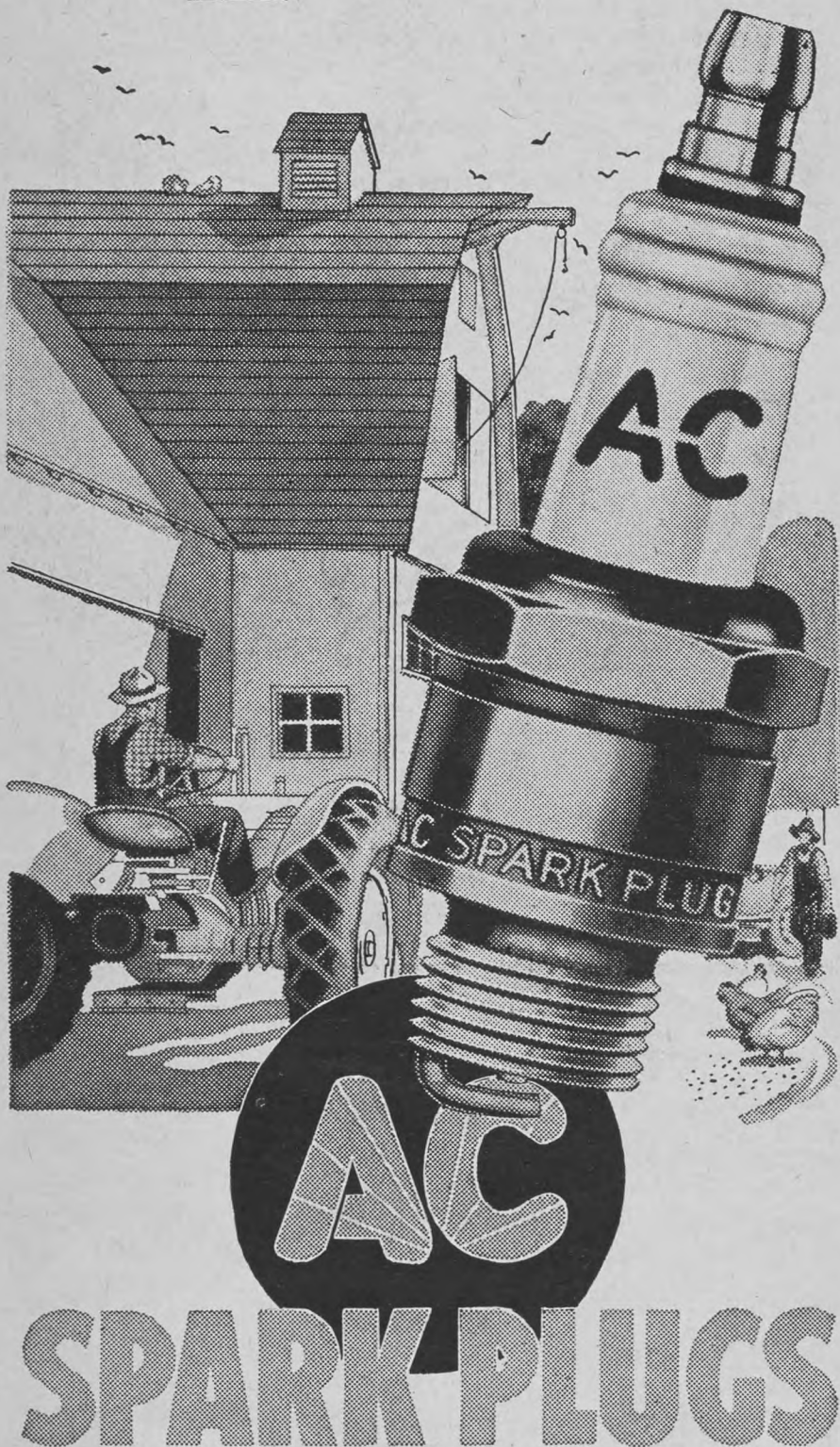
THIS IS ONE OF A SERIES OF ANNOUNCEMENTS GIVING THE FACTS ABOUT THE SUPPLY SITUATION OF VARIOUS WIDELY USED COMMODITIES



Proper spark plug *care*, and use of the correct plug *type*, have a direct effect on tractor power. Dirty or worn plugs, and plugs of the wrong Heat Range, clip power output and cut drawbar pull. (They also waste a substantial percentage of the fuel used.)

Your tractor, consequently, will do more work—do it better—do it cheaper, if you follow these simple rules:

1. Have the plugs cleaned and adjusted every time you change engine oil.
2. Replace worn plugs, promptly, with AC's of the correct Heat Range.



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**UNITED MOTORS SERVICE DIVISION**  
OF GENERAL MOTORS PRODUCTS OF CANADA, LIMITED

## FIELD



*This field south of Edmonton illustrates the effect of too much moisture, resulting in very difficult harvesting, as well as immaturity and loss of crop.—Guide photo.*

## Progress Toward Sawfly Resistance

FOR a number of years now, farmers in the grain growing areas of western Canada have been living in expectation of a variety of wheat which would be resistant to sawfly. About a year ago some unwise publicity arose, due to the appearance of a story in the daily press which gave the impression that sawfly resistant wheat for everybody was just around the corner. It has not appeared yet, nor will it for some time to come. It would be possible to approximate the date when some seed may be available for distribution, but there are so many hurdles still to overcome that it would be unwise.

Nevertheless the story of the development thus far is one of vital importance to prairie farmers, and it carries with it an appreciation of the importance of science to agriculture which it would be well if every farmer in the four western provinces would attempt to understand thoroughly.

The beginnings of wheat breeding to secure sawfly resistance go back to 1929, when H. J. Kemp, now assistant superintendent of the Dominion experimental station at Swift Current, first noticed resistance to sawfly in the stems of some wheat plants. This resistance appeared at that time to lie in the more solid stems which some plants showed, as a result of which, the insect could not work its way along the inside of the stems with the same readiness and therefore was prevented from completing its life history. In 1933 some breeding work on this problem was begun, but as so often happens in breeding projects where a single problem represents a number of complications, it was found that the material developing out of this first breeding program all showed susceptibility to disease and has since been discarded.

Since the spring of 1937, the work with sawfly resistant wheat at the Swift Current Station has been carried on by A. W. Platt, Cerealist. He made his first crosses in the winter of 1937-38

These were made at Ottawa, where Mr. Platt spent the winter in order to take advantage of the greenhouse facilities and because the project had not yet developed beyond the initial stages. Since that time all the work in connection with this breeding program has been conducted at Swift Current, except for certain special tests. Not only were a large number of crosses made between wheat varieties, but there were a large number of other kinds of crosses as well. About two months ago, when I talked to Mr. Platt at Swift Current, he said that when this work was started they naturally did not know much about the material that was being used and it was sometimes difficult to provide against the loss of valuable breeding material because of this lack of knowledge.

The main object was to obtain resistance to the sawfly itself. Along with this resistance, however, must come resistance to stem rust, and, in addition, generally satisfactory agronomic qualities, that is to say, yield, adaptability to soil and climatic conditions, length and stiffness of straw and all of the other qualities which make a variety satisfactory, including milling and baking qualities. Because of these multiple objects it was a number of years before the work could be narrowed down so that widespread and satisfactory tests could be made on a few selected lines. In fact it was only after the crop of 1943 that it was possible to narrow the work down to about three lines, of which, Mr. Platt informed me, No. 88 will probably prove to be about the best. No. 91, a sister line, also has promise.

No. 88 possesses excellent quality and the necessary resistance to disease, but this year it is showing considerable weakness of straw. The various strains have been and are being tested at the experimental stations and universities in western Canada, and also at about 30 sub-stations in order to determine their general, or agronomic quality.



*Crops throughout the Peace River area this year were rather disappointing in most districts as this picture taken July 30 about 40 miles north of Grande Prairie, near Rycroft, illustrates.—Guide photo.*



## Farrowed this fall



These two pigs are part of a fall-farrowed litter. They'll need more attention than spring pigs because they're headed for weather that piles them up in the shed. They'll get precious little sunshine and no pasture for months. We recommend the addition of Dr. Hess Hog Special to their ration. Hog Special gives them two things: 1. Tonics that stimulate appetite and promote better use of feed. 2. Vitamin D, especially essential in winter when there's a scarcity of sunshine and when pigs are subject to rickets. Get Hog Special for those fall litters and for shotes on feed—from your Dr. Hess Dealer.

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LONDON, ONTARIO



Infertility, shy breeding, inactive males, false pregnancy, frequent misses, weak calves, abortions and other non-organic breeding troubles cause serious loss of production . . . AND PROFITS.

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Remember, too, that Rex Oil is inexpensive—requires no special messy troublesome handling or storage . . . you simply add a few drops daily to regular rations.

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An aid to better breeding  
For ALL livestock and poultry

Milling and baking tests will also have to be made from the crops grown in these various locations before it will be possible to determine the usefulness of these prospective new varieties. Mr. Platt told me that No. 88, in spite of its promise, is definitely not suitable for moist areas. In such areas it shows rather too much weakness of straw and seems susceptible to leaf rust. It is hoped, however, that it will develop to the point where it is suitable for seeding generally in bad sawfly areas, where it will probably prove to be not quite as heavy a yielder as Thatcher and a little later maturing.

### Environment Changes Behavior

An interesting point made by Mr. Platt was that resistance to sawfly, as indicated by the solid stems of the wheat plant, varies considerably with environmental conditions. The same strain does not behave in the same way every year, or even in the same district. This is principally because the amount of solidity in the stalk depends on the amount of sunlight available in the growing season. It took a long time to find this out, because after these new strains of breeding material had been purified, variations in the amount of solid stems were found and it was supposed that it was due to moisture conditions. Carefully controlled greenhouse experiments led to the discovery that under certain conditions, all of the stems would be hollow. Finally the same strains were grown under field conditions and subjected to different degrees of shading, when it was discovered that the more shading the plants were subjected to, the less solid were the stems of the plants. Further tests under field conditions, over a wide range of conditions, led to the definite conclusion that the greater the number of hours of sunshine, the more solid the wheat stems would be. This year, the resistance in evidence at Swift Current is lower than in some previous years, while at Lethbridge the same strain has shown good resistance.

From this very condensed account of the development of one plant breeding project, it is very easy to see that time is a very important factor in finding a solution to problems such as sawfly. Almost any similar problem is likely to require from eight to ten years of steady, progressive work, before a solution can be found, and if there is at stake probably several million dollars each year, which may easily be lost by farmers producing the grain, due to the depredations of some insect or disease, the shortening of this normal eight to ten-year period would be a very great economic advantage to the producer and to the country at large.

### New Technique Promising

In the desire of Mr. Platt and his associates to multiply the more promising sawfly material as quickly as possible, so that it could be tested thoroughly without loss of time, resort was had last fall to a short-cut. Only ten pounds of material, that is, threshed grain representing the work of six or seven years, was on hand. Arrangements were made to have this grain fall-seeded in California, where another crop could be grown during the winter months and matured in time to be seeded again in western Canada for growing this summer. The result was that from this ten pounds of material last fall 14 bushels of grain were shipped back to Mr. Platt this spring. This simple expedient was, therefore, the means of saving a whole year, and perhaps the equivalent of several million dollars to wheat growers in western Canada. Furthermore, if short-cuts of this kind could be practised with all plant breeding projects wherever practicable, it seems reasonable to believe that the normal period of eight to ten years for the completion of each project could be cut down by about one-third, which, translated into terms of annual loss prevented, means at lot.—H.S.F.

**Fall Cultivation and Perennial Weeds**  
PERENNIAL weeds possess a double armor against extinction. They not only produce seeds as do annual weeds, but they have perennial root stocks, which in many cases, are very persistent and will continue to throw up new young plants as long as there is enough food and moisture to sustain the roots.

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The right product in the right place at the right time means greater efficiency, greater economy . . . more profits for you when you buy from your B-A distributor.

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## WHAT YOU WANT IN A TIRE... YOU GET IN A GOODYEAR!

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It is doubly advisable, therefore, to keep down the young plants of perennial weeds that start from seed, and the fall of the year is one of the best times to do this. It takes about six weeks from the time the seed of a perennial plant germinates until it is able to produce a perennial root in the fall of the year when the land is bare and the weed does not have to compete with the growing grain crops. Furthermore, seeds of some of these perennial plants, such as perennial sowthistle, will germinate even if they have not fully matured on the plant. A further fact of importance is that shallow cultivation up to three inches deep is just as effective as deep cultivation in getting rid of these perennial weeds, which are often able to get a good start in the fall and escape killing when the preparation of the land for seeding begins in the spring.

The last cultivation in the fall on all fields should be done with soil drifting, water erosion and snow trapping in mind. A good trash cover on open fields over winter is advisable under most circumstances for these reasons; and if,

after this, the last cultivation on land that is at all sloping is made on the contour, or crosswise of the slope, snow and moisture will be held with better effect.

### Tillage at Harvest Time

**M.** J. TINLINE, Dominion experimental farm, Brandon, recently called attention to the fact that weeds growing in the stubble, waste just as much plant food as if they were growing on summerfallow. Harvest tillage, he suggests, destroys many of these weeds and results in a saving of plant foods. It also conserves soil moisture, and cuts down on the production of weed seeds.

At the Dominion reclamation station, Melita, Man., tests were begun in 1938 to compare the yields of grain grown on harvest-cultivated land with grain grown on land left uncultivated until spring. Mr. Tinline points out that the crops grown following harvest tillage have been comparatively free of weeds, but crops grown on spring-cultivated lands have been decidedly dirty.

### Sulphur Increases Alfalfa Seed Setting

**F**ORESTED soils in the province of Manitoba are of three types—the true grey-wooded soils, which are characteristic of the northern soils of Saskatchewan and Alberta; the high lime or Rendzina soils which extend west from Lake Winnipeg to the Riding and Duck Mountains area in Manitoba; and the Podzols or acid woodland soils, extending from the eastern side of Lake Winnipeg to the Ontario boundary. The ashy, grey-topped (acid) wooded soils of eastern Manitoba coincide with the Laurentian Shield, over the larger part of which the action of glaciers was so severe that all loose surface material was removed, which resulted in large rock outcrops. These soils are generally very low in fertility.

Some work done during the year 1943-44 by S. J. Buckwold, holder of the Cora Hind Fellowship, offered to the University of Manitoba by the United Grain Growers Limited, indicates that these acid woodland soils also may, by proper treatment, be made to greatly increase their yield of alfalfa seed. Plots of land on the black earth soil of the university, on Rendzina, or high lime, soils at Arborg, grey-wooded soil at Benito and the acid woodland soil at South Junction, were treated in various ways, including several fertilizer treatments, with no appreciable result except on the acid woodland soil. At South Junction, plots lying side by side were treated with triple superphosphate, potassium chloride, potassium sulphate, limestone (calcium carbonate), gypsum (calcium sulphate) and also with the trace elements boron (borax) and manganese sulphate. Notable responses were secured wherever fertilizers containing sulphur were added (potassium sulphate, gypsum and manganese sulphate). Under these sulphur treatments the yield of alfalfa seed was increased by approximately ten times, in addition to which there was a very marked response in the amount of growth of the alfalfa plant. It is reported that on ground that was not treated in any way,

Kentucky bluegrass was crowding out the alfalfa plants, while on the plots receiving sulphur the opposite was the case. Untreated plants were also sickly yellowish in color. There was some response from the use of phosphorus in the form of triple superphosphate but not as much as in the case of sulphur.

It was found that the plants themselves, from the sulphur treated plots, had a notably higher protein content, and they also had a substantially greater sulphur content; so much so that seed samples from other areas not deficient in sulphur had about the same sulphur content as those in the experiments where sulphur had been used. The results seem to indicate that the plants on the plots seeded with sulphur used more sulphur in the production of seed and, in fact, required to do so in order to produce seed in adequate quantities.

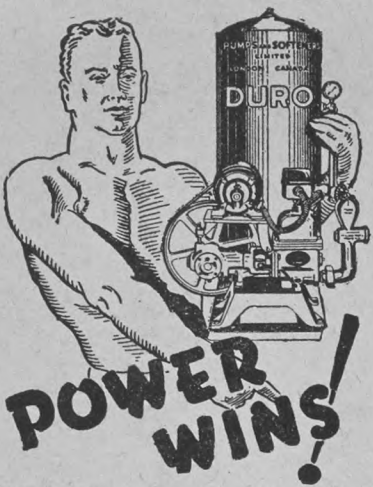
A still further result of sulphur was indicated when 100 pods were taken at random from mature plants on untreated and from sulphur treated plots. The seed from 100 pods on ground treated with sulphur weighed 42.3 per cent more than a similar selection from untreated ground. The number of seeds in 100 pods was 21.7 per cent greater, and the percentage of germinable seed was 30.9 per cent greater.

It is interesting to note, too, that the result of sulphur applications in 1943 were carried into 1944 with equally good results. The same results secured a year ago from the use of sulphur were obtained again this year by the owner of the land, E. Halberg, who fertilized 20 acres of old alfalfa this spring which was badly overrun with grass and found that the sulphur reversed this condition and the subsequent alfalfa was nearly equal to the best of the test plots. He also ventured the opinion, after this experience, that the use of sulphur in that district would at least double the life of alfalfa fields, which would mean increasing their longevity from three years on the average, to about six.



A fair set of alfalfa seed was developing on this field of alfalfa about 30 miles south of Peace River. Bumble bees were working.—Guide photo August 3, 1944.





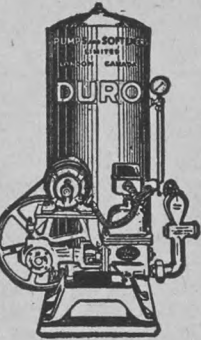
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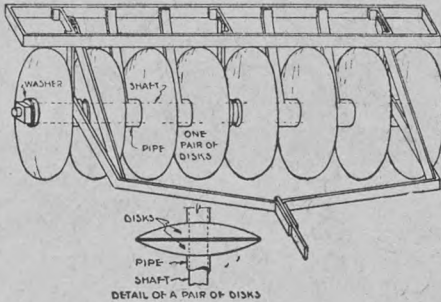
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## For the Man who is His Own Mechanic

Some ideas that have been tried and proved workable

### Subsurface Soil Packer

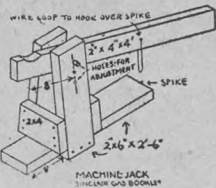
A subsurface soil packer can be made from discarded discs. Two disc blades are placed together in pairs as shown in the drawing. The cutting edges should be together. These blades are placed on the disc shaft followed by spacers made from pipe. This procedure is continued until the desired width of the packer has been obtained. The packer should not be made more than four feet long, as there is danger of breaking when



turning with longer lengths. Two or more units can be hitched together if larger equipment is needed. The usual spacing of the pairs of discs is from four to six inches.

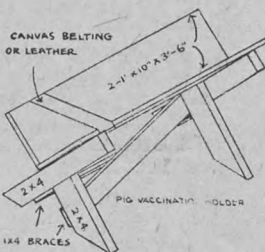
### Machine Jack

A few pieces of good lumber make a sturdy and serviceable handy machine jack for use when repairing and greasing. Three holes are put in for adjustment of height. From the pin to the end of the lever is eight inches. The base is a piece of 2x6 cut 2 feet 6 inches long. A wire loop, attached as shown on the handle, slips over a spike on the base to hold the machine up.



### Pig Holder

The right equipment for holding pigs when they are being vaccinated makes the job easier. This pig holder can be made from waste pieces of lumber. Build it strong and brace it well. Place the braces on the inside of the legs to leave leg room for the operator. Lift the pigs into the trough on their backs, then slide them endwise so their heads slip under the canvas. The trough holds the pig firmly during vaccination.

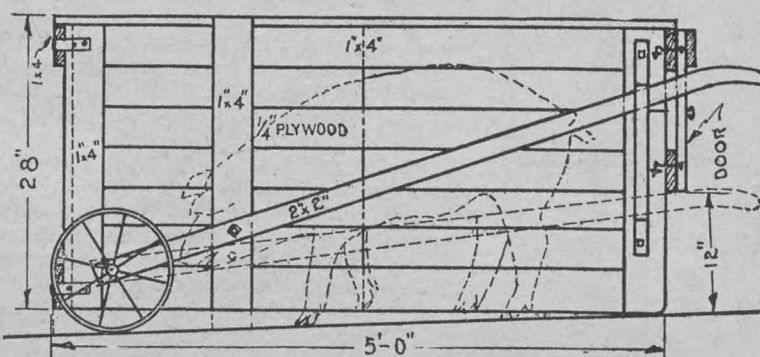


### To Keep Strange Hogs From Fighting

When you must turn a strange group of hogs in with your regular group first smear used oil on both groups. An old paint brush can be used for this purpose. The oil destroys the odors by which one group of hogs would be able to detect the other group and thus gives them no cause to fight with each other.

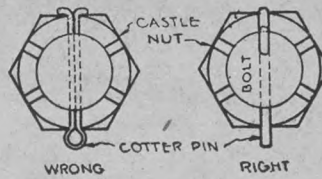
### Moving a Pig

This is a simple device for moving a hog to where you want him under his own power and without him knowing what it is all about. It can be quite easily made with ordinary lumber. The idea is that the crate has no bottom and after being clapped over the pig he is walked to where he does not want to go.



### Proper Use of Cotter Pin

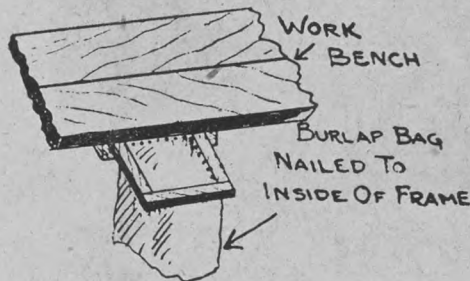
This sketch shows the right and wrong



ways to fasten a cotter pin in place. Do not, as shown at the left, have the eye of the pin crosswise of the stud. Place it lengthwise so that the head of the pin goes right into the slot of the castle nut, close to the stud. One half of the lap is brought up over the top of the stud and the other half is bent downward, in the opposite direction.

### Bench Catch-all

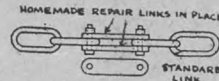
Here is a diagram of a handy catch-all under the work bench into which to brush sawdust, shavings, chips, and so



on. It is simply a frame made of three-eighths inch material tacked and glued together, with an old sack fastened on the inside. This slides in and out on cleats.—I.W.D.

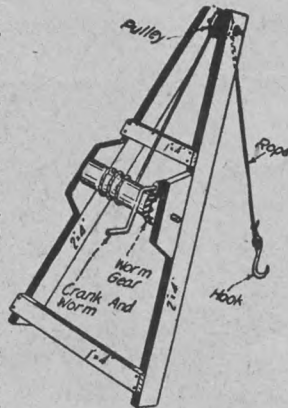
### Chain Repair

Often a chain will break at a very inconvenient time. Much delay can be avoided by the use of a simple home-made repair link, made of two pieces of strap metal and two short bolts. Use a drill to make the holes in metal. A few sets of these ready made will come in handy.



### Samson Hoist

With so many of the young men in the services and farm work depending on young boys, women and older men, equipment for lifting barrels of fuel, beams, tractor engines and heavy weights becomes increasingly important. A handy portable lifting device is the Samson hoist shown here. It is mostly built of wood.



### Sharpening Old Files

A reader asks for a method of sharpening old files. Henley's Twentieth Century Formulas, Processes and Trade Secrets recommends the following process:

Boil them in a potash bath, brush them with a hard brush and wipe off. Plunge for half a minute into nitric acid, and pass over a cloth stretched tightly on a flat piece of wood. The effect will be that the acid remains

in the grooves, and will take away the steel without attacking the top, which has been wiped dry. The operation may be repeated according to the depth to be obtained. Before using the files thus treated they should be rinsed in water and dried.



## Don't let Sore Shoulders or Collar Gall

slow up plowing this fall

• Rub Absorbine in well as soon as swelling or irritation is noticed. Apply Absorbine each day before and after the horse is worked. Be sure that the collar is not torn or lumpy, as this will continue irritation.

Absorbine speeds the blood flow through the injured parts—helps open up small blood vessels, clogged by collar pressure, thus relieving soreness. Swelling usually goes down, within a few hours if Absorbine is applied as soon as injury occurs.

Absorbine is not a "cure-all" but is most helpful in checking fresh bog spavin, wind-gall, curb and similar congestive troubles. Helps prevent them from becoming permanent afflictions. \$2.50 at all druggists. W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman House, Montreal.

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**MACLEOD'S**



"I have a war job...and a little mother-in-law trouble"



WHEN JOHN went overseas, I wanted to do something to help win the war. So I got an assembly-line job in an aviation plant. Now I realize how important it is for women to work these days.



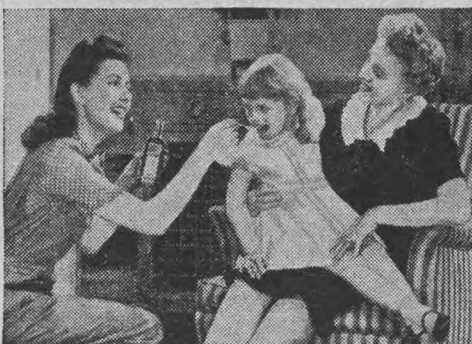
I COULDN'T be working if John's mother hadn't moved in, to help take care of little Nancy. We all got along pretty well, but I think mother secretly believed I didn't know much about child-raising.



ONE NIGHT when I came home, I found her spanking Nancy... all because she wouldn't take a laxative! "No wonder!" I exclaimed. "Mother, that's a grownup's laxative and it tastes terrible."



"DOCTORS say it's wrong to force bad-tasting medicine on children," I said. "I give Nancy Castoria—it's pleasant-tasting, made especially for children. It's gentle and effective, never harsh."



WELL, MOTHER apologized later when she saw Nancy enjoy Castoria. "Guess a war job doesn't keep you from being a smart young mother," she smiled. And we've had no trouble since.

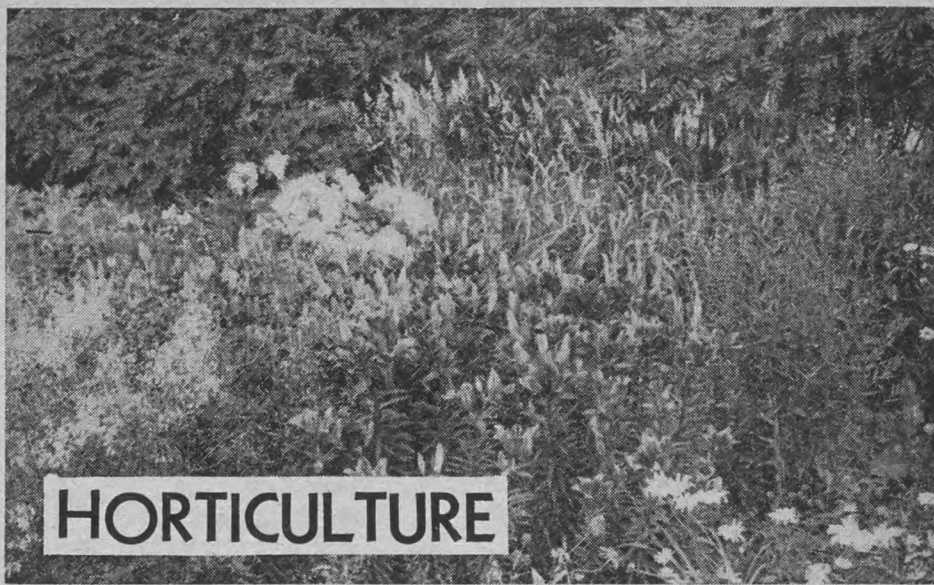


As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Castoria—senna—has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel, so it rarely disturbs the appetite or digestion. In regulated doses, senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates.

**CASTORIA**

The SAFE laxative made especially for children



## HORTICULTURE

This perennial border at Morden illustrates the profusion and variety of bloom possible with perennial plants at comparatively little cost for labor.—Guide photo.

### Blossom End Rot -- What Causes That?

VERY often, farmers and backyard gardeners, who have been counting on successful crops of tomatoes from plants that look healthy and flourishing and set a satisfactory quantity of fruit, become disgusted when they see the fruit beginning to rot at the blossom end—that is, the farthest from the stem. The other day, when a representative of The Country Guide was at Morden, Charles Walkof, Vegetable Specialist at the Morden station explained the cause of this rot and perhaps it would be a good idea to refer to it now, notwithstanding that the tomato crop has been harvested. The memory of it will still be fresh in the minds of readers and perhaps next year it will be possible to avoid it.

This rot, explained Mr. Walkof, is not caused by disease organisms, but comes as a result of the conditions under which the plant grows. It is true that some varieties, especially thin-skinned varieties such as Bonnie Best, are susceptible, while others are not so likely to rot. This is a case where the plant physiologist rather than the pathologist or the entomologist has provided the answer. A plant physiologist is one who studies the various parts of the plant in relation to their functions and tries to learn just how each part of the plant performs its proper function, just as the human physiologist studies each part of the human body and discovers how it does its work.

The root, stem, leaves and fruit make up the entire tomato plant. If we think of the plant as a manufacturing establishment, the roots take in the raw material, the stem transports it, the leaves manufacture it and the fruit is the manufactured product. All plant food must enter the plant through the roots in solution, that is to say, dissolved in soil water. If moisture is scarce, manufacturing operations inside the plant, and consequently the output of fruit, finished product, are interfered with. Also, if the moisture supply is interfered with and not enough is coming up the stem from the roots to keep all of the leaves and fruit growing well, competition develops between various parts of the plant for this limited amount of moisture and plant food. In this competition the leaves have the advantage over the fruit. They have a stronger osmotic pressure, or pulling power, than can be exerted by the fruit, with the result that if there is danger of the leaves growing short of water, they can pull it away from the fruit. The blossom end of the fruit feels this loss of moisture first, with the result that the cells at this end of the fruit shrink, later collapse, and the tissue becomes hardened and dark in color. Sometimes this process will go on until the skin cracks. When this occurs, disease organisms may enter through the cracks.

Plenty of water is therefore necessary for tomato plants, but if the soil is good, or if nitrogenous fertilizers have been supplied, too much water will induce an over-development of leaves. Then, should the water supply decrease later in the season, the heavy leafage may draw on the moisture from the fruit. Injury to the roots, perhaps

through too deep cultivation late in the season, may have a somewhat similar effect by reducing the amount of moisture that can be taken in through the root system. Also, a soil that is so moist as to remain wet, will prevent the rootlets from obtaining the necessary oxygen and tend to develop an inability to take in sufficient moisture. Thus an ample, but moderate and constant, supply of moisture, supplemented by shallow cultivation and possibly by a mulch or protection from the hot sun by shelter-belts, coupled with a deep friable soil that will hold plenty of air and moisture, are the best preventives against blossom end rot.

### Clean-Up Time

THOSE who ought to know, state that cleaning up the garden in the fall contributes more than any other single thing to bringing about a reduction in the number of insects ready to attack the growing plants next year. The reason for this is that many insects hibernate or lie over winter in the refuse from the plants they have attacked and on others nearby. Cleaning up the garden in the fall, gathering up all the refuse and burning it, if possible, as soon as harvesting has been completed, helps to save labor, worry and disappointment next year.

### Vegetable Storage Briefs

THE season for storing vegetables is again at hand and it is well to remember that vegetables for winter use should be harvested as late in the season as possible. Another cardinal principle is that the more care that is used in lifting and handling the vegetables, the less danger there will be from rot during winter. The slightest cut or abrasion on the skin of such vegetables as carrots, potatoes, parsnips, squash, citron, vegetable marrow and pumpkin may allow the entrance of disease germs and induce rot.

Most vegetables store best under cool conditions, so long as the temperature does not reach freezing point. This, however, is not true of pumpkin, squash, citron and vegetable marrow, which require warmth and can be successfully stored in an attic, if it is warm and dry, or in a warm part of the cellar. For successful storage, however, these vegetable should be well matured before harvesting. They should not be placed in barrels or boxes, but preferably on shelves.

Cabbage can be stored for a long time, if it is kept in a cool place and has not been damaged. Some heads can be stored by stripping off most of the leaves and hanging the head by the root or part of the stem from the ceiling. Some people recommend taking all the loose leaves off cabbage and storing them head down on slatted shelves in two or three layers. Wrapping heads of cabbage in several layers of paper has also helped them to keep well.

Onions require very cool storage and after pulling, should preferably be left in the garden for a week or ten days before storing, at which time the tops and roots are removed. Carrots and



WE NEVER WORRY  
IN WET WEATHER  
NUGGET POLISH  
PRESERVES  
SHOE LEATHER



BLACK AND ALL SHADES OF BROWN

parsnips store well in boxes, in layers, separated by damp sand, moss or sawdust (hardwood). Potatoes and turnips store well if carefully put into boxes or barrels, with the top left open.

#### Congratulations to Saskatchewan

**H**ISTORY was made at Saskatoon in the latter part of August when Saskatchewan's first Provincial Fruit Show was held at the time of the convention of the Saskatchewan Horticultural Societies Association. The show was organized by the Extension Department, University of Saskatchewan, who report that about 2,000 people attended the fruit show, which consisted of 266 entries from 67 exhibitors, in addition to nine display exhibits from four competitive and five non-competitive exhibitors.

D. R. Robinson, Secretary of the Provincial Fruit Show committee, reports that exhibits represented many parts of the Province, ranging from township 2 in the southeast, to township 49 in the Prince Albert district. Entries included 51 entries of crab apples, including 14 different varieties; 40 entries of single plates of apples, the most popular being Heyer No. 12 and Hibernia; 31 entries of plum-sandcherry hybrids, all consisting of Opata, Sapa, Oka or Tom Thumb; 28 entries of true plums, representing ten varieties; and it is worthy of note that among the apples displayed were plates of Golden Delicious grown by Sidney Muri of Hallonquist, and Melba grown by Henry Blank of Wymark, both in the Swift Current area. We agree with Mr. Robinson that mention of Saskatchewan's first Provincial Fruit Show "would be incomplete without mention being made of some of the newer fruits which were on display. Many of the visitors viewed for the first time exhibits of Saskatchewan grown grapes, sourscherries, Manchu cherries, apricots, pears and butternuts. These fruits are of little economic importance at the present time, but they hold great promise for the future. During the past thirty years fruit breeders have achieved considerable success in the development of hardy, high quality varieties of plums, crab apples and apples. There is every reason to believe that similar progress will be made in the future with pears, apricots, cherries and other fruits in this class."

W. L. Kerr, superintendent of the Dominion forestry nursery station at Sutherland, who judged the fruit at Saskatoon, has kindly supplied us with the following comments:

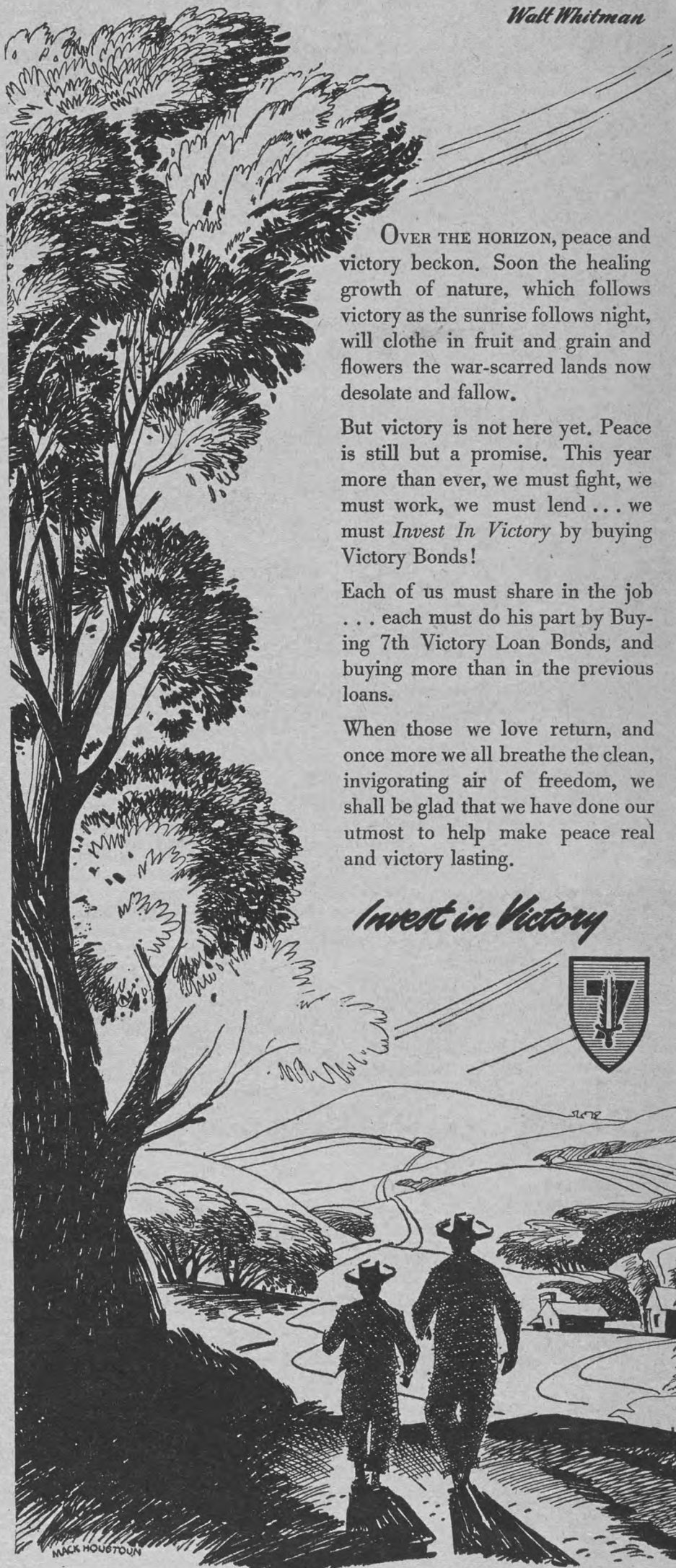
"The possibility of growing attractive and useful fruit in Saskatchewan has been clearly demonstrated. Much credit is due those who helped make such a fine display possible, and especially the extension department of the University of Saskatchewan. Few of the thousands visiting the show had any idea that such a display of kinds and varieties of fruit was possible for this province, and the display was all the more impressive because of the fact that the 266 entries in the show from 67 exhibitors involved many times that number of individual plates of fruit. Furthermore, several very prominent fruit growers, such as Dr. Seager Wheeler and John Dennis, were unable this year to display their many fine varieties.

"Although crab apples and sandcherry hybrids were the most prominent fruits on display, some very fine specimens of apples and large plums were shown, though novelties and not recommended for the prairies. The more unusual fruits displayed were loganberries and a plate of Golden Delicious apples. Variety and interest was also added by grapes and some very attractive plates of strawberries, raspberries, sourscherries, gooseberries and currants.

"The following varieties were the most prominent in their class. Apples—Heyer No. 12 and Patten; crab apples—Rescue and Dolgo; large plums—Pembina and Bounty; sandcherry hybrids—Opata and Morden No. 119; strawberries—Sparta and Gem. Special prizes awarded to the best plates of fruit in the show went to Patten for apples, Rescue for crabs and Pembina among the plums. There were also two special prizes awarded for new fruit grown and displayed by the originator. These were won by A. J. Porter, Parkside, for his Sparta strawberries and Mr. Heaver of Baljennie for his sandcherry hybrid No. 1."

"I see the battle-fields of the  
earth...grass grows upon them  
and blossoms and corn..."

Walt Whitman



OVER THE HORIZON, peace and victory beckon. Soon the healing growth of nature, which follows victory as the sunrise follows night, will clothe in fruit and grain and flowers the war-scarred lands now desolate and fallow.

But victory is not here yet. Peace is still but a promise. This year more than ever, we must fight, we must work, we must lend... we must *Invest In Victory* by buying Victory Bonds!

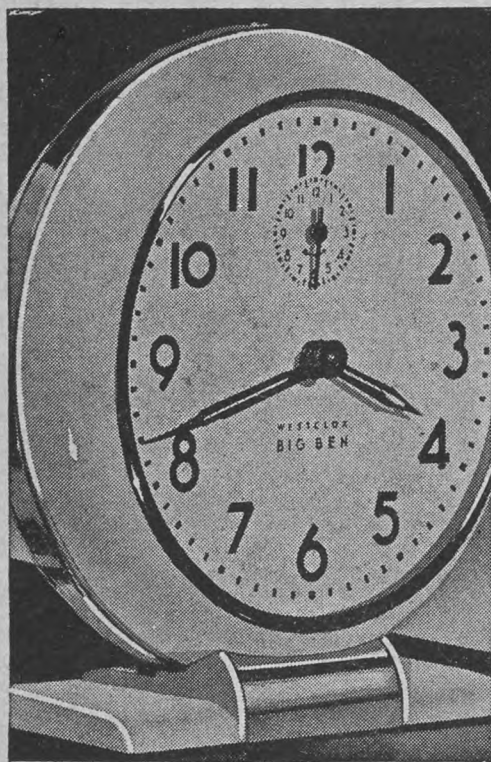
Each of us must share in the job... each must do his part by Buying 7th Victory Loan Bonds, and buying more than in the previous loans.

When those we love return, and once more we all breathe the clean, invigorating air of freedom, we shall be glad that we have done our utmost to help make peace real and victory lasting.

*Invest in Victory*



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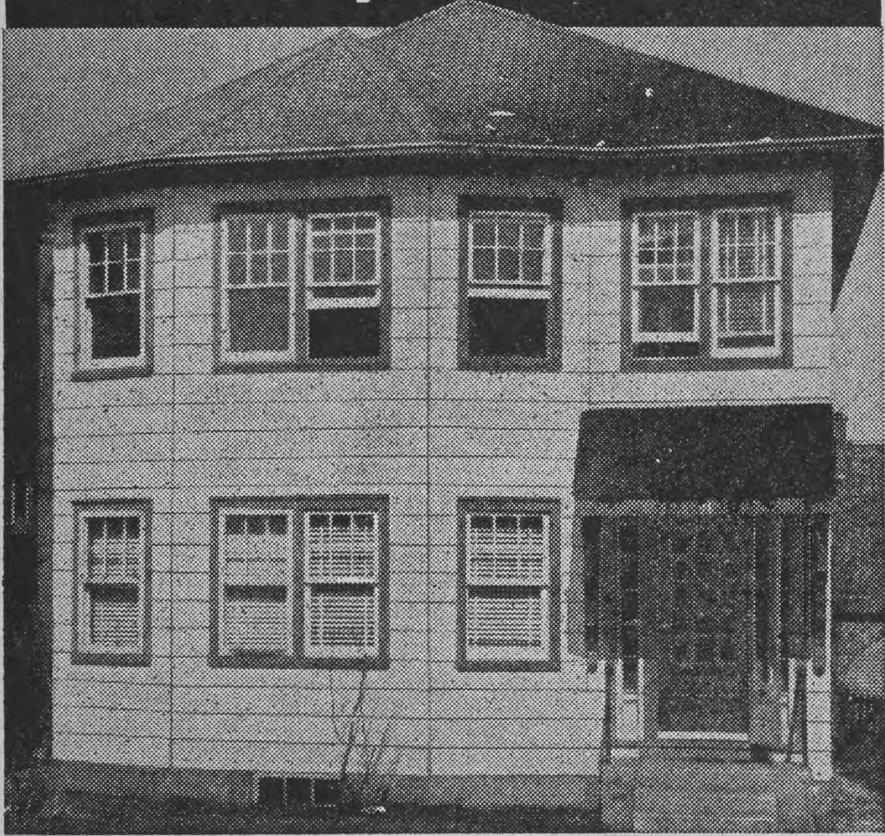
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# THIS HOUSE STOPPED A \$175,000 FIRE!



**S**TANDING squarely in the path of one of the most destructive fires in the history of Timmins—this house with its Johns-Manville Cedargrain Asbestos Siding Shingles escaped serious damage. And it stopped the \$175,000 fire from spreading to other buildings. Here's what the owner of the house wrote Johns-Manville after the fire:

"The fire started in a large apartment house, burned it flat and the house next to it, then a duplex and another small house and was stopped by the next house covered by your asbestos shingles. Then the fire jumped the street and burned two houses flat, and our firemen were heard to say that if Andrews' house (that is ours) will only hold we can hold the rest of the block—if she gives then this whole block and the whole of the next street is doomed and perhaps the hill section of Timmins. . . . The other houses burned like gasoline and the shingles flew off in bundles ablaze and started the fires across the street . . . you will not blame me when I say I am thankful to Johns-Manville asbestos shingles."

Here is striking evidence of how J-M Cedargrains will guard your valuable farm buildings from the menace of fire. These Asbestos Siding Shingles are fireproof, rot-proof, require no costly upkeep, and they match the beauty of the finest wood shingles.



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## TOWARD POST-WAR SECURITY

Continued from page 6

definite effects on the domestic scene, one good, one not so good—it may lengthen the time that wartime controls are kept on some of the goods now rationed in Canada; but it will also aid Canadian industry by providing orders in the transition period when war orders have ceased and peace orders have not yet started.

The contribution to UNRRA is a pump primer for the restoration of international trade. Another measure aimed in this direction was the Export Credits Insurance Act. This bill approved an appropriation of \$200,000,000 to insure Canadian exporters against risk of loss involved in the sale of goods to foreign importers, and to loan money to foreign governments to buy Canadian goods.

**T**HESE measures evidence government awareness of the necessity for quick and adequate rehabilitation of Canada's external trade. But the legislative program also contained a number of acts designed to assist in easing Canada's economy at home in the period of transition from war to peace.

Two of these measures were those establishing floors for farm and fisheries products. Among the most hotly debated pieces of legislation introduced, these bills provided for the setting up of two funds—a fund of \$200,000,000 for the stabilization of farm prices, \$25,000,000 for fisheries. In each case a board is set up—a three-man board for farm prices, and a five-man board for fisheries. The larger number of members on the fisheries board is designed to give representation to fisheries interests on both coasts.

Duties of both boards are similar—to make whatever payments are necessary to bring prices received by the producers up to levels approved by the boards. If necessary, the boards may buy agricultural or fish products, and they have the power to handle and dispose of any products purchased. Wheat, which is handled through The Canadian Wheat Board, is excluded from the jurisdiction of the Agricultural Prices Board.

Also introduced to benefit the Canadian farmer in the transition period was the Farm Improvement Loans Act. This measure, is actually part of the program of amendments to the Bank Act which were carried out during the session. The Bank Act amendments extended the charters of Canadian banks for another ten years and at the same time made it easier for persons to obtain bank loans by reducing the interest rate on such loans from seven to six per cent, and by providing for intermediate and short term credits to farmers.

It was this last provision of the Bank Act that the Farm Improvement Loans Act was intended to carry out. It provides that loans may be made by banks to enable farmers to improve their farms and farm homes at a maximum interest rate of 5%. Top amount which may be borrowed by any individual under the terms of the Act is set at \$3,000.

Rural housing also came in for some attention under the new Housing Act. This measure, which sets up a fund of \$275,000,000 to be lent at low interest rates for the building of new houses and repair of old ones, should have a welcome sound to the Canadian building trade, which has been kept very busy during the war, and which was faced with the prospect of a decided slump when the war was over.

The \$275,000,000 will be divided this way: \$100,000,000 for houses for home owners; \$50,000,000 for houses which are to be rented; \$100,000,000 for repair and modernization of homes which have already been built; \$20,000,000 for slum clearance, and \$5,000,000 for rural housing repairs.

The last two items were subjected to criticism in the House of Commons by interested members who claimed that the sums were far too low.

The loans will be made jointly by approved lending institutions (such as

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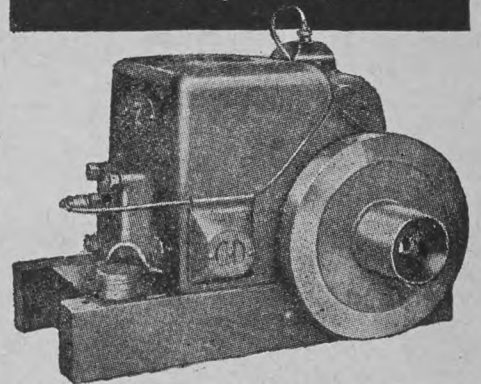
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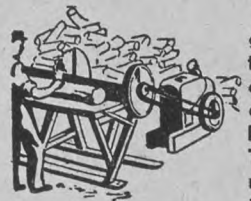
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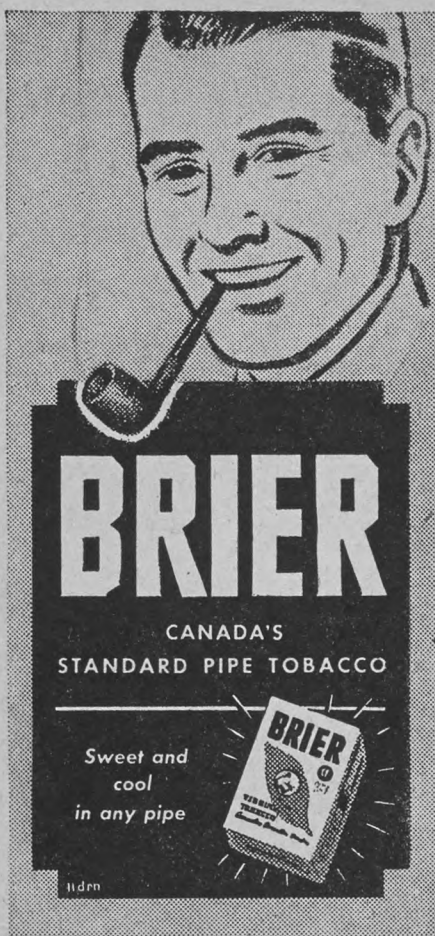
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**I've got  
the henhouse  
blues**

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banks and insurance companies) and the government. Repayment in monthly instalments may stretch over a 20-year period. Interest payments at a maximum of 4½%, and taxes on the property may be included in the monthly instalments. Method of financing agreed on requires that 25% of the joint loan will be advanced by the government and that the government and the lending institutions will share the losses.

As a further encouragement for Canadian businessmen to get the wheels of peacetime commerce spinning as soon as possible, Parliament approved a bill to set up an Industrial Development Bank. This agency, which will be a subsidiary of the Bank of Canada, is intended to stimulate Canadian business ventures. Loans will be extended to "economically sound enterprises" which cannot otherwise secure necessary finances from the chartered banks (which handle as a rule short term loans) or the investment market, which confines itself generally to big business.

Capital of the bank is to be \$25,000,000, subscribed by the Bank of Canada. It may also borrow up to three times its paid up capital through the sale of bonds and debentures, thus providing the Bank with total resources of \$100,000,000. Bonds and debentures issued by the bank will not be guaranteed by the federal government, but will be made an eligible investment for the Bank of Canada—a subtle differentiation not grasped by most members of the public or, for that matter, the M.P.'s.

**PRINCIPAL** criticisms of the bill (which was warmly debated, and at great length) were from the Progressive Conservatives, who said that the bill did not ensure adequate aid to small businesses, from the C.C.F., who felt that the government should solve the credit problem by taking over the banks altogether, and from one or two members who doubted whether the setting up of such a bank was necessary, because there was sufficient money available for industrial development already. H. R. Jackman, of the Toronto Rosedale riding, who apparently believed that the only businesses which would use the bank were those which could not get aid elsewhere, commented: "If this bank is to become a bank of last resort, it's likely to become a sink-hole for the taxpayer's money."

But if the debate on the Development Bank at times waxed hot and heavy, it had nothing on the Family Allowances debate. Probably this bill has been talked to death, but the main outline is worth recalling. Certainly the acrimony of the debate went much deeper than the bill under discussion. It was used as a test case for much deeper matters, and there were few national problems which were not dragged into it.

The measure, which the government presented as being designed to distribute the burden of child maintenance among the people of Canada, provided for graduated monthly payments to the parents of all children under the age of 16, beginning July 1, 1945. In presenting the bill, Mr. King pointed out that people who earned enough money to be able to take advantage of the deductions allowed for dependents on their income tax were receiving already a sort of family allowance, and that this bill would extend these benefits to those people whose incomes (and consequently taxes) were so low that they missed the benefit of these deductions.

Although no party actually voted against the measure, considerable opposition was voiced by those members who felt that it was designed to win the political favor of the Quebec Canadians who, it is rumored around Parliament Hill, have often been known to have large families. Among the government experts in Ottawa the measure was regarded in a fond light as being an ideal way of stimulating business—the government gives a check to a family of modest means who will be sure to spend the money immediately, it arrives eventually in the bank account of some well-to-do man or company, from whom the government takes it away by taxation, and sends it out again to the family of modest means, and the whole process is repeated. On paper the idea has a noble sound—you take from the rich to give to the poor, and in the pro-



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dose constipation with harsh purgatives that give, at best, only temporary relief . . . if yours is the common type of constipation caused by lack of "bulk" in the diet, there is a far better way.



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eat delicious, nutritious ALL-BRAN—the wholesome "regulating" food that gets right at a common cause of constipation, by supplying "bulk-forming" materials needed for pleasant, natural elimination.

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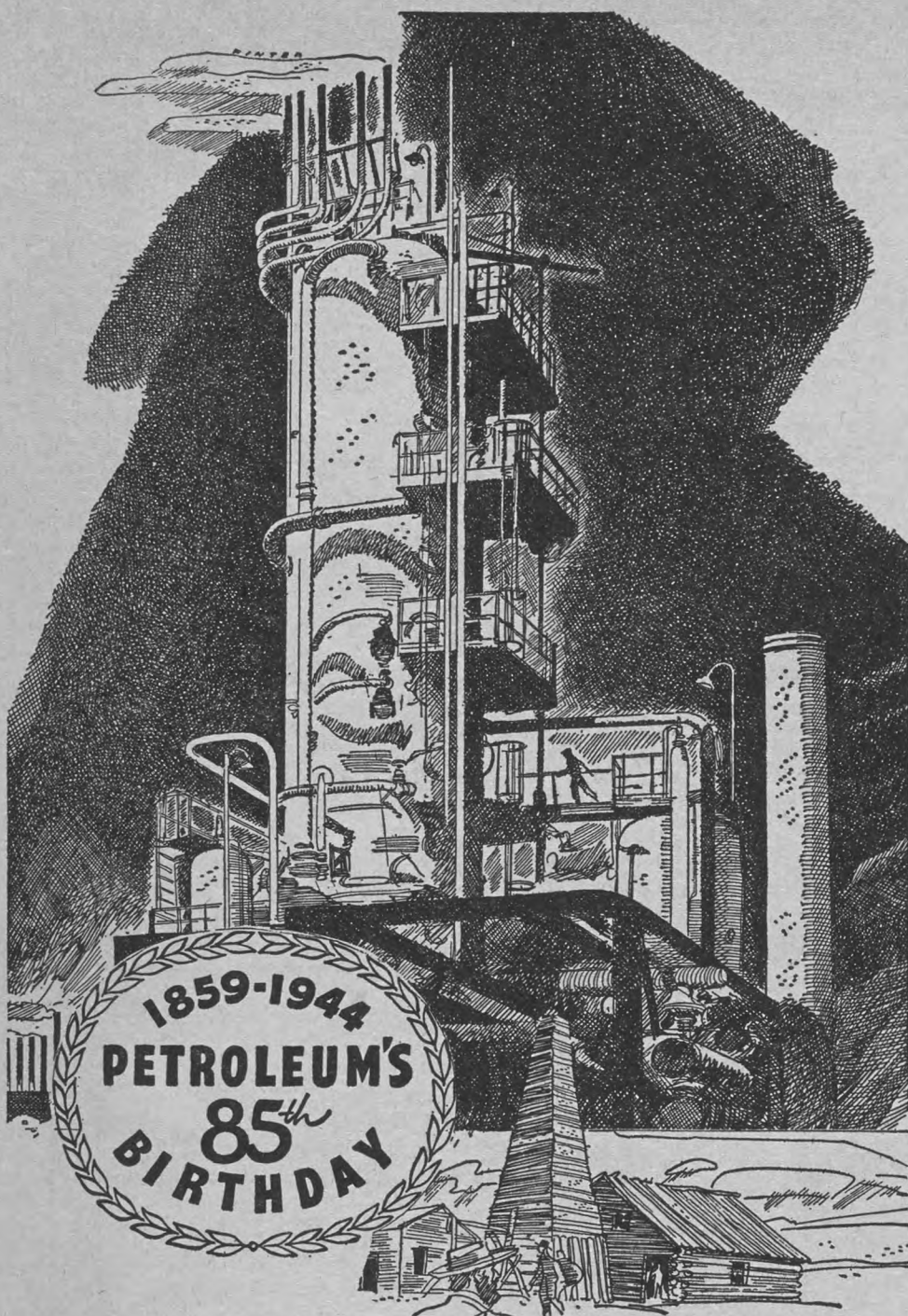
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victory in a bitter war to preserve our way of life and ensure our future.

**As Canada's pioneer and leader** in the field of petroleum, Imperial Oil Limited has contributed abundantly to the achievements of the past—is giving its best and utmost to the war job of today. Tomorrow, when peace comes, Imperial Oil service station men will again speed the motorist happily along the highway. Imperial Oil research workers will turn their inventive skill from tasks of war to problems of peacetime progress. The Imperial Oil geologists, engineers and drillers who brought Norman Wells and Turner Valley into being will continue to search for the oil resources necessary to our further progress.



# IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED

Shown above is a fractionating tower of a modern crude oil refining unit at Imperial Oil's Sarnia, Ontario, Refinery. This one unit has a capacity of 26,000 barrels a day!

cess you stimulate trade. Whether or not this will happen in practice remains to be seen.

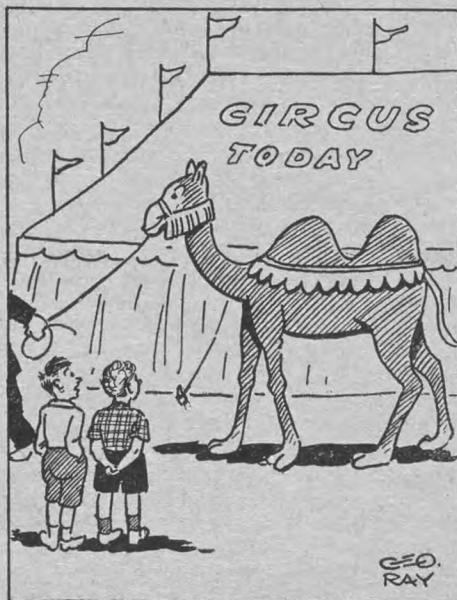
The Family Allowances bill was one of the two introduced during the session which dealt strictly with problems of social welfare. The other was the bill setting up the new Department of National Health and Welfare. As we pointed out, the Department of Pensions and National Health disappears; that part of the department concerned with war veterans will be carried on by the new Department of Veterans Affairs. The rest becomes the concern of the new Health and Welfare department. It will deal with a wider scope, however, than did the health branch of the old Pensions and National Health department. Welfare measures which are now administered by various other government departments, including old age and blind pensions, the physical fitness program, family allowances, will all be administered by the Department of National Health and Welfare.

**T**HE third new government department to be created this session will be a temporary one, known as the Department of Reconstruction. The field in which it will function is still vague, and its chief job seems to be to act as a central planning agency for the government in the reconstruction field. Reconversion of industry from wartime to peacetime activity, re-employment of ex-service personnel and war workers, will lie within its field. At this writing the department has not been set up or the minister named, although the name of Brooke Claxton, the keen, internationally-minded parliamentary assistant to the Prime Minister has received mention.

One other bill should be noted—perhaps the most important of all to the politicoes on Parliament Hill—the Soldiers' Vote Act. Each party vied with the others to voice its approval of the soldiers having every opportunity to vote, and if any member expressed any lack of approval of the bill, it was with the mechanics, not the principle. Regulations finally approved enable servicemen and women of any age and those members of the merchant marine and auxiliary services who have reached 21, to vote in any federal election held during the war and six months after. Next of kin of prisoners-of-war will be allowed to vote for them by proxy. Votes of armed service personnel will be included in the totals of the districts where they resided before enlisting.

We have said that this last measure is probably the most important of all. Certainly the vote of Canadian servicemen and the other Canadians engaged in war service on the war or home fronts is going to show in the clearest way possible whether the legislative program passed during the past session, wide and forward-looking as it was, is keeping in step with the people of Canada.

**A FIRM IN NORTH CAROLINA** manufacturing cigarette paper from flax fibre, is now manufacturing a variety of thin writing papers from flax fibre. These include airmail, multiple-copy typewriters paper and others.



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# MONTHLY COMMENTARY

by UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LIMITED

## The Price of Wheat

When last September the Government of Canada took over all wheat in commercial positions in the country, it guaranteed to western farmers an initial price basis of \$1.25 per bushel for all wheat delivered up to July 31, 1945. Farmers are still entitled by way of payment on their participation certificates, to share in any surplus over that amount which may be realized by The Canadian Wheat Board in selling such wheat. There is good reason to expect, in due course a payment on participation certificates issued during the past year. A large part of the wheat delivered during 1943-44 has been sold at prices considerably above the level of \$1.25. Most of such wheat was sold to the Commodity Credit Corporation of the United States at price bases ranging from \$1.48 per bushel for No. 1 Northern, down to \$1.35 or lower. Corresponding prices were realized on limited quantities of wheat sold to Portugal and Eire.

Whether any surplus will be realized to apply on participation certificates issued during 1944-45 is still uncertain. Export prices above \$1.25 still prevail, although the price level has been lower than that applying during the previous crop year. So far none of the wheat used in Canada or furnished to Great Britain and to other countries under the Mutual Aid Plan has come from deliveries made by farmers since September 27th last. All such demands have been filled from "Crown Wheat," that is the wheat which was taken over as at September 27th last by the Government of Canada.

Several interesting price problems are due to present themselves in the near future. To begin with, sometime during the current crop year the Government of Canada is likely to run out of Crown Wheat, for use in Canada and for export overseas to allied countries. At that time, if wheat is still being supplied to Great Britain and other countries under the Mutual Aid Plan the government will have to secure further supplies from the wheat now being carried by the Wheat Board for account of farmers. At what price would such wheat be taken over, on the basis of \$1.25 per bushel or at some higher price which may at that time prevail in the market? The decision reached would have a bearing on the amount ultimately to be realized on participation certificates.

Then there is the question of wheat to be furnished for relief in devastated countries. Through the machinery of the International Wheat Agreement Canada is committed to supplying without charge, 50 million bushels of wheat for that purpose, and such wheat will doubtless be furnished from the stock of "Crown Wheat" already in the hands of the government. But large additional quantities of wheat will also be required for relief purposes, to be purchased by UNRRA, or the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. To that body Canada is pledged to supply \$77,000,000, which may be given largely in supplies instead of in cash. If given in the form of wheat it will be important to establish a price basis and that too will apply to additional quantities of wheat which may be purchased by UNRRA from funds supplied by other countries.

Through the machinery of the International Wheat Agreement Canada, Great Britain, United States, Australia and Argentina have been endeavouring to arrive at a basic wheat price to apply in international trade during the period immediately following the war. Whether or not a satisfactory price agreement can be reached is still in doubt. A peculiar feature of the situation is that representatives of Argentina have been sitting in on the discussions in spite of the fact that diplomatic relations between Argentina and the United States and other allied countries are all but completely broken, and also in spite of

the fact that Argentina, through lack of shipping, may not be able to participate to any large extent in international wheat trade for some considerable time.

The current export price for wheat of the higher grades has been arrived at in a somewhat peculiar manner. It has been based on the fluctuating price of wheat in the Chicago market less 42 cents a bushel, representing what would have to be paid if wheat were imported through commercial channels instead of through the Commodity Credit Corporation of the United States which does not have to pay duty. Purchases by the Commodity Credit Corporation have continued until recently and there may be some purchases up to the end of 1944, after which date it has been officially announced there will be no more official buying of Canadian wheat for the United States. When that comes to an end will the same formula be used in arriving at a price for wheat to be exported to Eire, Portugal or other countries for which buying proceeds through commercial channels?

Recently a special situation has prevailed with respect to the export values of No. 5 and No. 6 feed wheat. These grades, considered by the customs authorities of the United States as not being fit for milling, are allowed into the country without any quota restrictions which apply normally to milling wheat and at a duty of only five cents ad valorem instead of 42 cents which applies on milling wheat. Such grades can be handled through commercial channels instead of through an agency of the United States Government. Because of the duty situation these grades have commanded a good price with No. 5 wheat sometimes worth as much as No. 1 Northern and sometimes perhaps five cents per bushel less. If that situation should continue throughout the crop year, the cost to western farmers from grade losses would ultimately be much less than would appear to be the case from the differentials which prevail in initial prices paid by The Canadian Wheat Board.

Sometime during the next six months government announcement will no doubt be made as to the minimum initial price for wheat which will be guaranteed to farmers in respect to the crop of 1945. The present guarantee of \$1.25 per bushel is good only for the remainder of the current crop year. Naturally western farmers will expect that it should be continued for another crop year.

## Freedom for Barley Exports

Restrictions on the export to the United States of feed barley, mentioned last month, were abolished a few weeks after they had been imposed, as the result of various protests made to government officials. As was stated last month, United Grain Growers Limited took prompt steps to endeavor to correct the situation, and a representative of the Company interviewed government officials in Ottawa. Other organizations later took similar action.

The barley affected was that which, although officially grading as feed, was of malting varieties, and sufficiently attractive to United States buyers to induce them to pay the malting premium of five cents a bushel, which is allowable under the price ceiling regulations. In addition these buyers were ready to pay 50 cents a bushel as equalization fee for a permit to export. Canadian maltsters, more exacting in their demands than those of the United States, would not buy such barley. Consequently, when it could not be exported, there was a direct loss of five cents a bushel to the producer, and an additional loss of 50 cents a bushel, for the export permit. The latter loss might fall either upon the government, in case the total collected for permits should be less than the amount required to cover the 15

cents per bushel which the government provides as an advance payment on equalization fees, or it might fall upon the whole body of producers selling barley in case there should be a surplus in such fund for later distribution. There had to be considered the injustice to the individual producer, who had deliberately seeded a malting variety of barley and had foregone the larger yield he might have expected from a non-malting variety, who was denied the malting premium, not because of the quality of his barley, but simply because the authorities desired to force its sale for feed in eastern Canada. There also had to be considered a question of national economy, whether it was sound to divert barley from a market in which it was worth practically \$1.20 per bushel into a feed trade where it was worth only 64¢ cents per bushel. Admittedly eastern hogs would have to be fed, and it might be necessary to retain western grain for the purpose. But the strong demand in eastern Canada for western barley was not altogether due to scarcity of feed for hogs. It was due to the fact that the eastern feeder considered barley at the ceiling price to be somewhat cheaper than any other feed he might buy, and consequently he asked for barley in preference to other grains.

At all events the regulation in question was abolished after it had been in effect only a short time. At the same time all quota restrictions on deliveries of barley were abolished, evidently in the hope of bringing forward enough barley to satisfy the eastern demand as well as the export market. Quite probably, because of extensive damage which has occurred to barley before it could be threshed, there will be sufficient quantities of feed barley to satisfy the eastern demand. Indeed, it is possible that feed barley, because of lack of sufficient demand, may not continue to sell at ceiling prices.

There is no demand at present for Canadian barley to go for feeding purposes to the United States. That is not because of any lack of a market south of the border. It is because the same high fee for export permits applies to feeding barley as is the case with malting barley, 50 cents per bushel, an amount fixed in relation to the price of malting barley in the United States, where it is at a very high premium over feeding barley. Theoretically there might be two different rates for permits. In that case, however, The Canadian Wheat Board, which sets the fee for permits, might feel it necessary to follow up the actual use made of barley exported, and to insist on the higher fee in the case of barley exported as feed which actually found its way into the malting trade.

## Bottlenecks in Grain Transport

There has been some improvement during the past month in the rate of unloading grain cars in terminal elevators at the head of the lakes, where lack of sufficient labor has created difficulty during several months past. The stocks of grain in lakehead terminals have been increasing, an indication that unloadings have been at a somewhat more rapid rate than shipments by vessel down the lakes. Those shipments have been limited because of congestion in eastern elevators and a smaller number of vessels have been in the grain trade on the lakes than would be available for such surplus. Towards the end of the season of navigation additional vessels will be seeking cargoes to be carried afloat in winter storage, and it will take the maximum possible effort of the railways between now and freeze-up to ensure sufficient grain for such cargoes. At any moment, depending upon the progress of the war in Europe and the rate at which vessels can be released from carrying supplies for the allied armies,

carrying food and other goods for relief of formerly occupied lands, an urgent demand for trans-atlantic shipment of wheat and flour is likely to develop. If Canada is to supply that demand, and the maximum possible use be made of Canadian wheat when it is most urgently required, movement of wheat from farms to country elevators, from country elevators to terminals, and from terminals to sea-ports will have to go on at the maximum possible rate. When, therefore, during the next few weeks the railways and the grain handling organizations are straining every effort to get grain forward from the country, there will be two objectives in mind. One will be to ease congestion in country elevators for the benefit of producers, so that farmers can make their deliveries as conveniently as possible. The other will be to get wheat where it is urgently needed, so that it can perform its allotted task, and provide an important part of Canada's contribution in relieving the distress of the world.

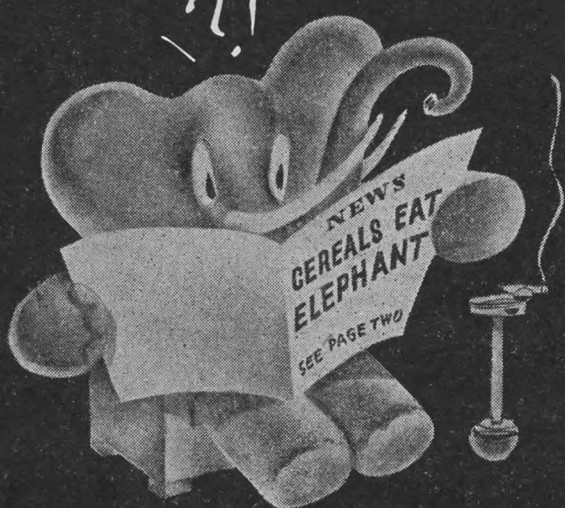
## Problems of the Market in Oats

During the past month there was a brief period of weakness with subsequent recovery, in the market for oats. The weakness was brought about by declines in prices for feed grain in the United States, where a demand for Canadian oats is necessary if the marketable surplus of western Canada is to be disposed of. At times during the past year the price of oats in the United States was so high, and the demand for a supply from Canada so great, that buyers would pay the ceiling prices for practically all grades of oats without discrimination, and in addition pay equalization fees up to 45 cents a bushel for permits to export. That was during the period when the United States duty of eight cents per bushel was temporarily suspended. Unfortunately the suspension was not made permanent. Advisors of the Government there argued that lifting the duty did no good to anyone in the United States because it did not increase the supply available from Canada, nor did it have any effect in reducing the cost of oats to buyers, since the Canadians absorbed the whole benefit of the reduction for themselves by increasing the fee for export permits. When the duty was reimposed the price of export permits declined to take care of the difference, and then it had to be dropped rapidly to compensate for the steadily falling price in the American market. During some considerable period importers in the United States practically ceased buying oats on this side of the border and declined to take out export permits, expecting each day, as proved to be the case, that the export permit fee might be reduced the following day.

Finally when the export fee had got down to six cents per bushel for oats shipped to eastern lake ports in the United States, and to two cents for oats shipped through western gateways, the demand revived, exports began to be bought and prices moved back to ceiling levels for top grades, although price differentials still remained on lower grades. It tended to show how dependent at the present time the oats market is on demand from United States. It also revealed facts about the difficulty of administering the policy of equalization fees for export permits. Such difficulty does not arise when prices in the United States are rising or stable. Under those conditions a price for export permits which will yield the maximum return to Canada, and at the same time will not prevent business from being done, is arrived at without much difficulty. But when prices in the export market are falling it is not easy to adjust the export fee so as to avoid the danger of bringing business to a halt. The export fee is fixed at a flat rate per bushel regardless of grade.



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Cable Cord

## TIRES

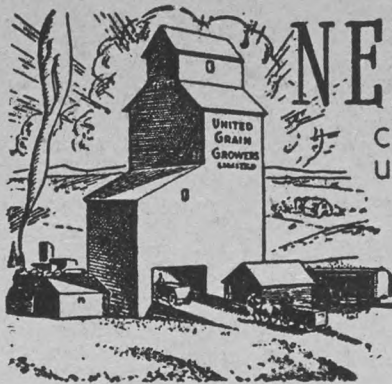
WITH THEIR FAMOUS PRE-WAR TREAD DESIGNS, ARE NOW OBTAINABLE IN SYNTHETIC RUBBER FOR ESSENTIAL WARTIME SERVICE

All the best and newest developments in synthetic rubber are incorporated in Dunlop S3 Cable Cord Tires. But remember, tires will not be plentiful in 1944. So keep driving inside the prescribed speed limit... cross-switch your tires occasionally... keep them properly inflated... and, above all, have your tires regularly checked by a Dunlop dealer. DN-1

## DUNLOP CANADA

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## NEIGHBORLY NEWS

Contributed by the Elevator Agents of  
UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LIMITED

### Dog Does Good Work

A short time ago Mr. Ernest Rencker, a farmer of the Kimbrae district just south of Bredenbury, was bringing home two young pigs from Lemberg. About two miles east of Grayson he lost the pigs out of his wagon. Four days later he and Mrs. Rencker went in a car to see if they could locate them and on driving into the farm that was nearest to where the pigs got away, he was pleased to find his two pigs safe in a pen. They had been captured and brought in by the farm dog. This dog is "just a dog"—short on pedigree but long on intelligence.—Bredenbury, Sask.

### Group Beef Feeding Clubs

A departure from the usual junior livestock feeding activities has been outlined by S. H. Gandier, Supervisor of Junior Activities.

Last fall, for the first time in Alberta, a junior group beef feeding club was organized at Lethbridge by District Agriculturist, S. S. Graham. The club, which has recently completed a highly satisfactory and profitable season, was limited to eight members. Each member fed a group of five steers. The club held its fair jointly with the Lethbridge beef calf club at which time the groups were marketed by auction. Standing of members was decided on a three-way basis: Placing of the group at the show; group gain in weight, and the feeding technique and feed records. Five of the groups recorded a gain of over two pounds per animal per day over the entire feeding period.

The success of this experimental venture in its first season has encouraged the consideration of similar clubs at other points this fall, where local interest guarantees the necessary finances to secure suitable feeders.—Edmonton, Alberta, (Agric. Ex. Service).

### Passing of an Old Timer

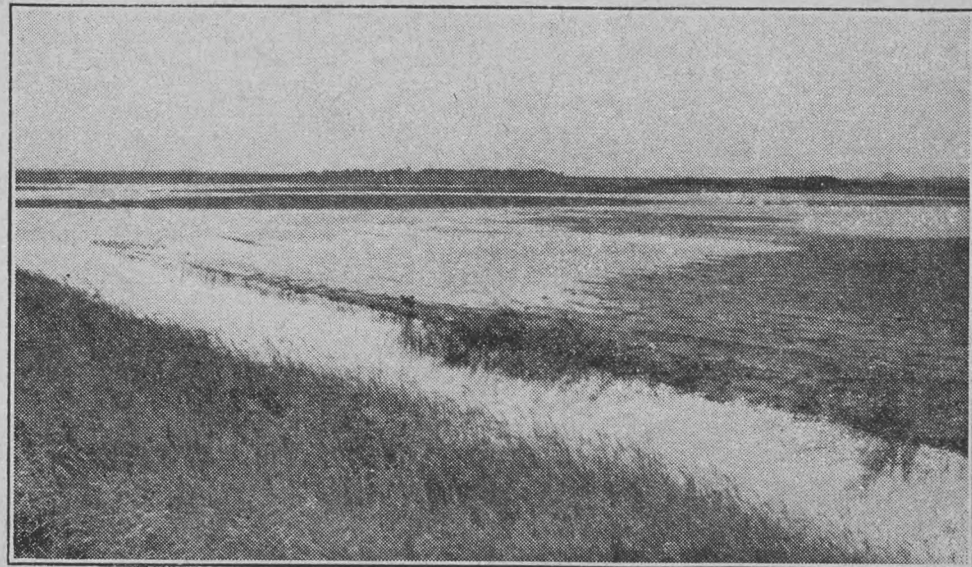
One of the best-known old timers of this district is being missed by a wide circle of friends and neighbors. W. E. Fraser who was one of the early settlers of this part of Saskatchewan recently passed away.

His was the first load of grain to be delivered to the U.G.G. elevator when the Company opened for business in Furness, nearly 20 years ago. Since that time Mr. Fraser had delivered a great many loads at the friendly elevator and his cheery personality will be sadly missed. It was always a pleasure to do business with him.

The family and relatives have been the recipients of many messages of sympathy.—Furness, Sask.

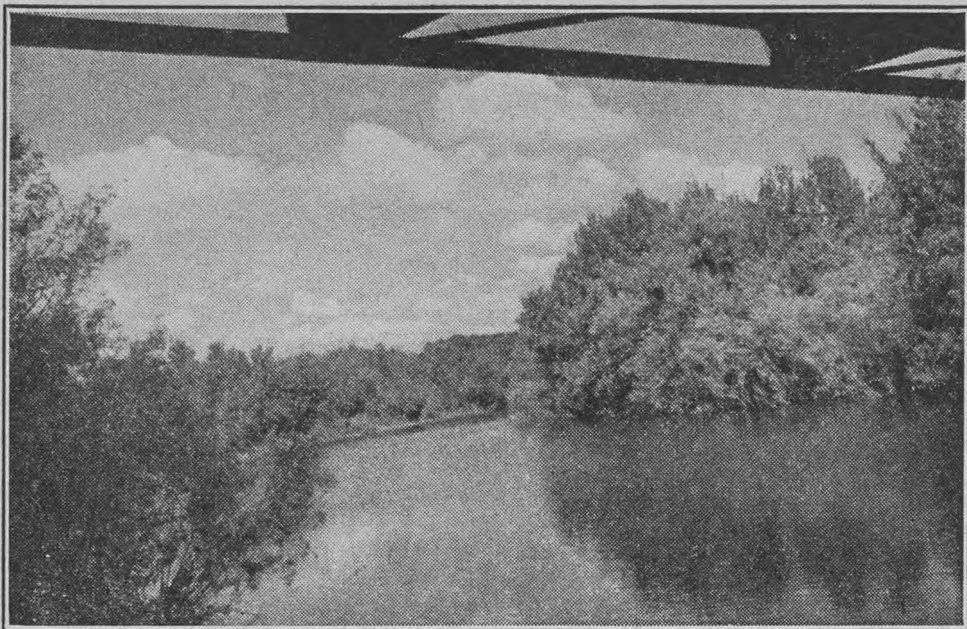
### A "Guide" to Good Apples

Apples are being used on the farm of W. G. McDowell in the Delburne district. Mr. McDowell is very proud of these apples and states the trees are only seven years old, and were obtained with a subscription to The Guide.—Delburne, Alta.



"The Summer Flood" at Morden, Man. (Guide Photo.)





"Water under the Bridge"—A Guide photo taken near Kamsack, Sask.

#### First Wedding in 25 Years

For a church building to have been in existence for 25 years without having witnessed a wedding ceremony within its walls is surely something of a record. An honor which recently fell to Knox United Church—and which completely shattered its unique record into little, sparkling sunshiny pieces—was the very pretty wedding ceremony of Ruth Eileen, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Chandler who became the bride of Walter N. Erickson, of Saddle Hills. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Clegg.

Following a reception and a buffet luncheon the happy couple—having thus happily "broken" the unique record for so long "held" by the Church—departed with the good wishes ringing in their ears of the numerous guests who attended the wedding and reception.

—Ribstone, Alta.

#### Well-known Farmer Passes

Oscar W. Soderlund, a model farmer and director of the local board of the Friendly Elevator, recently passed away at the early age of 37 years. Mr. Soderlund's farming operations were an example to the district and the passing of this fine type of farmer is widely regretted by everyone.

\* \* \*

The Sturgis district donated \$755 to the Kamsack Relief Fund—a gesture that was sincerely appreciated by the people of that community who suffered so hardly as the result of the cyclonic storm which caused both great damage and loss of life.—Sturgis, Sask.

#### Rides Horseback at 80

The eightieth birthday of one of our pioneer residents, Mr. Arthur Ross, was celebrated by his riding into town in his usual manner—on horseback.

Mr. Ross was born in Scotland in 1864, and came to Canada as a child. Raised in Ontario, he later moved to Manitoba where he farmed and ran a store. His journeys took him to the Peace River country over 30 years ago, where for some time he was engaged in the freighting business, and later took up a homestead at Reno, where he has since resided.

Mr. Ross is very interested in the history of the numerous Scottish clans, and has made an extensive study of them.—Reno, Alta.

#### Fine Weather for Ducks

Ducks assembled in meeting in many a pothole filled with swathed grain in this district passed a hearty vote of thanks to the weather man. Later on the hunters may do the same thing, as wild ducks are surely plentiful this year.

Not so the farmers who will probably vote thumbs down against the W.M. Many times this season the rains assumed the aspect of a flood, doing considerable damage to plowed fields by washing the top soil into the coulees and taking a lot of swathed grain in the process. This, with the top soil combined to plug many a culvert, causing the water to back up and flood over the road, washing away the grade.

Hence the pot holes filled with grain. Hence the happy ducks. Hence the not

so happy farmers and elevator men! After the rains the elevator boys have been busy pumping out their boots and pits which filled up while the run-off was in process.

However "there'll always be an Alberta" and we will all hope for better luck and better crops next year.

#### A Pioneer Transaction

A document left among the papers of the late William Buchannon, well-known pioneer of the Dauphin district throws an interesting sidelight on the way in which the early pioneers sometimes transacted their more important business. The document deals with the relinquishment by one Paul Wood "to all claim to the northwest ¼ of section 9-25-19." The date of the document is November 13th, 1893 and is headed "Lake Dauphin." The receipt of a certain amount of cash is admitted, also "six sacks of flour and 1 (one) spring pig to be paid before this date 1894."

Another interesting detail of the document as related by The Herald newspaper is that it was written in tea—not ink. The legibility of the writing is a tribute to the potency of Sir Walter Raleigh's famous brew.

William Buchannon was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, on June 17th, 1865. He came to Dauphin in 1892 and a year later bought the quarter-section on which he lived until his death, meanwhile acquiring other lands nearby and eventually farming 1,280 acres with about 100 head of dairy cattle.

Mr. Buchannon represented the Dauphin constituency in the Manitoba legislature for one term as a Conservative. His genial and upright character won him a wide circle of friends and neighbors to whom he was always "Bill Buchannon" the kindest of neighbors and friends.—Dauphin, Man.

#### Reduction in Fire Insurance Rates on Farm Properties

A reduction in fire insurance rates on farm property has recently been announced. That reduction is due to the very favorable record in connection with farm losses on such property and farmers are to get the benefit of a favorable experience in that respect. Another important feature is that the minimum rate will now be available on payment of one year's premium at one time instead of the insured being expected as formerly, to pay twice that amount at one time to cover a period of three years.

The Insurance Department of this Company conducted through United Grain Growers Securities Company Ltd., has called attention to one interesting feature in connection with farmers' insurance problems. Recently a large number of farm mortgages have been paid off. As long as they were in effect the mortgage companies could be relied on to see that the properties were kept properly insured. Once the mortgage company, however, has disappeared from the picture, that supervision has gone, and it will be important for farmers who are now clear of mortgage debt to make sure that their insurance is adequate either on farm buildings or on farm stored grain.

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fatal—a swift and ruthless killer. But to you, and the delicate tissue cells which the germs attack, 'Dettol' is kind and gentle; 'Dettol' is safe. Keep 'Dettol' always handy, and when infection threatens use it promptly.

## CAN FARMERS FARM TOGETHER?

Continued from page 7

Of the 47 classed as either co-operative, or socialistic, one in Florida, organized in 1931, one in California, organized in 1926, and one in Georgia, formed in 1921, may still have been operating in 1942. In the 1840's, there were 40 Fourierist communities organized in 12 of the United States. The last of these disappeared in 1884, and the longest lived of any, a Texas community, expired in 1875. Finally, the list contains 30 miscellaneous group farm communities organized between 1830 and 1927. Of these, only the last to be organized, the Mohegan colony in New York State, was still operating after 12 years, in 1942.

The world has witnessed many more experiments in co-operative group farming than those contained in the list referred to (see "Research Guide on Co-operative Group Farming," by Joseph W. Eaton and Saul M. Katz—H. W. Wilson Co.). One investigator has identified 148 different Utopian farm group movements in North America (see "Exploring Tomorrow's Agriculture," by Joseph W. Eaton—Musson Book Co., \$3.25). Probably 300 individual communities have been established in the United States alone; and it appears that a religious community has about four times the chance of lasting into the second year that a non-religious community has, if we judge by the experience of the past. Furthermore, 97 per cent of the non-religious communities failed to get beyond their 25th anniversary, as compared with 40 per cent in the case of religious communities. Many, many books have been written about these so-called Utopian communities, so that it is impossible to discuss them fully within the scope of a brief article.

Farmers in western Canada have long been aware of the existence of colonies of Hutterites in the prairie provinces. Hutterite history goes back more than 400 years to the year 1528; and Eaton believes that Amana, a 26,000 acre Hutterite community in eastern Iowa, on which are located seven prosperous villages, "is the only co-operative corporation farm which is old enough to permit us to consider its experience of more than mere tentative importance." He says further, "Today Amana is the largest and most prosperous co-operative corporation farm in America. Its assets totalled over \$2,445,000 at the end of 1941, and are controlled by its 887 members who own a share of Class A voting stock. The Society has a surplus, excluding reserves, of close to \$400,000."

Amana depends on agriculture for its major support. Thirty-four per cent of its employees, or 203 people were (1942) engaged in farm work, which involved the handling of a wide variety of crops and the management of 3,215 beef cattle, 457 dairy cattle, 6,000 swine, 242 sheep and 208 horses, as well as "the many privately owned poultry flocks." Amana had a woolen mill, a woodwork and furniture factory, packing plant, a print shop, three service stations, a drug store and pharmacy, four bakeries, three meat shops, eight grocery stores and two restaurants. It employed 125 outsiders, in addition to its own members, who desired work.

A final word about the Hutterites. Eaton believes they have succeeded because their religion, culture, language, clothing, housing, food and customs generally are the same for all people. In addition, their entire living is centered around certain religious ideals, which eliminates points of conflict. They have been isolationists for centuries and have a well-developed system of education by which their ideals are perpetuated and the young kept from outside influences. Finally, the Hutterite community is managed by a preacher who is both its temporal and spiritual head, and is elected for life on good behavior. The system of election is interesting in that it involves considerable trust in God—but not too much.

Here is a type of co-operative, or group farming, that has been successful enough to remain in existence for hundreds of years. This and the Russian

type (if the latter can be called co-operative) are the only two honest-to-goodness examples of the vision, manifest on any large scale in 1944, as having been real for any appreciable length of time. There are, however, some examples of newly formed co-operative farms in western Canada, some of which I have visited. Because of the limitation of space, however discussion of these must be reserved for a later issue.



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C. P. Shea, Campbell's Bay, Que., writes: "I suffered for the past 22 years with indigestion, pains and gas after each meal, and I found relief when a friend told me about your treatment. From the first day I used Canadian Von tablets I believe they have done me good. I can't praise them too much." If you suffer from indigestion, gastritis, heartburn, bloating, acid irritation, pains after eating, or allied stomach trouble induced by gastric hyper-acidity, you, too, should receive quick relief. Send at once for FREE Samples of this treatment. A free Booklet is included. Write.


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Leghorns; Barred Rocks; Wyandottes; Minorcas; Buff Orpingtons; Light Sussex; Hampshires. Highest prices paid. Write NOW for Contract. ALEX. TAYLOR HATCHERIES, 362 Furby, Winnipeg.



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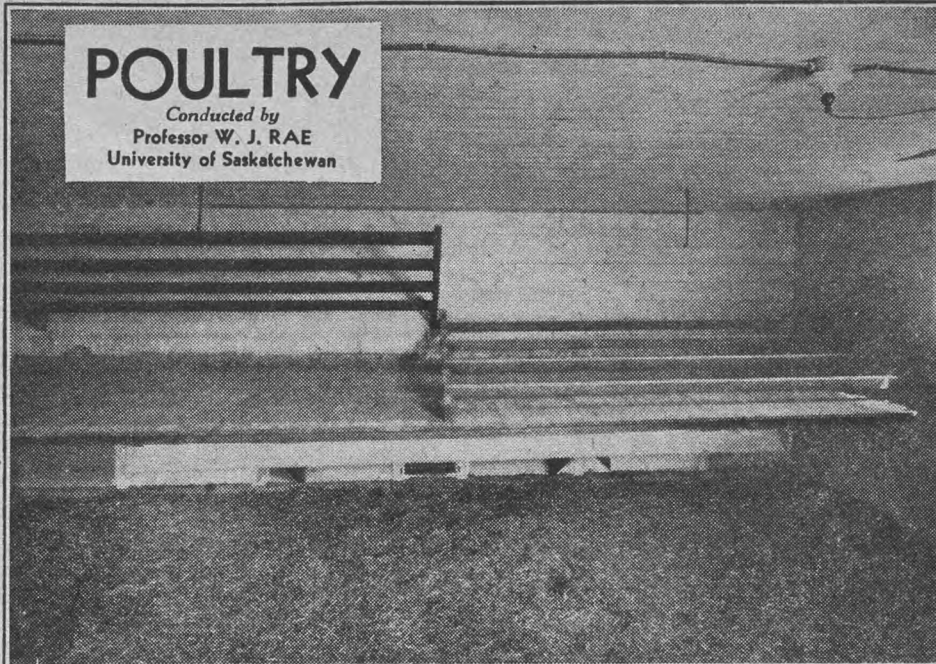
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These roosts at the Dominion experimental station, Swift Current, Sask., are hung from the wall on home-made brackets and are in two sections, so as to be easily removable for cleaning and oiling. When the dropping board is to be cleaned, the roosts are hooked up out of the way.—Swift Current Station photo.

### Feeding The Layers

ONCE the pullets are confined to their winter quarters, they are entirely dependent on the poultryman for their feed. It is also well to remember that the layers have three functions to perform. They must lay eggs of good quality for a long period of time, increase their body weight, and keep healthy and free from disease. In order to accomplish these, the birds must be fed as complete a diet as is possible. During the rearing period when the pullets are on range, a relatively simple formula is all that is necessary, since they are able to supplement this with green feed, sunshine, and some protein such as insects and worms. It is during this period that a good foundation, such as sound bone and well developed frame and body, is laid.

Factors such as adequate housing, sanitation, and freedom from disease are equally as important as good feeding. At present, let us consider feeding. The prairie provinces are fortunate in having an ample supply of the cereal grains. These constitute the greater part of the mash, but they alone will not sustain health and production. They must be supplemented with protein feeds, minerals, and vitamins, for those wishing to mix their own feeds, the following formula will prove satisfactory: A combination of chopped grains, 66 pounds; bran, 5 pounds; fish meal, 5 pounds; meat meal, 7½ pounds; alfalfa meal, 10 pounds; ground limestone, 3 pounds; bone meal, 1½ pound; salt, 1 pound; fish oil (1500 A-200 D), 1 pound; manganese sulphate, 1 level teaspoonful.

This mash should be in front of the birds at all times, along with water or milk, oyster shell and grit. Whole grains are also fed morning and evening at the rate of 12-15 pounds per day for 100 birds, the amount depending upon the rate of production and the time of year.

### Leg Weakness

THERE are three common types of leg weakness in chickens, and, while the appearance is similar in all cases, treatment can not be effective until the cause has been diagnosed. Any one of the three types may be found at this time of year and, because of this, it is recommended that, if any leg weakness is noted in your flock, one or two of the affected birds be sent to your provincial pathologist for diagnosis.

One form of leg weakness is caused by an infestation of worms. In the early stages, the birds may appear normal in every respect except that they have lost the use of their legs. If the trouble is not diagnosed immediately the birds become emaciated and eventually die. In the early stages, only a few of the birds may be suffering from worms, but if this condition is not remedied, the whole flock may become subject to these parasites. Since there is no one treatment effective for the various types of worms, proper diagnosis is necessary before the correct remedy can be prescribed. Often flock owners wish to

worm their birds as a precautionary measure, but such a procedure is not recommended, since these treatments are rather hard on the birds and each remedy is specific in its action.

A second type of leg weakness is caused by a nutritional deficiency. While it may not be evident at the present time, leg weakness may appear if an adequate diet is not being fed. Vitamin D which is supplied by fish oil, is essential for the formation of sound egg shells as well as good bone structure. Once the birds are enclosed for the winter, vitamin D must be supplied to the layers. If this is lacking, the pullets will withdraw the necessary minerals from their bones in order to produce normal shelled eggs. Once this reserve is used up, the shells become soft and eventually production ceases. If the condition is not corrected, the birds become weak in the legs and eventually unable to stand. Unless the diet is complete in all other known respects, vitamin D alone will not correct this trouble. Elsewhere on this page, an adequate diet is outlined.

The third type of leg weakness is caused by a virus. Range paralysis is a common name for this type. The physical symptoms are similar in appearance to those mentioned above, and only a post mortem examination of the bird can distinguish the difference. As yet, there is no cure for this form of paralysis, and until one is found, it is suggested that strict sanitation and good management practices be followed throughout the entire rearing and laying periods.

### Marketing The Cockerels

EXPERIMENTAL work throughout Canada has shown that the proper finishing of cockerels before marketing is a profitable enterprise. In the past, and even this year, many immature cockerels have been marketed with poor returns to the producer as well as a poor product to the consumer.

The heavy breeds are not ready for the fattening crates or pens until they are 6½ to 7 months of age. This is true whether they are a slow feathering breed such as the Barred Rock, or fast feathering such as the New Hampshire. Rates of feathering or body weight are not indicative of time to market. The cockerels must have an opportunity to complete their skeletal growth and musing before they will fatten well.

Select only those birds which are healthy, vigorous, and free from physical defects such as crooked keels and large keel cysts. The most economical method of finishing is crate fattening. A period of 12-15 days is sufficient to place such birds in the top grades. A combination of the cereal grains supplemented with 10 per cent of meat meal and mixed with milk has proven satisfactory. The birds are fed morning and evening for a period of 15 to 25 minutes. At the end of that time, remove all unconsumed feed. Premixing one feeding in advance insures a thorough and complete mix.

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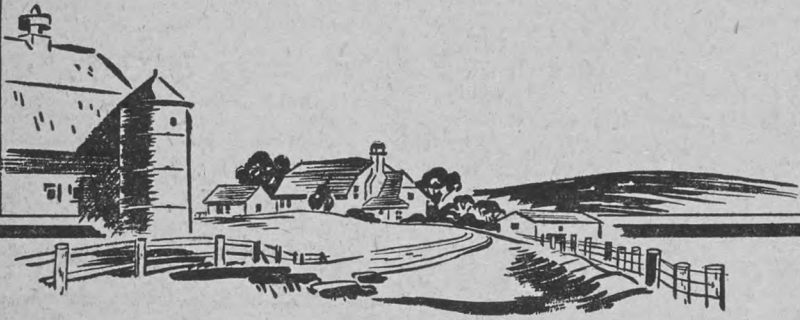




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## THUNDERHEAD

Continued from page 9

drew her against him and laid his big bullet head on her breast.

"He's the wantinest little son-of-a-gun" he said, against the blue silk of her robe.

He felt her hand against his cheek. "Like whom else?"

In his own room Ken was lying on his side, looking at one bright star that shone through his window and thinking about fortitude. Fortitude would be a good thing for a horse to have, too. Now, if the Goblin came back, and proved to be very fast, and had fortitude—

**F**ORTITUDE was demanded of Ken next day when Flicka went unexpectedly into labor and Rob said she was going to have a bad time and they would need the vet.

Driving over to the telegraph station with his mother, Ken's face was white and furious. "God made the world, didn't He?" he asked suddenly. "Well, I don't think much of the way He made it. I could have done better."

Nell glanced down at him. What could she say? Goblin first, now Flicka—it was a pretty big dose of trouble for him.

"Why do all the horrible things have to happen?" he asked passionately.

She must answer him. "We can't understand entirely, Ken—

"Why not?"

"You can't understand something that's so much bigger than you are. So before you even begin to ask questions, you must know that they can't all be answered in a way that will satisfy you. The rest you have to take on faith."

"Faith?"

"You know what that is. That's believing when you can't understand. You believe in God; you know He made us, and He is wise. And, in the end, will bring everything out right, if we don't spoil things."

"I wish God wouldn't ever let us spoil things!" Ken said violently.

"So do I," was Nell's heartfelt reply. "Perhaps He won't, in the long run." After a pause she added, "But we must do our part."

Ken's face was impassive. Nell knew that every word she spoke was important and she wished she could help him more.

Actually, Ken was busy composing a prayer. "Please God, make me have fortitude. But if you could manage it to have the Goblin come back, and Flicka get through this foaling all right, that would be just keen. For Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

Arrived at the railroad station. Nell entered the telegraph office and Ken stood listening to the mysterious dots and dashes which asked the telegraph agent at Laramie if he would be so kind as to do Captain McLaughlin of the Goose Bar Ranch a favor, and telephone the veterinary, Dr. Hicks, and find out if he could start to the ranch immediately to deliver a foal?

Within five minutes the message came back that Dr. Hicks was on his way.

On the Goose Bar Ranch the weather was really hot for only two or three weeks in midsummer. On this day the thermometer stood at a hundred and one with a burning dry heat which lay on the land in a shimmering waves.

Inside the barn, everyone was soaked with perspiration and Dr. Hicks had constantly to turn aside and shake the water from his forehead. Rob and the boys were naked from the waist up.

Flicka, exhausted by hours of unavailing labor, lay on her side. While Doc worked he talked in short grunts. "This mare'll never foal again—that infection she had when she was a yearling injured her—scar tissue—It's a wonder she's as good as she is."

Rob looked at his watch. "It's been going on three hours now." He and Doc talked together in low voices. It frightened Ken to hear them so casual and fatalistic.

"Sacrifice the foal," said McLaughlin. "The mare won't stand much more."

"May not have to," said Doc. "I'm not stumped yet."

**T**HE foal's head and the two tiny front hoofs were visible now. The men fastened a block and tackle to the wall and ran the rope through it. Then Doc fetched an instrument that looked like an ice tong and to Ken's horror, thrust the prongs into the foal's eye sockets and pulled. Flicka heaved and struggled convulsively. The men hauled until they were red in the face. And suddenly the whole little body slid out. The doctor knelt over the foal, which was barely alive.

"Will it live?" asked Ken.

The doctor did not answer. He wiped the foal dry and clean, massaged it and gave it a hypodermic injection. It was a very small, but neatly made filly, it had a short back, long spidery legs close together, and a small fine head with a dish face. It was pinkish yellow with blond tail and mane.

"Just like Flicka!" exclaimed Nell.

"Will it live?" insisted Ken.

"Can't say for sure, it's pretty weak. But sometimes these little fellows surprise you. It's just touch and go."

They were all astonished to see that the terrible hook had not injured the foal's eyes at all.

Nell noticed Ken's face. It was white and drawn. When Flicka suffered, he suffered. She wondered if after all the suffering, there would ever be any good thing come from the Albino's blood. Would it be, perhaps, this tiny filly?

Soon Flicka was able to get to her feet and eat her mash. The filly showed signs of life and struggled to rise. Doc and McLaughlin lifted it and held it up underneath its dam to nurse. When the teat touched its lips, it opened its mouth and began to suck, and everyone watching smiled and relaxed.

When it had had enough, it was put down on the hay again and the veterinary prepared to leave. At this moment, a shadow at the door blocked out the sunlight. They turned to look and saw the Goblin standing there.

If Ken had seen someone returned from the dead, he could hardly have felt a more violent shock. Over his whole body there poured a wave of heat, followed by such bliss that he could not see clearly.

Then Gus's voice exclaimed, "Yiminy Crickets! Luk at him! He's tore to pieces!" And Ken's eyes cleared and he saw the wounds and scars on Goblin's white coat and rushed to him.

Goblin was startled and fled around the corral. He did not, however, go out of the open gate, but circled and came hesitatingly back.

McLaughlin reprimanded Ken sharply, then, himself, went quietly toward the colt, his eye running over him. "Steady, old boy! God! Look at that ear! That rip in the shoulder—"

"And there's a piece chewed out of his fanny!" said Howard.

"That colt's sure been in a fight," said the vet, eyeing the swollen shoulder wound. "That was done by a hoof, and a mighty big one. I'd better take a look at it while I'm here."

"Get a bucket of oats, Howard," said McLaughlin, "and Ken, bring the halter."

The Goblin was ravenous for the oats. They haltered him and McLaughlin and the vet examined his wounds.

"Look here," said Doc, "here are some other wounds that are nearly healed. He's been in two fights. Look at the mark of claws here on the other shoulder—might have been a wildcat—"

"And," said Howard excitedly, "look at the little scars all over the underside of his neck and belly—what did that?"

Doc was puzzled. "Might be wire snags," he said doubtfully.

Nell stood there, downcast, wondering if this ended all their future hopes. That shoulder wound looked deep. If it had reached the bone or tendons—

Rob voiced her thought. "This shoulder wound, Doc—will it hurt his speed?"

"I don't think so," said Doc, "It was a glancing blow."



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"Gee! It must have been some fight," exclaimed Howard excitedly.

"Do you think he mixed it up with Banner, Dad? Banner's the only stallion around here."

"It might have been one of the other yearlings," said Nell.

"Not a hoof of that size," said Rob, indicating the shoulder wound. "It could only be Banner. But I can't understand Banner's giving him such punishment; the colt must have done something to deserve it."

It seemed to Ken that when the the answers to prayers came they were apt to come overwhelmingly. For after supper that night, Howard asked him to come upstairs to his room, and, up there, opened his top drawer and took a little box from it and gave it to Ken. "Open it," he beamed.

Ken opened it. There lay his stop-watch with a brand-new crystal.

"And it's got a new mainspring," said Howard, capering around the room in delight. "It's as good as new. You'll want it now, because you've got the Goblin back and we can run him and time him!"

Ken was speechless. "Gee, Howard! Thanks ever so much."

But Ken didn't have the colt for long. He had been put into the Home Pasture, to be close at hand in case his wounds needed tending. Flicka and her filly were put there too, as soon as the little foal could run at her mother's side. There sprang up between Goblin and his little sister one of those strange attachments that exist between horses. When he was near, she must leave her dam's side and wander to him. He would stand, his high head curved and bent to her. She would reach up her little muzzle to touch his face and neck.

The boys carried oats to them morning and evening. One morning the Goblin was not there. Rob examined all the fences. "By heaven, he must be a jumper," he said, frowning, "unless he rolled under that place on the south side where there's a little hollow."

The boys saddled up and rode out across the ranch to hunt for him. He was not with the yearlings, nor brood mares, nor the two-year olds. He was nowhere to be seen.

This time Ken was not so unhappy. The colt had come back once and he probably would again, although when Ken was ready to say his prayers that night, it did cross his mind to ask the Almighty if He thought it was quite fair to be an Indian Giver? He suppressed this impulse as being not entirely respectful and possibly prejudicial to future favors.

THE little filly grew and thrived. Her hoofs and bones hardened. Before long she could make a little thunder on the ground as she ran. Nell named her Touch and Go.

Rob McLaughlin was crazy about her. She was to him the justification of his theory of line breeding.

"Look at those perfect legs," he said, "I always had a hunch that if Flicka were bred back to Banner, I'd get something out of the ordinary."

They were sitting on the terrace after supper, Flicka and the filly near the fountain in the centre of the Green.

Suddenly they heard the thunder of hoofs coming from below in the Calf Pasture and saw, rounding the shoulder of the hill, the Goblin coming at a canter. Rob rose to his feet, astonished. How could the colt have got into the Calf Pasture.

In a moment they all knew. There was a four-strand, barbed-wire fence between the Green and the Calf Pasture. Goblin cantered up to it, swerved to aim at the gate post, and cleared it easily. He trotted toward Flicka and the filly, neighing a greeting.

"Well, I'm dammed," said Rob. "If he's started fighting Banner and jumping all the fences, there's going to be hell to pay from now on. This means he can come and go as he pleases."

The boys rushed down to the Green chattering excitedly, and Nell followed them with Rob. Goblin and his little sister were in an ecstasy of reunion.

"He's kissing her," shouted Ken. "Look Mother! Look at Goblin!"

"It's simply ridiculous to call him Goblin," said Nell. "That's not a Goblin. That's Thunderhead."

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Ken felt his mother's words go right through him. It had come at last.

Nell looked at her husband, "Don't you see, Rob? He's been changed ever since he was lost the first time, when he got those awful cuts. We must call him by his right name from now on. He deserves it."

"The Goblin is dead. Long live Thunderhead," shouted Howard.

"Dad," said Ken, "Where does he go when he goes off—Thunderhead, I mean?" Ken was almost embarrassed to give his colt the great title.

"I wish I knew," said Rob. He added thoughtfully, "Well, Thunderhead can jump. Thunderhead can fight. But neither of these accomplishments is important to a racer. It remains to be seen if Thunderhead can run."

**T**HUNDERHEAD had his freedom all winter. There were times when, Rob and Nell knew, he was nowhere on the Goose Bar ranch. But he always came back. Then, when Ken and Howard came back from school, Thunderhead's training began.

Ken rode him bareback, then with saddle. He rode him in the corral; then he took him out of the corral and struggled with him in the open.

Thunderhead didn't like Ken, often seeming animated by a definite spirit of hatred. He would gallop at a big tree and try to scrape the boy off. He learned how to take the bit in his teeth and run away. It was a rough, fighting gallop, with the weight of the horse's head so heavy in Ken's hands that he was racked to pieces.

Late one afternoon, after an hour of such struggling, a fury came into Ken and he lashed Thunderhead with his crop until he was exhausted. With his other hand, he held the reins and forced the horse this way and that. With his heels he spurred him. Tears of weakness and rage stood in his eyes.

Suddenly there came into Thunderhead the impulse to obey. He stopped fighting the bit; he swung right or left at the least touch of the rein on his neck or the lean of his rider's body. His steps were pliant, prancing. The skill and the will of another being were added to his own skill and will, and it ran through his body like quicksilver.

Thunderhead began to run. His hoofs reached forward and seized the ground with a slashing cut that barely touched and rebounded. No effort on Ken's part was needed; he and the colt were one at last. The fight was over, and underneath Ken was something of such strength and power as he had never dreamed of. The incredible speed! The strange floating gait! The world rolled out from under the stallion's hoofs.

Ken sat at the supper table that night in a dream, unable to speak or eat. He wondered if Thunderhead would ever do it again. When he had dismounted and unsaddled the colt and had stood looking into his face, he saw that Thunderhead still hated him. The dark, white-ringed eye looked at him sideways, viciously.

"How did the colt go today, Ken?"

"He went better, Dad."

"Did you get him running?"

"Sort of—"

Rob McLaughlin looked searchingly at his son. He asked no more.

**O**N a warm August evening, Rob and Nell drove to a ranch southwest of their own to inspect a thoroughbred mare which Rob had been told was for sale cheap. The number of his own brood mares was down to sixteen, and they were getting old.

The road they took was not much more than wheel tracks on the prairie grass, and the car swept ahead so roughly, Nell was about to protest but Rob's faced stopped her. He had his angry driving look.

"Gypsy hasn't long to go either," Rob said abruptly. "At this rate, my band of brood mares will soon be cut in half."

"What'll you do then, Rob?"

"Buy some more, I suppose. Travel around to the race tracks—pick up mares of good blood that can't race any more."

Nell had a sinking sensation. Those buying trips that he took every three or four years cost upwards of a thousand dollars. She withdrew farther into her corner and heavy silence wrapped them about. Strange, she thought, that two people could be physically so near



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each other, and yet so divided that they could hardly exchange a thought.

Presently Nell said, "Rob, I've been thinking about Thunderhead. Ken is so awfully happy now about the speed he's developed. Do you think it's absolutely necessary to geld him?"

"He's a two-year-old," said Rob harshly. "All the other two's are to be gelded, why shouldn't he?"

"Ken is simply having a fit about it," said Nell.

"Ken is a pain in the neck."

Nell's cheeks burned, and angry words rose to her lips. She could shout as well as he. But, if she did, there would in a moment be one of those unspeakable interchanges resembling the snarling of cats and dogs. The quarrel would blow over, but the ugly words would send their echoes down the years, and never be forgotten.

Nell shivered in her thin dress of poppy-printed silk. "I'm cold."

Rob brought the car to a jarring stop. "Where's your coat?"

"In the back."

Every elaborate, leisurely motion he made as he got her grey reefer, invited her out and held it for her, made her feel she was holding up the procession. They got silently back into the car again and went on. All evening a moon had been sailing high in the heavens. Now, with the darkness, it began to glow.

Presently off to the right, they saw something suggesting a house. "This must be it," said Rob doubtfully. He brought the car to a stop in front of a huddle of walls, fences, corrals: "It must be," muttered Rob again, staring. Nell stared, too. The moonlight made of the place a crazy silhouette.

Rob got out, and went toward the house.

Nell continued to stare at the decrepit buildings, one shed tacked liked an afterthought on to the side of another. Fences fallen in places, begun, abandoned, begun again somewhere else. The house, a haphazard collection of boards, boxes, building paper, sheets of tin; a house of human despair, ceaselessly pounded by the wind that kept every fence corner filled with tumbleweeds and rubbish.

Nell sat there in so deep a depression that when she heard a voice it startled her. It was a cultured voice, the accent almost English. "Wouldn't you like to come in and wait until our husbands have finished their business?"

An old woman was standing beside the car, her thin grey hair whipped by the wind. Her face had character and refinement and a look of endurance that had begun ages ago and would have no end.

"Oh, thanks very much!" exclaimed Nell. "I think I'll just wait here—or could I go to the stables? I'd like to see the mare too."

"I'll show you the way," said the old woman courteously.

They picked their way between weeds, clods of dirt, upturned kerosene cans, farm tools, rolls of wire, to the yard before the barn and went in.

There was the mare. The man had led

her by a rope halter into the foreground and Rob was looking her over. *Oh, why! Why! Why does he even look at her? The poor thing! Why does he give them any hope at all?*

The fine long legs of the mare seemed barely able to support her. There was a sway in her back. The aristocratic head hung lifelessly, and there was a deep collar groove at the base of her neck.

"You use her for plowing?" asked Rob.

"Yes. She can do as good a day's work as any horse you could find."

Nell looked at the man, who despite his surroundings had a kind of cocky jauntiness. He would be like that, Nell thought, to have got himself and his old wife into such a place as this to end their days in.

"I don't need a work horse," said Rob. "I was interested in a brood mare."

"Well, she'd have a fine colt. I can show you her papers."

"I'm sorry—she'd be too old for me. I'm afraid she wouldn't get through a single winter out on my ranch."

They walked back to the car and Rob and Nell got in. The woman stood at the window, her hands clutching the edge of it, her eyes peering at Nell. At last she said, "You're awfully pretty—too pretty to be living out here. Have you got any children?"

"Yes, I have two boys, sixteen and fourteen."

"You don't look old enough to have such big boys." The woman smiled a strangely sweet, childlike smile. Nell smiled back at her with a choke in her throat.

The ruthless joy one feels when one contrasts one's lot with others and realizes one is better off, the shame that one should be so cruelly exultant, and the compassionate wish that there might be a cornucopia pouring out plenty for all; these three strong emotions surged within Nell on the drive home.

There was one other. It was fear. Because, after all, it could happen to anyone. It could happen to them. At this thought, her slim brown hands clenched in her lap and she leaned back stiffly.

"Rob," she said, "wasn't that awful?"

"Terrible."

"Oh, Rob, let us never—"

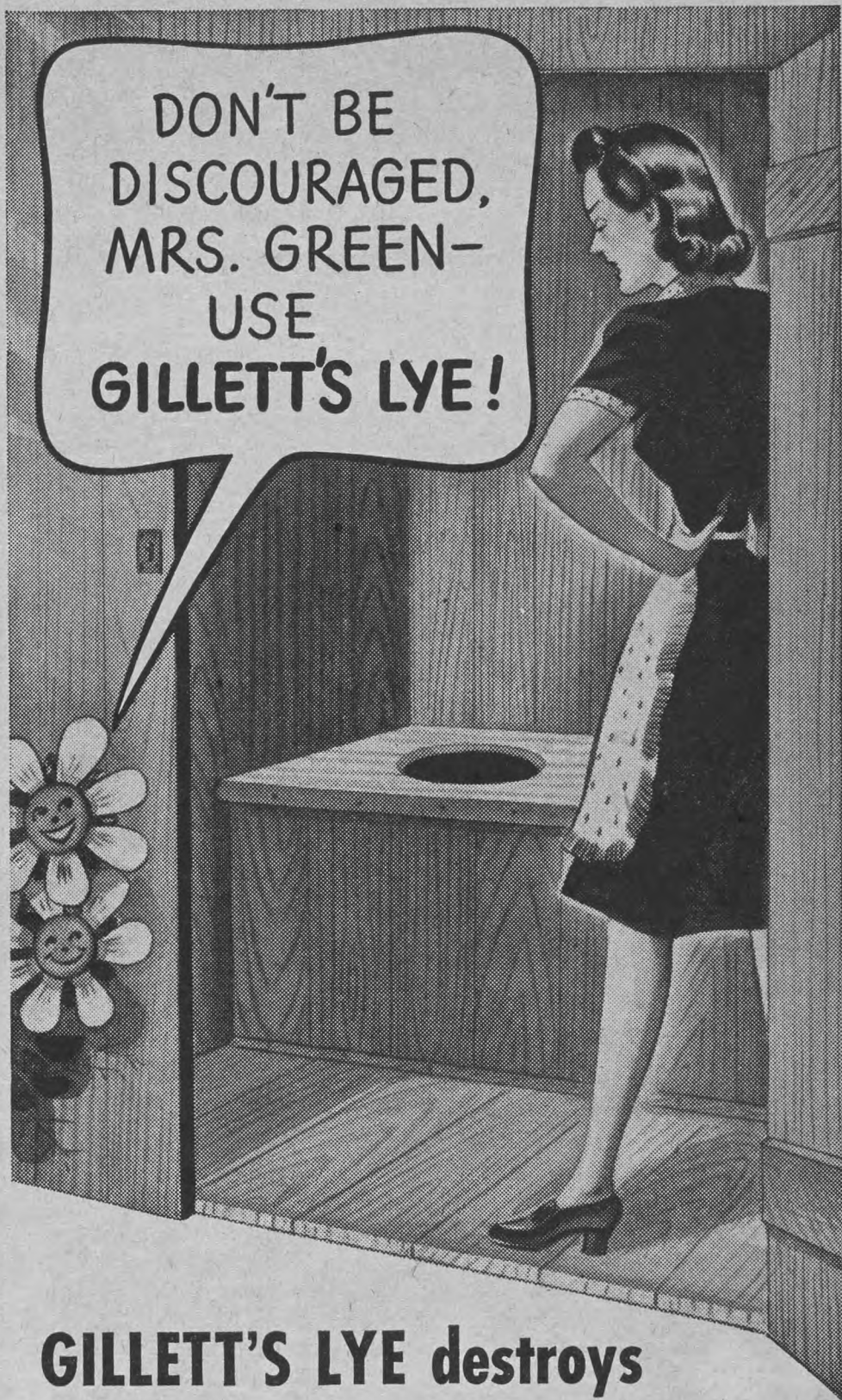
He turned on her in sharp anger. "Are you imagining that we could ever come to that? Not people of intelligence, and some—some sense, some start in life, some advantages—"

"But they had all that! It's no use having sense if you don't use it."

"They didn't have any—or they wouldn't be there."

Rob's flat, violent tone of voice served notice on her that he didn't want to hear any more of that. She closed her lips, but her seething thoughts continued. She and Rob were heading into financial disaster just as fast as they could gallop. It was this fall that Howard was to go East to Bostwick's Preparatory School, and the tuition was twelve hundred dollars and half of it

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## THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD

# FARMERS' BULLETIN

### FARM MACHINERY

#### Repair Parts Prices

September 30 has been set as the cut-off date for any reduction in prices for imported farm machinery repair parts resulting from the June Budget removal of import duties and War Exchange Tax. After that date, any reduction in the price for such imported repair parts resulting from the Budget changes must be passed on to the consumer. Even if the parts were brought in, with duty and tax paid, before the Budget announcement, the ruling applies.

#### Pumps Order Lifted

Order A-962, as amended, calling for the simplification and standardization of pumps, has also been revoked. Manufacturers are now free to make pumps of whatever types, sizes, capacities and materials they wish, as the materials become available.

#### Orders Still in Effect

Farm Machinery Administration orders still in effect are A-8, prices of farm machinery and parts; A-673, fire protective, signal and alarm equipment; A-843, new construction machinery and equipment; A-1162, farm machinery and equipment; A-1279, used construction equipment; 347, as amended by 394, rationing of new farm machinery and equipment; and 421, prices of imported farm equipment, machinery and repair parts. Thus, it is still necessary to obtain a permit for the purchase of many lines of new farm equipment.

#### Exhibits

By rescinding Order A-185 on September 11, 1944, the Board again permits farm implement dealers and manufacturers to exhibit farm machinery at fairs, exhibitions, conventions and rodeos. The order, which became effective on May 23, 1942, to make the most efficient use of available supplies, provided that "no person shall exhibit or demonstrate any farm machinery and equipment, or any attachments or repair parts at any fair in Canada." It did not prevent a farmer from using his own or another farmer's machinery and equipment for a plowing match.

### CONSERVE HORSEHIDE SUPPLIES

Effective September 15, 1944, green salted horsehides are limited to the processing of leathers for glove, garment, orthopaedic or sporting goods. This action is taken to conserve these hides reported in short supply.

Each dealer is required to report to the Administrator of Hides and Leathers on October 15 and on the fifteenth of each succeeding month the number of horsehides, horse fronts and horse butts which, at the date of the report, he has had in his possession or under his control for more than 60 days.

### PRICE OF SOYBEANS

A ceiling price of \$2.15 per bushel for No. 1 and No. 2 Canada soybeans, delivered at Toronto, Winnipeg, Lethbridge or Vancouver has now been set.

Ceiling price for No. 3 grade is \$2.12 per bushel, for No. 4 grade \$2.08 and for any other soybeans \$2.00 per bushel, all delivered at any one of the four basic points. Prices at other than these centres will vary according to transportation charges. Maximum prices apply to all sales except those between primary producers.

Prices shown in the order (A-1324) are for soybeans sold in bulk. When sold in second-hand bags the price may be increased by eight cents per bushel or ten cents per bushel when packed in new bags.

### MAXIMUM POTATO PRICES

#### Order A-929 Now Applies

All potatoes, with the exception of sweet potatoes and yams, are now classified as old potatoes under Order A-929. Maximum selling price of these potatoes under the Order is considerably lower than the established ceiling price for new potatoes during the summer months.

### DARK HONEY FOR INDUSTRIAL USE

Darker varieties of honey may be purchased by industrial users, providing purchase authorization is received from the Sugar Administrator at Montreal, beekeepers are reminded.

Consumer demand for dark honey is limited to a few markets and control of industrial use is designed to ensure that supplies of the product flow into normal channels.

**For further details of any of the above orders apply to the nearest office of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board.**

had to be paid in advance. Where was that money going to come from? At the thought of abandoning their plans for the boys' education, her hand began to tap nervously on her knee. Anything but that. It would only be two years at Bostwick's and then into West Point and no more expense. A way must be found. But that wasn't all. What about their own expenses for the coming year? They would need two thousand dollars to live on, and there was a thousand dollars of unpaid ranch bills, and that five thousand dollar note to be paid in October. Last year the man had extended it for a year and said that was the last time.

She sat upright. "Rob, is Bellamy going to take the lease for the sheep again this fall?"

"I don't know. Haven't asked him yet. Why?" The last word was shot at her belligerently.

"Well, I was just wondering. That fifteen hundred dollars means a good deal to us."

Rob playfully grabbed her by the head with his free hand and shook her. "Now, you're worrying about money. Don't bother your little head about that. I'll attend to it."

"Ouch!" said Nell, catching at her head. "You hurt." She arranged her hair and returned to her thoughts. Rob, of course, would never see or think what he didn't want to. Reasonable people did not fling good years after bad. They changed. They took another road. But Rob could not turn or change. He wouldn't even discuss it. Suddenly she was furious. Here they were, partners in the greatest possible enterprise—family life—and she must suffer the consequences of failure as well as he, yet he would never allow the mention of unpleasant themes.

The car was turning in at the ranch road, "Rob," she said with desperate courage, "don't you ever think of giving up the horses and doing something else?"

"What, for instance?"

"Well, you graduated from West Point as an engineer."

"You mean—give up everything? Sell the ranch?"

"Yes."

There was a long silence before he said slowly, "I've wondered if you weren't sick of the life out here."

"It isn't that." She clasped her hands together. "It's not that at all. This is my home. I love it, and it would break my heart to lose it."

"Then why did you say what you did?"

"Just the money. The situation we're in."

"The money," repeated Rob slowly. "What do you think I would get if I sold out my horses at present prices? Not a third of what I put into them. And it would be the same with the ranch. I'd just have to give it away."

"What would it matter? You'd get enough to keep us all, until you got doing something else—engineering—or some business—"

Rob began to shout. "What would it matter? It would matter like hell! I'm not an engineer any more—or a business man. I came West—and you came with me—to raise horses!"

"What if you did! That was long ago. The thing you want to do now is to make a living and pay our bills!"

Rob calmed down and spoke more quietly. "Nell, you can't give up just because you have a few bad years. I would look like a fine fool, wouldn't I, if I sold everything I've got for a song, and then the market picked up—as it's bound to sooner or later—and horses began to sell for good prices. How would we feel then?"

Nell was disheartened and confused. It hadn't been for just a few years. It had been since the very beginning.

"I can see that I've been awfully dumb," Rob said.

"What do you mean?"

"I've always thought that you were with me, that you had confidence in me."

"You oughtn't to put it that way. It's just that married people ought to talk things over with each other, and you never will. It isn't that I haven't confidence in you—"

"Well, you have no confidence in my ever making a go of the horses. You're just sitting back waiting for the crash, so that you can pick up the pieces."

"Oh, no, Rob—I—"

"Don't deny it, Nell." They had arrived at the house now and the moon was so bright that as Rob switched off the headlights, the scene was bathed in radiance. *I've done it now, Nell thought. I shouldn't have. It's his responsibility—I should just back him up—no that wouldn't be fair—because then if a crash came, he'd have a right to say I should have warned him.*

"For a long time now," Rob said, "everything you've said and done and thought has been on the supposition that we will continue going down, getting poorer and poorer—"

"Well," she said, "we are on the downgrade, have been for years. You've said it yourself. And since we're not making any changes in our lives or in our plans, why expect a change in the results?"

Rob turned to her and the moonlight changed his rudeness of skin to a greenish pallor. Suddenly Nell held out her arms to him: nothing else mattered. But he pushed her away! "Don't Nell, I can't stand it."

She might have known he didn't want comfort or co-dling. He wanted his head up again—before her. While she sat fighting tears of humiliation, Rob got out and disappeared into the house.

In moments of such unendurable hurt, lovers run away from each other.

Presently Nell went in and found Rob sitting reading the paper, knees comfortably crossed and pipe in his mouth. As she approached him, everything forgotten but the longing for closeness and understanding, he looked up at her. Her iris-colored eyes were dark with emotion and her smile pleaded for reconciliation. Rob held out his hand to her. She leaned over to kiss him and he kissed her in return.

"Are you going up?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Don't wait for me. I'm going to read a while."

She went slowly upstairs, knowing it was not finished yet.

**N**EXT day Rob walked briskly up the Gorge toward the stables. The fact that he wore boots and whipcord breeches rather than blue jeans meant that there was riding ahead of him.

Gypsy was in her stall and gave a little grunting whinny as her master emptied a can of oats into her feed box. While she ate, he currycombed and brushed her. He lifted her forelock and wiped her face carefully with a soft cloth. He looked at her teeth, worn down to smooth stubs. "Getting on, Baby, aren't you? You and me both. But you're still a fine looking gal, if you are a quarter of a century old—Let's see, is that right?"

Gypsy had been five years old when he rode her in the polo game between Army and Willowbrook. That was three years before his marriage—four years before Howard was born. And Howard was sixteen now.

The facts smote him as if he had not known them. Howard sixteen! Nearly grown up. Almost a generation had passed since he had bought the ranch and brought Nell there, both of them so full of hope and confidence. Those were the years which were to have established his success and made the future safe for all of them. But they were behind him now—not ahead, and neither success nor safety achieved.

He led the mare out and mounted her and rode off thinking again of Howard. The boy was very bright and if he got the proper schooling—and at Bostwick's he would—he ought to make West Point in two years.

Bostwick's—and that reminded him of the eight hundred dollars he must somehow find before September tenth, and Bellamy, the sheep man. It hadn't seemed anything of importance, three years ago when he leased grazing rights to Jim Bellamy for his band of ewes, but since then he had come to count on the yearly rental of fifteen hundred







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*If anything should happen to me, how will the family carry on?"*

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dollars as the easiest and surest revenue of the ranch. Just suppose he didn't have it now. What about sending Howard to school. What about—?

His mind gathered up the various items of his indebtedness. It wasn't pleasant figuring. He tried to guess at what his summer sales of horses would amount to but he had figured so often and been fooled. His sales frequently never amounted to half, sometimes not even a third of what he expected.

Presently he heard the sound of the sheep; the deep, stuttering ba-a-as of the ewes, and the bleating of the lambs, like children crying. Rob rounded a bend and saw Bellamy sitting on a rock, watching his sheep. Near him were two black shepherd dogs which set up a barking at sight of Rob, then ran to meet him.

Bellamy was a small man with a shy, bearded face. As he came to greet him, Rob thought as he often had before, that he looked like an Arab. Rob dismounted and sat down for a chat. Bellamy, starved for companionship and talk, rattled away at such a pace that Rob could hardly follow him.

Puffing contentedly at his pipe, Rob listened and watched the movements of the sheep below in the valley, until Bellamy stopped for breath.

"By the way, Jim," Rob said then, "I suppose you'll want another lease this fall?"

A light sprang into Bellamy's eyes. "No, siree!" he said proudly. "I'm a-gittin' a ranch of my own."

Rob pulled at his pipe in silence. It was amazing that he should experience such a sinking sensation just because he wasn't going to have this lease again.

"Have your own ranch, Jim—that's pretty nice. Have you bought already?" He laughed in a loud, kidding manner, "And if so—what did you use for money? When you came here, three years ago, you told me the ewes were the only thing you owned in the world."

Bellamy was eager to tell. "It's the sheep! I bin gettin' good prices these three years and, herdin' 'em myself, I got no overhead but what I pays you, an' a little extra help at lambing time, and the shearin'—and all the rest's profit!"

Bellamy had a soiled piece of paper in his hand and a pencil and was jotting down figures. First the price of the wool: the ewes averaging ten pounds of wool apiece—fifteen hundred ewes—that came to a little over three thousand dollars. And the lamb crop, at the end of the summer, even with deductions for losses and shipping and commissions—"over four times that."

ROB rode away from the sheep camp, so shaken by conflicting emotions that rational thought was an impossibility.

*An income of over ten thousand dollars yearly! That illiterate Bedouin! He can go out and make ten thousand dollars! I can work like a dog over my horses—and breed good ones—and not make enough to buy their oats! Oh, hell! What's the use! I suppose it's because I'm producing a luxury and he's producing a necessity. But sheep! Ghaah! I'd rather raise rabbits!*

His legs tightened convulsively and Gypsy leaned forward. He let her have the spur and rode furiously.

His thoughts kept pace with him. "But it's luck, too," he muttered. "A lot of sheep men have gone bust. There is such a thing as luck—Some fellows have it, I haven't—never did have. And now, God! What shall I tell Nell?"

He rode into the corral, unsaddled his mare, and strode down to the house. As he entered the front door, the emptiness of the house hit him. He was glad of it. He took a bottle and glass from the sideboard and carried it to his desk. Seated there, drinking his highball, he began to feel better. He poured himself another. Looking around, he saw a white envelope on the floor near the door and went to get it. An open safety pin was stuck in it—Nell's handwriting on it and his name. It had fallen from the door no doubt. He opened it.

Hello darling!

Charley Sargent came over and as you weren't here the boys got him to go down to their track and see Thunderhead run. I'm going, too. If you get this note in time, come on down to the track and see the



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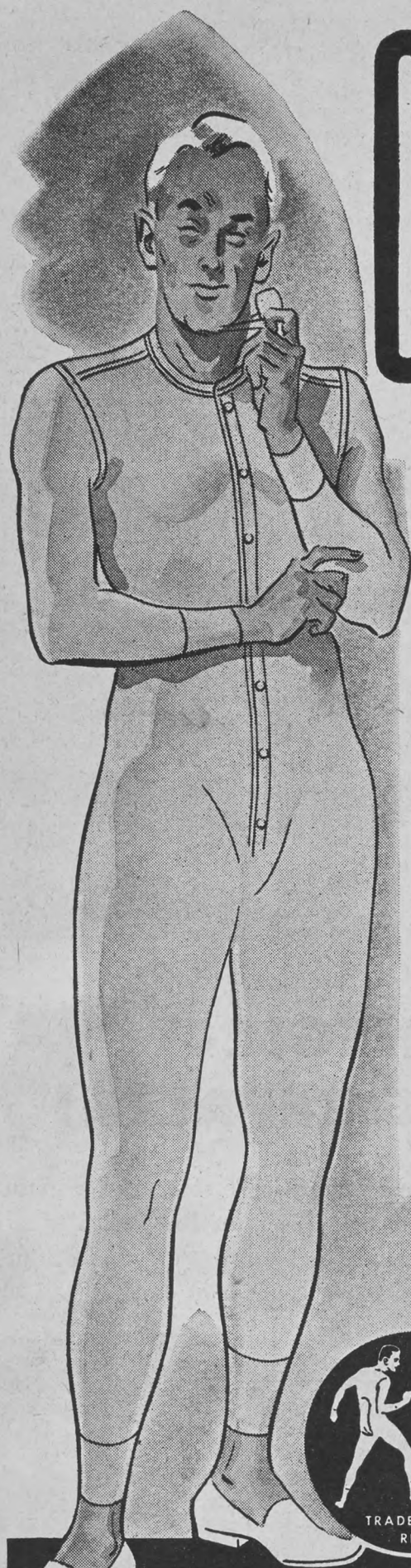
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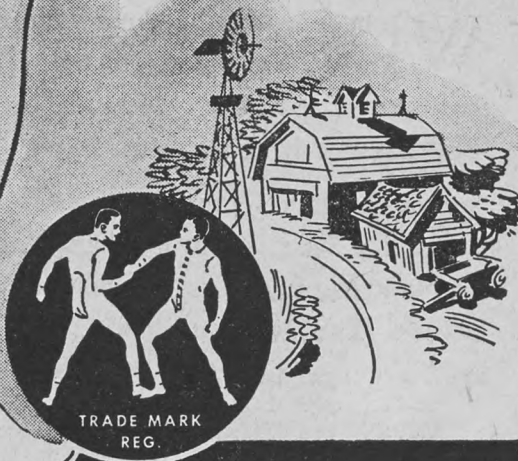




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fun. Here's hoping. Rah for Thunderhead!

Nell.

Rob read this note several times and for some reason, found himself getting angrier. Ken and Thunderhead. Always creating a commotion. He poured himself another drink and was surprised when he looked at the bottle, to see how little whiskey was left. He leaned back in the chair and tilted the glass to his lips. Over the rim of it he saw Gus, through the window, driving the two black mares in the light wagon up to the stables.

Those two black mares; a fine, fast team. The race track. An audience. Some competition for Thunderhead. He finished his drink at a gulp and went striding through the house, up to the stables, calling for Tim and Gus.

"Don't turn the mares out, Gus! Tim—gimme a hand with this trailer. I want to drag it down to the tool shop. Bring that old wagon tongue—"

Working furiously, Rob and Tim attached the wagon tongue with a couple of bolts to the trailer hitch. Then Rob took the spring seat out of the wagon and set it across the trailer. Gus brought the mares and harnessed them in. Rob climbed into the seat, took the long whip from Tim, and said, "Giddap!"

The mares started forward. Startled at the lightness of the trailer, they halted and turned their heads around questioningly. Rob gave a yell and waved the whip. "Whoopie! Atta girls! Go to it!" His outstretched arms flapped the reins. Patsy and Topsy leaped. The little trailer on its rubber wheels bounded after them.

Tim and Gus stood watching, with broad grins on their faces, while the odd-looking contraption whirled down the road and disappeared.

The "track" was a half-mile oval on the level range about two miles from the ranch house. This had been selected by the boys as Thunderhead's practice and trial ground. They had outlined the track by setting posts at the curves; and they had painted a band of white across the course at the finish. Here Thunderhead had run many a mile, wondering, no doubt, where was the sense in it.

Now Nell, in white linen jodhpurs, and white silk shirt with the sleeves rolled upon her slender brown arms, sat beside Sargent in his car, pointing out to him the way to the track. Howard was in back with the bucket of oats which Ken had put in the car just before they started, together with the halter rope. "Just in case Thunderhead got away or something—and I had trouble in getting him back."

"So," said Sargent, as they drove along, "Thunderhead gets away, does he?"

"Sometimes," said Nell, "he runs clear off and doesn't come back for a long time."

"Where does he go?"

"That's what we'd all like to know," said Nell.

"He came back once with cuts and scratches," said Howard, leaning over the back of their seat. "And a terrible big wound in the chest. Dad said a stallion had pawed him."

"That's what I was just goin' to suggest," said Charley grinning. "If he's leadin' a double life, you can depend on it, there's another band of horses somewhere around, and he's mixed it up with the stallion."

ARRIVED at the track they got out of the car, and after some time Ken arrived on Thunderhead, with Touch and Go running free behind him.

"Two of them," exclaimed Charley. "Did he bring a pace-maker?"

Ken cantered up and dismounted, his face shining with excitement and the fierce scrubbing he had given it. His hair was slicked under the small jockey cap. His pink shirt was clean. The cowboy boots into which his blue jeans were tucked were shapely and polished. Obviously, he had done some dressing up for the occasion. And Thunderhead, too. His pure white coat shone like satin. Mane and tail were brushed until they were light and floating.

Charley Sargent stood looking at Thunderhead, and Ken, at the colt's head, asked anxiously, "Do you—do you think he looks pretty good, Mr. Sargent?"

"He's not a racin' type. Not a runner.

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Not that he might not, perhaps, beat a racer! With that power, no tellin' what he could do! Is he fast?"

"Well, sometimes, if he wants to be."

Sargent couldn't take his eyes off the stallion. "I'm beginning to think I may be proud of him yet," he said excitedly.

Waves of hot and cold went through Ken. Praise of Thunderhead! Ken smoothed Thunderhead's nose softly, and suddenly Thunderhead's teeth bared and reached for Ken's arm. Ken snatched it away and cuffed him. Thunderhead reared, came down prancing, and Ken hauled on the reins and shouted to him.

"Nasty-tempered, eh?"

"No. He just doesn't like me."

"Doesn't like you! That's pretty tough, when he's yours and you have to train him."

"I keep thinking maybe he'll get to like me."

"Now, let's look at the filly," Charley said. "Why did you bring her along?"

"Well, you see, he's very fond of her. She's his little sister, and it kind of quiets him, to have her around. She can go like the wind, too. Nobody has ever ridden her but she just runs along with Thunderhead when we train him."

"Mr. Sargent," said Howard, "our two-year-olds are going to be gelded right away and Dad says Thunderhead's got to be gelded, too. Do you think he ought to be, if he's going to be a race horse?"

At this unpleasant reminder of the one thing that was preying on his mind, the happiness went out of the day for Ken.

"Race horses get gelded too—most of them," Sargent said. "It won't hurt him. But maybe, if he runs well enough, we could get your father to change his mind."

Ken shook his head. "He never changes his mind."

"Never?"

"No."

"Well, anyway, let's see what Thunderhead can do now." Sargent's long brown face was twinkling with enjoyment. "Give him a bit of workout first to warm him up. Remember, I've an interest in this colt, too!"

This was very cheering to Ken as he mounted and the colt started forward. Perhaps if Mr. Sargent had an interest in him, too, he might say something to Rob about the gelding.

Touch and Go cantered playfully beside her big brother, down to the end, around the curve and back again. The white colt moved slowly and easily. After ten minutes or so, Sargent shouted to Ken, "Get him goin' now, son—Let him out."

**K**EN swung around to the starting line and flung the horse over it in a gallop, but Thunderhead was ugly and

fighting for the bit, just when Ken wanted performance.

He raised his whip and brought it down on the colt's haunches as hard as he could. Thunderhead leaped in the air and tried to shake Ken off. Ken lashed him again. When the horse lit this time, he was going. Down to the turn, around the posts, up the other side—

Nell glanced at Charley. "See that?" she said. "That's what I mean."

"And he's not even tryin'," said Charley in a daze.

"He's coming! He's coming!" screamed Howard, "Look at the watch—" He held the stop watch out to Charley.

Sargent gave a start. He hadn't had his eyes off the colt, he hadn't timed him. He waved his arm and yelled at Ken. "Keep goin'! Go around again!"

Ken's eyes flickered at him as he passed, but he didn't turn his head. There was a rapt look on his face.

"He runs in the air!" howled Sargent. "He doesn't touch the ground!"

Howard was jumping up and down. "Keep it up! Keep it up! Thunderhead! Thunderhead!"

Nell felt hysterical. Victory at last; the two-year long battle; the faith; the exhaustion—the cuts and bruises and strains she had had to bind up—and now, victory. One long sustained yell from Sargent, and the horse was over the line, Ken trying to pull him up, Howard's voice squawking—"What did he make, Mr. Sargent? What did he make?"

Thunderhead had made the half mile in 47 seconds.

"Has he ever done it before?" Charley said. "We'll let him rest a little, then give him another spin."

"Rest?" said Howard. "He never gets tired."

They decided to try the colt again; and again they timed his start, and again Ken fought with him to control him, and was shaken by the angry, rough gallop. The struggle went on and at last Sargent was hopeless. "It was a fluke," he said. "He's uncontrollable."

"Look, look Mr. Sargent! He's doing it again!"

The colt had broken through his temperamental impediments. He burst into his swift, floating pace, and went streaming around the track.

Suddenly there was a noise of shouting, horses galloping, a strange rattling. And down on to the track a few yards behind Thunderhead tore the team of black mares carrying a little, bouncing rig, a man half sitting in it, half on his feet, leaning forward over the haunches of the horses, waving his whip and reins and roaring. "Hi-i-i! Whoopee! Keep-a-goin', gurlies! Yah-h! Yippee!"

This was too much for Thunderhead. He bolted between the posts and began to buck; Rob swept past him in a whirl of flying hoofs and tails, completed the circle of the track and crossed the finish line with a yell of triumph. Ken sat the bucking horse valiantly, until suddenly, completely exhausted, he let go. He rose in the air, described a wide parabola, and lit, tackling a small shrub in a long sliding dive. He sat up dazedly, and watched, as Thunderhead bucked out between the posts, then burst into a run and went tearing away over the plains, Touch and Go after him.

**T**HE gelding.

For days and nights Ken had been thinking of it. The better the colt behaved, the more despair Ken felt. They told him the colt would lose no iota of his speed, that he might even have more, because his energies would not be wasted in fighting and in running after mares. It made no difference to Ken. He had seen the colts before gelding, the power that flowed through them like hot lava, making them rear and play and fight and wrestle; making their tails and manes lift like flying banners; giving a look of individuality and passion to their faces—and he had seen them after.

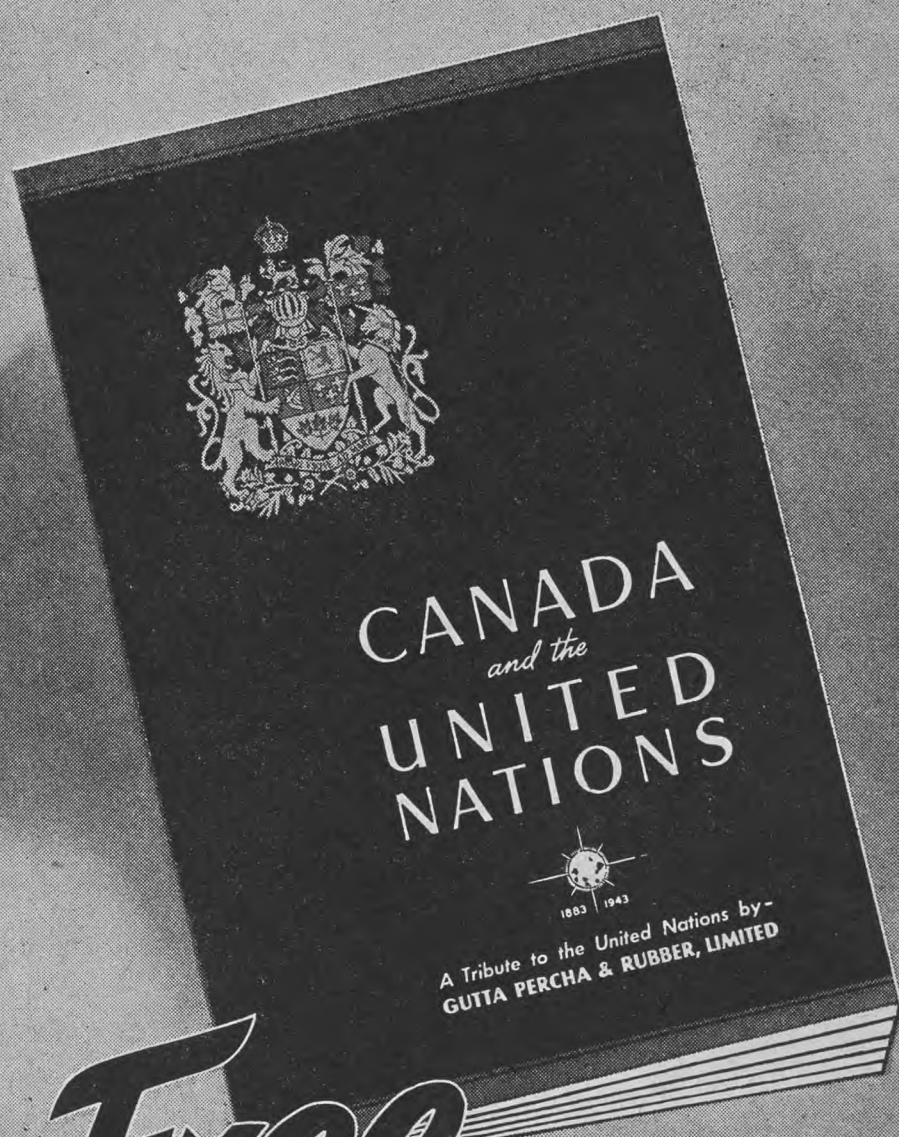
But his father had decided, and the more you argued and pled the less likely his father was to yield. His mother was really on Ken's side, but she left such things to her husband.

It happened that on the morning of the day of Ken's trial race down at the track, a call came into the office of the veterinary at Laramie. It was from Barney, the rancher west of the Goose Bar, stating that he had a sick cow. Could

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- How many countries have declared war on the Axis?
- What is the capital of Greece . . . Iraq . . . El Salvador? How long is the Volga . . . The Yangtse . . . The Mississippi?
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Dr. Hicks come out and take care of her?

Dr. Hicks and Bill, his assistant, arrived at the Barney ranch about one o'clock. They worked over the cow for a couple of hours. When they were leaving, Dr. Hicks said, "It's only a few miles down the back road to the Goose Bar. We'll stop in there and geld those two-year-olds of Captain McLaughlin."

They arrived at the stables soon after Rob had driven off with the blacks. Gus went out with a bucket of oats and called the colts.

"Is that all?" asked Doc, when he had gelded seven. "I thought the Captain said eight."

"Dere's one more," said Gus. "Ken's colt. De white one."

"Oh, the throwback!" said Doc. "The one Ken thinks is going to be a racer. Maybe they don't want him gelded."

"De Captain wants him gelded all right. Mebbe you cud wait a little, Ken tuk de colt out a while back—he might be home any minnit."

Doc and Bill took seats on the corral fence and rolled cigarettes and waited. But the shadows grew longer and at last Doc told Bill to pack up the stuff. They got in the car and drove away. and a few minutes later Thunderhead and Touch and Go came home.

When Ken arrived and heard from Gus what had happened, he leapt in the air with a whoop of triumph. Doc had come and gone without gelding Thunderhead! His father would never order him up again to geld one colt!

**A**T dinner that night most of the talk was about Thunderhead—his performance on the race track, and his future.

Nell had hardly recovered from the emotion of the afternoon; and the fact that the colt had escaped gelding gave her an even stranger feeling of unreality. Her skin had a glow in it, lit from her inner excitement, and her eyes had an extraordinary blue brilliance. It was the dream she had dreamed one night two winters ago. Thunderhead triumphant. Thunderhead winning races. Money for all they needed. No more worry. No more fear.

"He is going to be a racer after all, isn't he, Dad?"

"Looks like it son."

"What are you going to do with all the money, Ken?"

"He's going to pay back a lot that he owes me!"

"And he can pay for his own education!"

"And pay off the note on the ranch."

"And put wooden fences around it—"

"Mother, you've got to tell me what you want! I've asked you and asked you and you never have."

"All right, I want a little girl!"

"Mother," said Ken reproachfully, "tell me a real wish that I could get you."

"He wants to buy her joo-oo-ools!"

clowned Howard, "and velvet dresses—"

In the interchange of talk and flashing glances that played around the table, Nell's look crossed Rob's. She felt the impact of his animosity. What was the matter with him? It wasn't only the quarrel of the other night. That had left him hard and cold toward her, but now he was in a state, had been all evening ever since, yes, ever since he arrived at the race track in that ridiculous cart. What had he been doing before—Oh, yes, he went out on Gypsy to see Bellamy and ask if he was going to take the lease again this fall—Ah!

She put down her spoon and sat motionless, her mind rushing forward.

But when Nell asked Rob later that night, she made it very casual. "By the way, Rob, did you see Bellamy?"

"Yes."

"What about the sheep?"

"It's O.K."

"Thank Heaven! Will he be able to pay us the first half before Howard leaves?"

"No, he can't do that. He has to wait until he sells his lambs."

"What'll we do? We have to have at

least eight hundred dollars by September tenth."

Rob had his back to her, standing before his chiffonier. There was something very rigid about his body—the legs braced apart a little, head back.

"I'll take some horses down to the Denver auction this next week."

Nell made no comment. She calculated rapidly. Every summer he had half a dozen or so "scrubs" to sell at any price he could get—horses who were too small, or poorly developed, or with some defect. He would be lucky to get fifty dollars apiece for them. What else would he sell to make up the difference?

Did he mean that he would take some of his fine stuff down to the Denver auction and let it go cheap?

As he turned she saw his face, weary and harassed. He came over and kissed her lightly. "Good night," he said. "Don't wait for me." He went into the small adjoining bedroom where he kept his boots and clothes.

Nell stood where he had left her. It wasn't the sheep then—something else. How long was this going on? It had been only two days, but they seemed like weeks. She was miserably unhappy.

Why had she said that tonight—I want a little

girl. Because it was true. Suddenly she felt that if she were never again to put out her arms and gather into them that small fragrant bundle—an infant daughter—an infant son—never again know that supreme and glorious sense of achievement, never again know the excitement and wonder of looking into the tiny infant face and knowing that here was an individuality, come to live with them, be one with them, grow up with them—

She walked restlessly around the room. The boys would soon be gone. If there were another child it would begin life over for herself and Rob. It would soften him. How sweet and tender he was with all little helpless things! But it must be a girl, it must—a little daughter would get her fingers around his heart, a *Flicka*.

She heard the connecting door close softly. After a while she blew out the lamp and slipped into bed.

**H**OWARD had two new suits hanging in his closet. A new suitcase upon the floor. Ken stared at Howard's new tan oxfords. How could they be so big? How could Howard be so tall? How could there have come, suddenly, this great difference between them, so that he felt respectful?

The most impressive moment was when Howard put on the Fedora hat. The nearly six feet of his slender height had done nothing to his head and face. The head was so small you wondered at it up there, and the face was the face of a little boy. Topped by a Fedora hat. Nell had to turn away to hide her amusement.

The Denver auction had been as painful an ordeal to Rob as he expected. He sold thirteen head of horses, some of them very fine, for a little over eight hundred dollars. But one good thing did result from the trip, and that was an idea. Most of the horses had been bought by an eastern buyer for resale in September at the auction of a Pennsylvania horse dealer, Doc Horner, who was famous for the fine stock he handled and the high prices they brought. Why should not the Goose Bar horses be shipped and sold at this same auction? Here, at last, might be an outlet which would really bring what the horses were worth.

So it was not only Howard who would go east in September, his father would go too, each of them in charge of one carload of horses. Every horse on the ranch, three years old and up, was to go, and a few of the two's who had had enough training. In all, forty-eight horses.

The days went by for Nell in misery and confusion. Rob had not forgiven her. The things she had done—her criticism of him—had shattered the illusion that he was perfect in her eyes, and a

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# CANADA PACKERS LIMITED

## REPORT TO SHAREHOLDERS

The seventeenth year of Canada Packers Limited closed March 30th, 1944.

Both in respect of Dollar Sales and weight of product sold, the year established new records.

Sales were.....	\$206,155,937.74
Previous high (Fiscal 1943)	\$169,141,670.71
Increase over previous high	22%
Weight of product sold, was	1,582,932,568 lbs.
Previous high (Fiscal 1943)	1,328,616,840 lbs.
Increase over previous high	19%

Dollar sales were three times, and weight of product sold, twice those of the last pre-war year.

\* \* \*

Profit after taxes and depreciation was	\$2,187,586.76	
Equivalent to		1.06% of Sales
From this was set aside for War-time Inventory Reserve	500,000.00	
Equivalent to		.24% of Sales
Leaving Net Profit	\$1,687,586.76	
Equivalent to		.82% i.e. 4/5 of 1% of Sales

Except that of the low depression year,—Fiscal 1932,— this is the smallest net profit in the history of the Company, in terms of percentage of sales.

Nevertheless, because of the record sales, the *sum* of the net profit was the highest but one in the Company's history.

One other record was established.

Income and Excise Profit Tax was .. . . . \$3,023,214.06

This was \$600,000 above the previous high of Fiscal 1942.

Income and Excess Profits Taxes for the five war years have been . . . . . \$9,531,025.76

In each of the war years, a sum has been set aside out of profits for War-time Inventory Reserve. The item this year is \$500,000.00.

Several inquiries have been received as to the nature of these items.

By the Department of National Revenue these items are treated as profits, and upon them full taxes have been paid.

And they *are* profits in every respect except one, viz. that all or part of them are certain to be lost at some period following the end of the war.

During the war, live stock prices have advanced to levels which cannot be permanently maintained.

For example, present prices of cattle and hogs (on the Toronto market), compared to those of the last pre-war year are:—

	1939	1944
Good Steers (1,050 lbs. down) live weight	\$ 6.77	\$11.70
B. 1 Hogs—dressed weight	11.90	17.20

As prices advanced, greater than usual profits were made. But most of the excess has been paid to the Department of National Revenue as taxes. There is no complaint regarding this. In war time the Government *must* take the extra war profits.

However, when the decline comes in the post-war period, losses will be made, the counterpart of the extra war profits.

From this will be no escape.

The War-time Inventory Reserve is set up as a buffer against these anticipated losses.

The sums set aside for this reserve have been:

Fiscal 1940	.....	\$ 579,000.00
1941	.....	380,000.00
1942	.....	1,310,000.00
1943	.....	650,000.00
1944	.....	500,000.00
Total	.....	\$3,419,000.00

Whether this total is too much or too little, no one at present can tell. But the following facts have a bearing:—

- (1) To convert this year's inventory (March 30th, 1944) to the *price* basis of the last pre-war (March 30th, 1939) would require a reserve of ..... \$6,600,000.00
- (2) In the deflation year 1920-21, following the last war, the four Companies which now comprise Canada Packers, made a combined loss on operations of ..... \$5,500,000.00

\* \* \*

On January 2nd, 1944, the final payment was made upon the Collateral Trust Serial Debentures. The Common Shares are now the Company's only outstanding securities. This is an important event in the Company's history, and the occasion seems appropriate for carrying out a plan which the Directors have had in mind for several years, viz. to make possible a wider distribution of the Company's Shares.

To this end, Shareholders will be asked at the forthcoming Annual Meeting to approve a By-law to subdivide and reclassify the issued and outstanding 200,000 Shares of the Company. Each Shareholder will receive with the notice of the meeting a copy of the By-law which contains full particulars of the proposal.

\* \* \*

The year under review is the fifth war year.

There seems good reason to hope that the end of the war in Europe may now be in sight. It is therefore an appropriate time to look back over the war period as it has affected the Live Stock Industry, (of which the Packing Industry is the marketing branch).

The outstanding wartime feature of the Live Stock Industry has been the phenomenal increase in production. The first word should be a sincere tribute to the Farmers of Canada.

When Germany overran Western Europe in the early months of 1940, one phase of the disaster was that Great Britain was deprived of important sources of food. In this respect the most serious loss was that two-thirds of her external Bacon supplies were cut off.

Canada was the only source from which those Bacon supplies could be replaced.

An urgent appeal was made to the Farmers of Canada, and the measure of their response is indicated in the following table:—

TABLE I

Prior to 1940, the heaviest shipments of Bacon to Great

Britain in any one year had been ..... 192,000,000 lbs.

Following the appeal of 1940, shipments have been as follows:

During 1940	.....	344,000,000 lbs.
" 1941	.....	460,000,000 "
" 1942	.....	524,000,000 "
" 1943	.....	560,000,000 "
" 1944 (5 months estimated)	.....	900,000,000 "

This increase in exports of *Bacon* is all the more phenomenal when it is remembered:—

- that record increases have occurred also in production of all other forms of live stock and live stock products,—Cattle, Sheep, Poultry, Cheese, Butter, Eggs;
- that these enormous increases have been achieved with a farm population reduced 26 per cent. (Labour Gazette, May, 1944).



Apart from the Farmer's patriotic response, three factors have been important in bringing about these phenomenal increases in live stock production. They were:—

- (1) that for live stock and live stock products there has been an unlimited demand, whereas until recently cash outlets for grain have been restricted.
- (2) that throughout the war period there has been a substantial *extra* profit in marketing grains through the medium of live stock,—as against selling them in the cash market.
- (3) that throughout there has been the stimulation of advancing prices. The measure of this advance is seen in the following table, which sets up the average price per 100 lbs. (Toronto market) of cattle and hogs, for the period 1934 to 1944:—

TABLE II

## TORONTO MARKET

CATTLE		HOGS				
	Good Steers 1,050 lbs. down Live weight	B. 1 Dressed Toronto	Premium for A's paid by			Total for A's
			Packers	Pro- vince of On- tario	Federal Dept. of Agri- culture	
1934.....	\$ 4.85	\$10.95	\$ .65			\$11.60
1935.....	5.79	11.38	.65			12.03
1936.....	5.04	11.25	.65			11.90
1937.....	6.72	11.93	.65			12.58
1938.....	5.97	12.65	.65			13.30
1939.....	6.77	11.90	.65			12.55
1940.....	7.68	11.43	.65			12.08
1941.....	8.70	13.26	.65	\$ .65		14.56
1942.....	10.29	15.69	.65	.65		16.99
1943.....	11.76	16.87	.65	.65		18.17
1944 (7 months) ..	11.70	17.20	.40	.65	\$ 1.95	20.20

Increase in price 1939-1944—Cattle - 73%; Hogs—A's - 61%.

The combined effect of the increase in production, plus advance in price, is reflected in the following table (Dominion Bureau of Statistics):—

TABLE III

## Cash Income from Sales of Live Stock

1939 .....	.....	.....	.....	\$195,386,000
1940 .....	.....	.....	.....	245,243,000
1941 .....	.....	.....	.....	320,900,000
1942 .....	.....	.....	.....	383,400,000
1943 .....	.....	.....	.....	449,716,000
Increase 1939 to 1944 .....	.....	.....	.....	\$254,000,000
Number of Canadian farms, approximately .....	.....	.....	.....	700,000
Estimated number of farms selling live stock .....	.....	.....	.....	500,000
Average increase per farm, 1939 to 1944 .....	.....	.....	.....	\$508

The above table is the record of the sales of *Live Animals* only. In addition,—*Animal Products* comprise Poultry, Eggs, Butter, Cheese, Milk, Wool, Fur Farming. The complete picture is that of Animals plus Animal Products, as shewn in the following table (Dominion Bureau of Statistics):—

TABLE IV

## Cash Income from Sales of Animals plus Animal Products

1939 .....	.....	.....	.....	\$364,224,000
1940 .....	.....	.....	.....	428,503,000
1941 .....	.....	.....	.....	558,808,000
1942 .....	.....	.....	.....	718,166,000
1943 .....	.....	.....	.....	834,184,000
Increase 1939 to 1944 .....	.....	.....	.....	\$470,000,000
Estimated number of farms selling animals and animal products .....	.....	.....	.....	600,000
Average increase per farm 1939 to 1944 .....	.....	.....	.....	\$783

In the marketing of live stock, the Packing House is an essential link. For live stock as such cannot be consumed. The Producer sells his animals to the Packer, who processes them and markets the products. The Packer, in short, is the Farmer's marketing agent.

It follows that the operations of the Packing Industry are of vital interest to the Producer. Unfortunately, no complete Profit and Loss record exists for the whole Industry\*.

*\*The Dominion Bureau of Statistics publishes an annual review "Slaughtering and Meat Packing."*

*This review contains much useful information, but includes no statement of profit of the Industry as a whole.*

*Such a statement could easily be added, and the value of the report thereby greatly enhanced. Publication of total results need involve no disclosure of the results of individual firms.*

In cases where information is lacking for the Industry as a whole, the records of Canada Packers will be used. These have been published in full, each year since the formation of the Company in 1927.

The record of the Packer's operation can be set up in a very simple form. Because of its importance, that of Canada Packers for the year under review is here reproduced.

TABLE V

The statement shews the distribution of each .... \$100.00 of Sales

Out of the following \$100.00 of Sales, the following sums were paid:—

To Producers, for live stock .....	.....	\$83.60
To Suppliers .....	..... \$3.08	
To Employees .....	..... 6.77	
To Service Organizations .....	..... 3.45	14.90
To Bondholders .....	..... .01	
To Taxing Authorities .....	..... 1.59	

The above items were paid out to persons other than Shareholders. They total .... \$ 98.50

The remainder was retained by the Company for the benefit of Shareholders .... 1.50  
Add income from investments .... .01

Gross Profit out of each \$100.00 of Sales \$1.51

From this sum of \$1.51 there was set aside:—

For Depreciation .....	..... .45	
For Wartime Inventory Reserve .....	..... .24	.69

Remainder, Net Profit .... .82

Out of this remainder, dividends were paid to Shareholders .... .39

The balance was retained as working capital for the extension and improvement of the business .... .43

This story of the year's operations is reduced to still simpler terms, if condensed and transposed as follows:—

TABLE VI

Packer's Selling Price .....	..... \$100.00	A
minus Operating Expense .....	..... \$14.90	B
minus sum retained by Packer .....	..... 1.50	C
	..... 16.40	
leaves a remainder which is paid to the Farmer for his live stock .....	..... \$ 83.60	D

(For convenience in reference, these items are designated A, B, C, D.)

*Sales from the processing of live stock comprise only about 60 per cent of the business of Canada Packers. Other Canadian farm products comprise a further 30 per cent.*

*In the calculation of Tables V and VI it is not feasible to segregate the percentage of the dollar paid for live stock only. The margin of error is small. The basis of the calculation is the same each year; so figures are comparable from year to year.*

It is hoped that every Farmer who reads this report will carefully examine Table VI.

In it is condensed the "economics" of the Live Stock Industry.

The Live Stock Industry is a joint operation between the Farmer who produces, and the Packer who processes and sells. Much discussion regarding the Industry seems to take it for granted that the interests of the Producer and the Packer are opposed. The fact is their interests are not opposed, but parallel.



As to the interest of the Producer, there can be no doubt. He wishes to get the highest possible return for his live stock,—in other words he wishes that Item D should be as high as possible.

The factors which bring this about are revealed in Table VI. They are:—

1. That Item A,—the total sum for which the products are sold,—should be as *high* as possible.

In this at least, the interests are parallel. For the Packer constantly strives to get the highest possible price for his products.

2. That Item B,—the Packer's operating expense,—should be as *low* as possible. In other words, that his efficiency should be as *high* as possible.

It is certain the Packer works constantly, *in his own interest*, to improve his efficiency.

And in this he is working equally in the interest of the Producer.

3. That Item C,—the sum retained by the Packer,—should be one which the Producer cannot challenge.

Here, on the surface, the interest of the Producer and the Packer may seem opposed.

And it is true that if the Packer receives more than he should, to that extent the Producer receives less than he should.

How much does the Packer receive?

No record is available for the total Industry. However, the results of Canada Packers have been published annually since the formation of the Company in 1927.

In the 17 years—

the highest Net Profit was ..... 2.8% of Sales

the lowest Net Profit was ..... .7% of Sales

average Net Profit for the 17 years was 1.4% of Sales

For the year under review, it has already

been seen that Net Profit was .82%, i.e. 4/5 of 1%

Probably in no other majory industry is the *percentage* of profit so small. And to the Producer, it is only the *percentage* which matters. The Producer is concerned with one question only. That is: how much does *he* get back out of each sales dollar?

\* \* \*

As stated above, the profit of Canada Packers in the period 1927 to 1944, has been ..... 1.4% of Sales

Probably for the whole Industry the percentage of profit was less.

But suppose it were more.

An outside estimate would certainly be ..... 2%

What would the benefit have been to Producers if, over this period of seventeen years, the Packing Industry had made no profit whatever?

The answer to this question is arrived at by a simple calculation.

In that seventeen years, total cash sales of live stock were (Dominion Bureau of Statistics) ..... \$3,403,000,000.

Average per year ..... \$200,000,000.

If a profit of 2% is assumed, it follows that the profit of the total Packing Industry has been 2% of 200 million dollars, i.e. .... \$4,000,000. per year.

So that, if the Packing Industry had made no profit whatever, the maximum benefit to Producers would have been ..... \$4,000,000. per year.

The number of farms producing and selling live stock is approximately ..... 500,000

Therefore, if, in these seventeen years, the Packing Industry had made no profit whatever, and if all its profit had gone to Producers, the addition to Producers' income would have been \$8.00 per farm, per year.

And if, as is more likely, the profit of the Industry did not exceed 1%, the advantage to Producers would have been ..... \$4.00 per farm, per year.

Many farmers will be astonished by this statement.

Over a period of many years, charges have been made from time to time:—

- (1) that the Packing Industry takes a heavy and unfair toll of profit on the Farmer's live stock;

- (2) that this is made possible by monopolistic conditions and practices.

It is not surprising if the effect of these statements has been to **create** in the Farmer's mind, a feeling of uneasiness.

In regard to Item 1,—a semblance of support for the charge is found in the amount of the profits of the larger companies. Those of Canada Packers are generally the target. In the year now being reviewed, the profits of Canada Packers were ..... \$1,687,000

To the individual Farmer, who compares it with his profit, this no doubt seems a stupendous sum.

In relation to the total sales, however, it is a very small sum.

Those sales were ..... \$206,000,000.

If Sales had been *two* million instead of *two hundred* million dollars, the relative profit, at the same *percentage* would have been ..... \$16,870.

That would certainly be considered a modest profit on a business of two million dollars.

Yet, in terms of percentage, the two results are exactly the same.

And, *percentage* is the only factor in which the Producer is interested.

As to Item 2,—the charge of monopoly also has its origin in the *size* of the larger companies. The trend in the Packing Industry has *been* continuously toward large units. It is not surprising if the Farmer is disposed to listen to this charge. He realizes that competition between those who buy his live stock is, for him, the most vital consideration of all. And he may fear that a small number of large companies would give less assurance of competition than a large number of small companies.

The fact that each large company is not a unit, but a group of units. For instance Canada Packers operates seven different plants located in widely separated area (from Montreal to Vancouver). Within each area its local unit competes with many other units.

And the further fact is, that in addition to the companies operating multiple plants, (there are three of them) a large number of other companies operate single plants. Many of these single plants do a large and increasing share of the business in their own field. It is entirely misleading to represent the Industry as dominated by the larger companies. The latest report of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics (1942) shows 148 plants as follows:—

Ontario	.....	67
Quebec	.....	29
Alberta	.....	13
British Columbia	.....	11
Manitoba	.....	11
Saskatchewan	.....	8
Nova Scotia	.....	4
New Brunswick	.....	4
P. E. I.	.....	1
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Nothing in the history of the Industry gives ground for the fear that the development of large units results in lessened competition. From its beginning the Packing Industry has been the most fiercely competitive industry in Canada. And competition between large units is more (not less) keen than that between small units.

\* \* \*

Two proposals to transform the Industry have been suggested by those who constitute themselves its critics. In principle they are diametrically opposed.

The proposals are:—

- (a) that Canadian live stock should be processed in a large number of co-operative plants, as in Denmark;
- (b) that the Packing Industry should be nationalized.

Every Packer would welcome the development of co-operative plants. Only one exists at present,—The First Co-operative Packers at Barrie, Ontario. It is unfortunate that there is not at least one in each of the chief livestock producing Provinces. Such plants would be sources of information regarding the facts of the Industry which Farmers would accept without question. The existence of a number of co-operative plants would lead to a greater measure of understanding between Producers and Packers than has ever existed in the past.

However, the establishment of co-operative plants would of necessity be a slow development. The reason lies in the highly



competitive nature of the business, and the fact that the difference between profit and loss is a small fraction of a cent per pound. As Farmers became aware of the risks of loss on the one hand, and of the very low margin of profit on the other, the desire to launch co-operative plants would be less keen.

It is worth repeating, however, that no single development would do so much to promote a realization of the common interest of Producer and Packer, as the establishment of a number of co-operative plants.

As to the second proposal, it is hard to think of an Industry less suited for nationalization. The objection which comes to mind first is the danger of loss from spoilage if a Government organization were handling daily, tens of millions of pounds of perishable foods. The danger would arise because the chief safeguard would be removed, by reason of which losses are avoided.

That safeguard is competition.

The reason such losses are avoided under a system of competition is that the penalty of *not* avoiding them is ruin. Under a state-owned system the National Treasury would foot the bill.

However, the chief penalty of eliminating competition would fall upon the Producer. To him the loss would come as the result of lowered efficiency.

The net profit of the Packing Industry as it exists, probably does not exceed 1 per cent. That is the total price which the Producer pays for the Packer's efficiency. Can anyone doubt that nationalization would result in a loss of efficiency equivalent to several times 1 per cent.?

The Producer would be the only person to absorb this loss. It would come to him in the form of a lower pay-back out of the sales dollar.

\* \* \*

The foregoing has been an attempt to set down the facts of the Packing Industry. It has dealt chiefly with the obligations, and the mutuality of interest, which obtain as between Packer and Producer.

The argument has been that the Packer has played a large and constructive part in the development of the Canadian Live Stock Industry, and that he has done this at a very low percentage of profit on his sales.

But, in a report to Shareholders, it is fitting that some reference should be made to the position and interest of the Investor.

The Capital Investment in the Packing Industry in Canada is \$96,000,000 (Dominion Bureau of Statistics, 1942). Those who supplied this Capital did so with the hope of getting a return on their investment. And for this no apology need be made.

The attraction of the Industry from the Investor's viewpoint is that turnover is rapid. Capital is turned over many times in a single year, so that a small percentage of profit on turnover produces a satisfactory yield on capital. In the case of the successful companies, the investment has been profitable.

These facts have been sufficient to attract adequate funds to the Industry, in spite of the further fact that large sums have also been lost. The hazard of the Industry lies in the fact that the difference between profit and loss is a minute fraction of a cent per pound on the product sold.

\* \* \*

By reason of the great increase in live stock deliveries, the plant of the Industry has been under constant strain. This has involved a corresponding strain upon Employees of all ranks. The loss of experienced men, and their replacement by inexperienced men, has brought an inevitable decline in plant efficiency.

In contrast with war industries, demand for the products of the Packing Industry will be maintained,—perhaps increased,—following the close of the war. It will be a happy day for both Company and Employees when experienced men return, and the large volume can be maintained without the severe physical strains of the past year.

The Company has maintained its profit sharing policy begun in 1934. For the first time, Bonus distributed to Employees exceeded Dividends to Shareholders.

Dividends were	....	....	....	\$800,000
Bonus was	....	....	....	\$937,000

Toronto, September 5th, 1944.

J. S. McLEAN, President.

Extra copies of this report are available and so long as they last will be mailed to anyone requesting them. Address to Canada Packers Limited, Toronto.

Adv.

man of his pride and self-confidence simply could not take it. Most of the time when he looked at her his face had an expression of sardonic animosity. And all the tenderness was gone.

One night before going to bed, she went into Howard's room for a moment. Howard was standing half-naked, examining his physique in the small mirror over his chiffonier.

"Howard! Why aren't you in bed?"

"Gee, Mother! I was just standing here a minute—" His voice slipped down to bass and they both laughed.

"How's your muscle?" asked Nell.

He flexed his arm. "Feel it, Mother."

She squeezed the small egg of his muscle and looked solemnly at him. His shoulders were narrow, his smooth chest very childish, his ribs stood out bravely over a little waist she could almost have clasped with her hands. But she had to reach up to slip her arm around his neck. He gave her a shy naked hug and she laid her cheek against him.

"Howard — go to bed. You must get your sleep."

He slung on his pajama jacket and leaped into bed.

"Don't go yet, Mother," he begged, "sit down a minute."

She sat on the edge of the bed. Over her night-gown she wore a little silk wrapper printed with nosegays. Her hair was on her shoulders. Her hands smelled of sweet-scented soap.

"You're so pretty, Mother," he blarneyed, "your face is tan and pink and blue."

She laughed, then she said, "Howard, do you mind at all that Ken's got his colt and that maybe he's going to be a racer?"

Howard shook his head. "Nope, I get just as much fun out of it as he does. And besides, I'm going away."

She smoothed his hair. "Yes . . . You're going away . . ."

"Mother—"

"Well?"

"Don't you think—that you ought to give me kind of a little lecture?"

She put her head on one side and considered. "Tell you how to behave and things like that?"

He nodded. "And about my faults and how to correct them?"

Nell had to laugh at this, then gave it serious thought. "Well, you do have one fault and I hope you'll get over it." As the blood crept up under his skin, she leaned to kiss him. "Teasing comes very close to cruelty, you know, and you have always teased Ken unmercifully. And I think, if your father hadn't been so strict about it, you might have been cruel to animals. Perhaps you have been anyway."

Howard's face was a picture of guilt.

"But that can be finished for good and all, right this minute, darling. People don't have to go on being the same if they don't want to. Take inventory. If you've got any traits that are no use to you, just stock up with different goods."

Howard was crushed. He couldn't get feeling right again.

Nell sat for a time, his hand in hers. Then she said, "But when you overhaul yourself, be sure you don't throw away any of the wonderful qualities you've got . . ."

The long pause was electric.

"What, Mother?"

"Your nice unselfishness—and the way you never hold grudges. There is your sense of responsibility, and your honesty too. You're going to be a man who can do things, who can be trusted. Now, Howard, I really must go—"

She kissed him again and blew out the lamp. At the door she turned for one last look at him sitting up there in bed, his dark head, so like the head on a coin, a sharp silhouette in the moonlight against the white wall.

She went out and closed the door behind her. *Like the head on a coin.*

As she walked down the hall, she pressed both hands to her eyes and brushed away the tears. "This is awful," she muttered. She hoped Rob was not in their room. He wasn't. "I might have known," she said. "He's never here when I am if he can help it."

She laid her arms on the top of his

chiffonier, put her head down on them and cried uncontrollably. *Where do I get all these tears?* she thought. *It never used to be this way. Now I cry every day.*

What was the matter with her anyway? Loneliness. Bitter, bitter loneliness. Rob had drawn away and closed himself against her. She had wounded his pride. *But not his confidence. I might have known he'd never give up the horses, he'd sooner give up me, so he had put her outside. And he was all she had.*

It occurred to Nell that she was spoiled. She had lived in, by, and for love for so long, it had come to be the very air she breathed. But there must be people who lived without it, and at the thought she was filled with panic and collapse.

She was still standing there, breathing deep sobbing breaths, but without tears, when Rob appeared at the door. She had no time for the usual covering up; she moved away from him. He stared at her a moment, then he went to his chiffonier, opened a drawer, got out whatever it was he wanted, and went into the adjoining room.

ON the day before their departure for the east-

ern sale, Rob, with Howard and Ken as flank riders, took the horses over to Tie Siding and penned them in the loading corrals there. Next day they were loaded. Rob led them up the ramp one by one, reassured them with his voice, put them in their places. They were sardined in head to tail alternately, tightly enough to support them and hold them steady when the train was moving. At certain stations there would be long enough stops for the horses to be taken out, fed, watered, walked around.

Nell watched them go up the gangway. Taggart, Highboy, Pepper, Hidalgo, Cheyenne, Tango, Injun, and a lot of others. If things had been different between her and Rob, perhaps she wouldn't have felt so terribly. But it seemed like death.

When the horses were loaded and the big doors closed. Rob came to stand beside her. He was very quiet, almost distraught. His thoughts were all for the horses; he hardly seemed aware of her. Nell wondered if, in the moment of goodbye, his hard shell would crack. Would there be, when he put his arm around her and kissed her, any reassurance, any promise, any warmth?

Rob and Howard were to ride in the day coach next to the freight cars in which were the horses. While they waited, they all stood near the steps of this car and at the call "All a-bo-oard!" Rob bent his head. His kiss was as cold as a knife. And when he had taken his place in the car with Howard, while Howard and Ken grinned and waved at each other through the window, mouthing words, he looked at Nell but he would not meet her eyes.

When Ken and his mother returned from seeing Rob and Howard off, Thunderhead had disappeared. If his father had been home perhaps Ken would not have got permission to go in pursuit of the colt so easily.

Even Nell was doubtful, "But, Ken, it might take you several days to find him, and you have to leave for school next week yourself. All you know is that he goes south. South is a big place, Kenzie."

Ken grinned. "I'll trail him on Flicka. I've marked his right front hoof with a little V. I'd know his track from any other horse's. I'll take along enough oats for him and when we find him, it's a cinch he'll come along with us. And then will that old boy get a surprise! Dad said he should be kept in this winter, and that means in the corrals or in the Six Foot Pasture so he can't jump fences and run away!" The Six Foot Pasture was so called because of its high barbed wire fences.

As Ken groomed Flicka and fed her in preparation for the trip, he told her all about it. "You can help me, Flicka. We're going to trail that son-of-a-gun of yours. Think you could smell his tracks? You oughta—you're his mother."





Nell was packing provisions into the saddle bags; a little frying pan, and bacon, and a couple of big mutton chops; a loaf of her own salt-rising bread, rich and filling; a small jar each of fresh butter, raspberry jam, and potato salad, a dozen hard boiled eggs, and a pint thermos of hot chocolate.

"Dot'll keep you fur a week, Ken," said Gus as he strapped the saddle bags on to the saddle.

"I might need my gun!" Ken ran indoors for his twenty-two and fastened the gun-boot under the stirrup leather, brought his blanket roll, and strapped it across the cante, then his slicker in front on the pommel where it would be easy to get at in case of rain or snow.

Nell glanced at the sky. It was full of big clouds, sailing along before a boisterous wind. "What do you think of the weather, Gus?"

The Swede looked about slowly. "All

right today, Missus, and tomorrow, too, if de wind hold."

Nell looked at Ken critically. He had a light sweater on over his cotton shirt, blue jeans and low shoes. "If you're going into the mountains, Ken, you don't know what you'll run into. Better take your sheepskin and a pair of heavy socks to pull on at night."

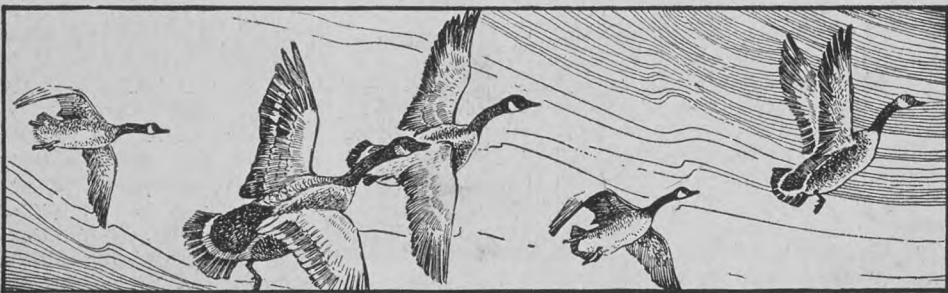
While Gus and Ken added these to Flicka's load, Nell went into the house and came out carrying Rob's field glasses. She put the strap over Ken's shoulders. "With these, you ought to be able to see Thunderhead ten miles away."

"Gee! That's keen, Mother! Thanks ever so much!"

The boy kissed his mother and mounted Flicka.

"Have you got your compass?" she called. He slapped his pocket, smiled at her, and was off.

(To be continued)



## Bird Friends of Summer and Winter

Snow buntings and grosbeaks, the sparrow family, the warblers and many others are the farmer's feathered helpers

By KERRY WOOD

PERHAPS the most useful bird from the farmer's point of view is the sparrow. That name will make most people think of the noisy nuisance, the English or House sparrow, but there are actually more than forty varieties of sparrows common to the Canadian scene, and practically all are weed seed eaters. In the sparrow ranks we find such old favorites as the snow buntings, which do so much good for us by cleaning out the weed-heads reared above the winter snow. The buntings' colleagues of the white fields, the cheery redpolls, are also sparrows, and their larger cousin, the grosbeaks, are often found in the same wintry landscape helping them clean up the farmer's weed problem.

In summer, the fields are thickly populated with song sparrows, vespers, chipping, white-crowned, leontes, savannahs, and many other varieties. All eat weed seeds, but the summer sparrows do not hesitate to feast on whatever insects are in season in their spheres of interest, and so the summer residents of this large bird family are continually doing good work for the agriculturist.

Meadow larks catch countless thousands of grasshoppers every summer, and many of the blackbird tribe help along in the good work. Game birds such as the sharp-tailed grouse and prairie chicken and Hungarian partridge all combine to make life complicated for grasshoppers, and the black-headed Franklin gull probably accounts for more of the grasshopper hordes than any other single species of bird. These gulls, flying an average distance of four hundred to five hundred miles daily in quest of food, also give farmers most effective aid during the plowing season, collecting cutworms. Even that glossy black villain, the crow, does not mind doing his bit towards thinning out both cutworms and grasshoppers in season.

The bright-plumaged warblers, as numerous as the large sparrow family,

do more than a little towards helping the western farmer. They eat the soft-bodied insects, and their slim, sharp bills are deft at catching the nimble prey. Farmers should always listen with appreciation to their liquid warblings from hedgerow and woodlot, for warblers keep those districts healthy on every farm.

And while in the woodlot, don't forget the woodpecker family. They are the tree doctors, and keep hammering away at their trade. In addition to eliminating many harmful wood parasites, woodpeckers are the carpenters of the bird world, and their old discarded nest-holes provide many home sites for other valuable birds.

\* \* \*

AROUND the farm house and garden are the better known feathered folk, bluebirds, robins, wrens and swallows. Every gardener welcomes these familiars, and every farmer should encourage their presences by putting up a half dozen nest boxes around the yard. Bluebirds do only good, getting a lot of their food right among the garden plants where the insects wreak havoc. In some districts the diet includes potato bugs, and weed seeds often attract their attention. Robins are loved by all, farmer and city dweller, but many farmers sigh a little as they think of the robins' interest in domestic strawberry patches. Rest easy, for only five per cent of the robin's food is domestic fruit and the other 95 per cent is all on the beneficial side of the ledger, insects, weed seeds, and the like. And think of the robin's cheery song, so pleasantly ending the summer days.

Wrens are indefatigable workers for farmers. Throughout the garden their thorough explorations are always in progress from May to August, and it is amazing the number of insects such a small busybody can find. Wrens always have large families, usually two broods a season, and all the youngsters are lusty eaters. But don't encourage too

many wrens; they sometimes puncture the eggs of other birds nesting near them.

Swallows do police work in the upper air, reducing the ranks of the insects that fly high. Each Tree swallow, for example accounts for around 15,000 mosquitoes during its summer stay with us, and this is a conservative estimate. The larger, faster purple martins, the only colony nesting bird that will live in bird-boxes, probably average around 25,000 mosquitoes apiece in the course of a summer. No farm yard should be without two or three Tree swallow bird-boxes, placed on 10 foot poles out in the open yard, and there should be at least one large colony box available for the pleasant, sociable martins.

Around the barns the Eave or Cliff swallow may build their clay castles, too, and valuable birds they prove themselves to be. Some humans believe that such swallows harbor bed-bugs, but this is absolutely false, even though the parasite seen around Eave swallow nests does resemble the bed-bug in appearance. However, the swallow insect can do no harm to humans or their dwellings, and the swallows themselves can and will do immeasurable good all the time.

Even at night the farmer has a bird friend working for him. Above the crop lands will be flying the soft feathered Short Eared owl, hungrily searching for fat field mice. And far overhead zooms the nighthawk, booming its strange love-call at intervals between its steady job of catching mosquitoes.

If the farmer's feathered helpers stopped their pest control work for a single week in the height of the summer season, not a single grain crop in the field would be worth harvesting in the fall. That's why farmers should befriend birds—for without them, there would be no farms.

### Beaver Chips

KERRY WOOD'S article, Next—The Beaver Ranch, caused widespread interest and started a flood of letters. Here is some more beaver lore by the same author:

Many myths have been inspired by that wonderful animal engineer, the Beaver. Some people still believe that the clever animals carry mud piled high upon their flat tails when building houses or dams, and others credit them with being able to fell trees exactly where they wish them to fall—as if beavers were not gifted enough without making up fantastic stories about them.

One of the strangest myths beavers inspired was that many pioneer people believed that the little fragments of wood chipped off trees and logs by the animals had valuable medicinal qualities, simply because the beavers had chiselled out the fragments. The shavings of tooth-marked wood were known as "beaver chips," and at one time men collected them and sold the chips for medicine. Ailing pioneers used to boil the chips in water and drink the resultant brew.

And now we learn that many of the chips actually did have medicinal value—but not because the beavers had anything to do with the wood. Beavers feed largely upon the bark of the aspen poplar here in Canada, cutting down poplar trees more than any other variety. Thus it was that "beaver chips" were usually chips from the well known aspen. And herbalists tell us that the inner bark of the aspen poplar was well known to Indians and whites alike as a really potent medicine, used as a purge and as a tonic for the whole human system. The Indians used to collect a few strips of the aspen bark and boil it in a little water for an hour, then took about a teaspoonful of the bitter-tasting extract as a dose, finding it a worth-while tonic.

In touting the once-famous "beaver chips," sellers thought the whole merit of the medicine was in the fact that the wise and wonderful beavers had given virtue to the fragments of wood by chiselling their tooth-marks on the chips, but now we know that the real virtue of the medicine was in the wood itself. Even today you can see bundles of aspen bark on the shelves of any herbalist, and the vendor will tell you that it makes a powerful physic and spring tonic and is very good for what ails you!



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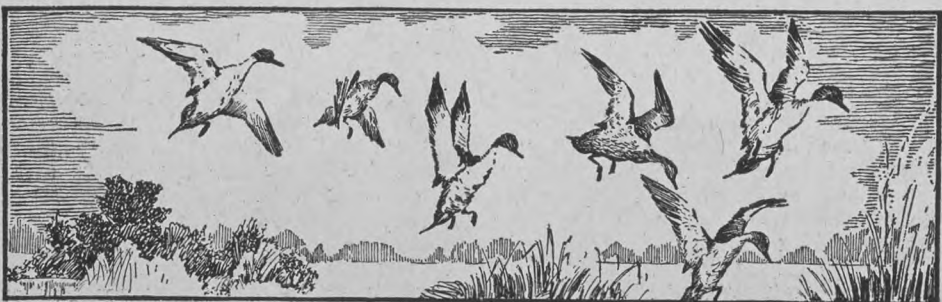
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## ? QUIZ CORNER

### For the Readers of The Country Guide

HERE'S another group of interesting questions for you to ponder over some evening when you're relaxing in your armchair. Ask your family and friends, too, and see if they come as close as you did to the correct answers. You'll find the answers at the base of this column.



1. How old does an oak tree have to be before it bears acorns?

(Submitted by Mrs. C. Edgar, Macleod, Alta.)



2. How many acres of soybeans were sown in Canada in 1943?

(Submitted by Frank Holubowich, Warspite, Alberta.)



3. To what type of livestock do these names refer—Poland China and Cochin China?

(Submitted by Mrs. Gertrude Colborne, Winchester, Ontario.)

4. What is Canada's second most important commercial fruit crop?

(Submitted by Mrs. Annie Cousins, Snowden, Sask.)



5. How many pounds of Canadian cheese were shipped to the United Kingdom during the fiscal year ending last March 31st?

(Submitted by Mrs. Margaret McKenna, Milford, Ontario.)

6. When was the first organized agricultural fair in Canada held?

(Submitted by Robert E. Morris, Armstrongs Corner, New Brunswick.)



7. What is the name of the half-hour program heard over 35 stations early Friday mornings—sponsored by the makers of "Eveready" Batteries?

(Cheques have been mailed to the six winners listed above.)

## \$2 for YOUR question

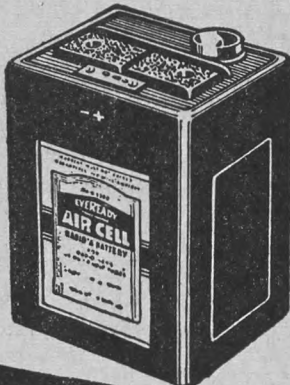
Send us one question (with answer) which you think would interest other readers of this paper. We will pay \$2 for each question (with answer) that we publish. Address your letter to Canadian National Carbon Company, Limited, 809 Davenport Road, Toronto 4. All submissions will be the property of the Company.

## WHICH RADIO 'A' BATTERY IS POPULAR FROM COAST TO COAST?

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# EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK

## RADIO BATTERIES

### HERE ARE THE ANSWERS:

(The first six questions and answers were submitted by our readers and checked by well-known farm editors.)

1. Twenty years old.
2. 35,550 acres.
3. Pigs, chickens.
4. Peaches, valued at \$2,499,000; followed by strawberries.
5. About 125 million pounds.
6. At Windsor, Nova Scotia, in 1765, 179 years ago.
7. The Earlybirds.

## HUGH DORION COMES HOME

Continued from page 10

went away three years ago. No use expecting him to settle into that fellow's shoes. He'd lost a lot of things that fellow had.

He had reached the road allowance and he looked up. A great flock of wild geese filled the sky above him with mighty V's. Their families raised, they were all going to winter in the south and lay up strength for the spring's long trek north again and the new season's work.

Hugh drew in a deep breath. He could smell the wheat in Rhoderick MacKenzie's field, ripe and in the stook ready for the threshing machine. Mingled with it was the smell of alfalfa, stacked just inside the old pasture field fence. He liked these harvest smells. Since he was a small lad they had meant accomplishment, a big job just about done, a time for relaxation and taking stock and making plans.

Above him the honking increased. He looked up again and the wings of the geese were catching the rays of the westering sun and enriched themselves were tossing the light back brightening the whole sky. They reminded him of a fleet of airplanes he had seen flying over the channel one evening. He thought then he had never seen anything so pretty, but this was just as beautiful.

A strange almost overpowering longing came over him. He wanted something. He did not know what it was. He tried to run. He felt a terrible need to get away from himself. He stumbled. He couldn't run.

He had almost reached Rhoderick MacKenzie's gate when another great honking straight overhead made him look up again. A mighty V of geese spread right across the sky. The goose that was leading was flying strongly issuing sharp commands as it flew. Suddenly it faltered fell out of the formation, and hurtled through the air. There were a few sharp honks but little commotion as another goose took its place.

Hugh watched the bundle of grey feathers whirling through space, until it fell on the other side of the road allowance close to the old pasture field fence. Just then Rhoderick MacKenzie came round his house his gun in his hand. "Go back," Hugh shouted waving his hand toward the ravine. "Old Joe's hiding with spy-glass. I'll get the goose."

Rhoderick MacKenzie and old Joe Herriott were neighbors and always at loggerheads. They never agreed on anything not even the weather. Nothing made either of them happier than to be able to get something on the other. When old Joe was made policeman in place of Jed Murphy who was called up it was reported that the first thing he said was, "I'll catch old Rhoderick with a goose before the shooting season, see if I don't."

It was well known in the Marren district that if Rhoderick got a hankering for fresh meat and there happened

to be wild geese about he didn't pay any attention to the hunting season. His excuse was that the geese fed on his grain fields and he'd be hanged if he was going to wait for a date and let the city chaps shoot more than they needed just for the fun of it.

HUGH liked both Rhoderick and Old Joe. Like everyone else in the district he had had quite a bit of excitement out of their fights because they had more than once gone at it with their fists as well as their tongues. But right now Hugh didn't wish them to fight. He didn't want anybody at home to fight. He wanted everyone around him to be friends. He wanted them to be happy so he had to get the goose.

If Rhoderick got it old Joe would tackle him maybe try to arrest him, and then real trouble would begin. Hugh started across the road allowance toward the bird. Just there the grass on the side of the road was long and lush. It caught at Hugh's dragging foot and slowed his progress. He looked back down the road and saw old Joe's head appear over the edge of the ravine. He laughed and hurried on toward the bird that he could see was still alive. He could see its bright eyes studying him. Watching it he did not notice a stone and he stumbled. He almost fell on the goose.

It gave a startled toss of its head and with a mighty effort rose, staggered over the top of the fence and landed well out in the old pasture field, in the centre of the plowing.

Hugh looked after it and mumbled, "Pretty good but with lead in your gizzard or some place you can't do what you used to do old boy. It slows you down." He began to climb the fence but when he reached the top his injured hand failed him and he fell over. He dropped his gun as he fell.

When he got up he noticed that the goose had gone still further up the field. He frowned. It was taking him back toward his own farmyard. He did not wish to meet Beth's guests. He looked around. Old Joe was coming up the road and Rhoderick was standing well out in front of his house watching.

Hugh shook his head and grinned. As sure as he stopped following the goose Rhoderick would start after it. Joe would wait until Rhoderick got his hand on it and then he'd step forward and "catch him with the goods." He could almost hear Old Joe's cackle and Rhoderick's response.

Hugh started up the field. It was the first time he had tried to walk in plowed land since his return. He broke out in perspiration. It was not so much the effort but the realization of how greatly he was hampered. He was stumbling awkwardly through the soft earth over which he had once walked with long free strides. He had enjoyed spurning its resistance. He flew over it once and did not even see it. Now its dark particles clung to him impeding his progress making him feel its strength and his weakness.

His dragging foot raised a dust. He could smell the strong pungent odor of the newly turned earth. He could taste it, all familiar things around him, but they were different. They seemed strong and he was weak. Before he had been strong, he could . . .



"No second-hand stuff at outrageous prices for me, unless I have to. I'm putting my money in Victory Bonds and after the war I can buy new stuff."







HE was stirred from his thoughts by the goose. It honked shrilly and was answered by some geese flying over. He looked up at the hundreds of geese all honking on their way with a purpose and determination he could feel right down there in the plowed field. For a second their orderly flight, their evident purpose made him feel like a child crying because the wind had carried away its toy balloon.

But he was not a child with a toy balloon. He was a man with a game leg and a bum arm and he was walking back toward his home where he would meet Hester and Sam and a lot more. They would josh him and Hester. Ask them when they were going to get married. Hester would laugh and look at him. And what would he say? That was the question. He wasn't ready to say anything. Hester was a farm girl and

if he wasn't going to be on the farm. Anyhow, he wasn't ready to say anything.

He looked around. Old Joe was walking along outside of the fence waiting for him to put his hand on the goose. Old Joe was great on the law. Hugh could easily prove he did not shoot the goose. It had been shot with a shot-gun, and he had only a twenty-two. He looked down. He noticed he hadn't his gun. He looked again toward the goose. He decided he'd be able to catch it before it reached the end of the field. Then he'd hike back to Rhoderick's before anyone at the house saw him.

He hurried forward and the goose busy calling to its companions and being answered by a formation flying low appeared not to notice him. Unthinking Hugh extended his injured arm. The goose slipped from under, rose and whirled straight at him. It hit him across the face with its powerful wing. Then half running and half flying it went straight up to the end of the field and settled down beside the alfalfa stack.

Instinctively Hugh stepped back from the attack lost his balance and pitched forward his hands gripping the soft sun-warmed soil that yielded to his body and flew up in a cloud around him. He had always loved the feel of the earth. He rose up on his knees and let it trickle through his fingers. He liked its soft satiny feel and its strong pungent odor. It brought back memories of when he was a very small boy.

He grinned as he recalled one day when his mother was going to town she had dressed him and Beth in clean clothes as they were going with her. While she changed her dress they ran out into the garden and sat down in a freshly sowed bed of carrots and began to pick up the earth and drop it on each other's head.

Instead of scolding them his mother had looked around until she found a seed they had uncovered. She showed it to them and explained that the earth loved them and would give them food for the long winter when things did not grow if they would give it seeds. On the way to town she explained that the earth fed the seeds, the rain watered them, the sun kept them warm and the wind blew on them and made them put down strong roots. When they came home she helped them to each make a tiny garden.

Hugh struggled to his feet as he thought, "She made a farmer of me that day." He felt then that he was a partner of the earth and the sun and the rain and the wind. He could scarcely wait for the seeds to come up but when they did, what a thrill! He could feel it yet.

He looked around. The earth and the sun and the rain and the wind were the same. He was different. Then he was learning the power that was in him. Now he was learning what he had lost. It made him feel old.

He looked for the goose. It was getting dark but he could see it was trapped in a corner made by the pasture field fence, the stack and the farmyard gate that was open. He looked toward the road. Old Joe was still there, looking through the fence, waiting. He could not see Rhoderick but he had no doubt he was watching ready to take a hand if necessary. Neither Joe nor Rhoderick ever backed away from trouble.

Hugh decided to make one more try to get the goose. If he kept behind the stack he thought he would not be seen from the house. A thudding of hoofs behind him made him step aside for the cattle that were coming on the run led by Spitfire, the breechy heifer. They passed and Spitfire turned to snatch a mouthful of alfalfa from the stack. This frightened the goose which rose awkwardly. The heifer startled, whirled back but not quickly enough. The bird stumbled through the air and came down on the heifer's back.

At that the frightened beast gave a bellow that excited the whole herd. The cattle began to run and bawl while the heifer made a great circle but the goose hung on. Too much excited to even see the open gate the heifer jumped over the fence and jounced the goose so high it spread its wings and was able to raise itself to the top of the stack where it settled with a joyous honk, far out of Hugh's reach.

## Save Your Money

● Be prepared! Be prepared for any eventuality. Common prudence is a virtue more in demand today than ever before. Line yourself up with the war effort for this is prudent as well as patriotic.

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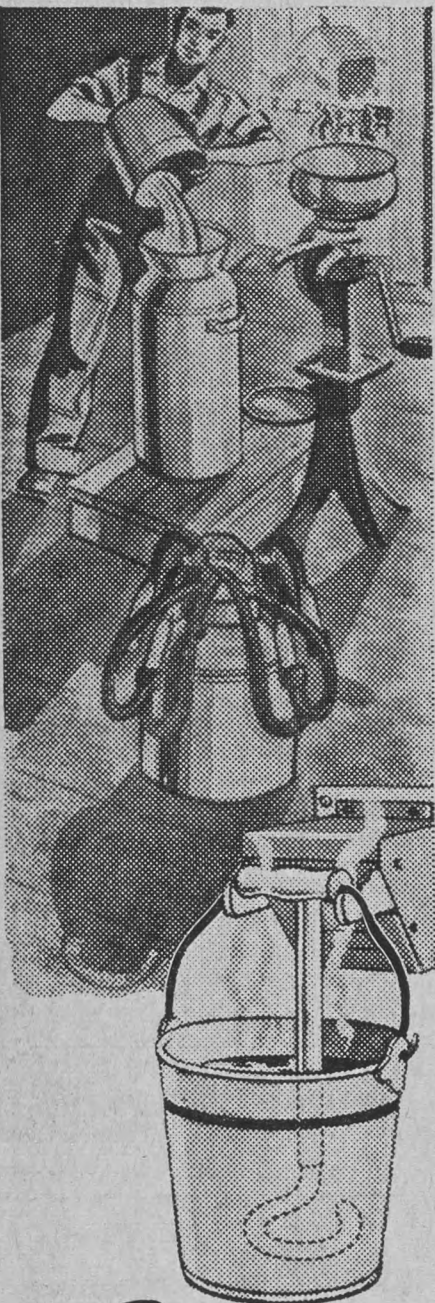
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He stood looking up at the bird while the cattle went clattering through the gate to the stable. It was almost dark and the goose looked white against the hay. "Not so bad old boy," Hugh admitted with a grin. He walked around the stack and was met by Old Joe Herriott.

"You shot that goose," Old Joe accused.

"I didn't."

"I shot that goose," Rhoderick loomed up out of the shadows. He peered up at the goose. "Looks like it has us beat, too."

"We can't leave it there to die," Hugh objected.

Rhoderick hesitated. He was awkward with words unless his temper was up. Then he bragged he could use words with the best of them. He finally managed to say, "It's got plenty of fight in it."

"Yes, but we can't leave it wounded," Hugh argued, surprised. He had known Rhoderick to follow a deer he had wounded for a day, to put it out of its misery.

"Give it a chance when its got spirit like yon one," Old Joe Herriott cackled. Hugh marvelled that the two old men could agree on anything.

"Looks like the way it's scolding and ordering the others around it maybe has an idea it can make it yet," Rhoderick was looking at a small formation of geese that was flying low and answering the calls of the wounded bird.

"That there goose has the stuff that leads from behind," Old Joe laughed with a kind of pride as if he had some rights in the bird.

"If it does get up it won't be able to fly far," Hugh protested.

Rhoderick muttered, "It's askin' fur a chance."

To Hugh's amazement old Joe explained, "A bit of suffering don't hurt nobody if he can beat it." He walked over, pulled a straw out of the stack and began to chew it.

"By jove, he's goin' to try to shove off," Rhoderick muttered.

Excitement ran through them and through Beth's young friends who came chattering excitedly from the house. Hester ran to Hugh and stood beside him without a word.

On came the geese flying lower, slower. They were over the stack.

The wounded goose braced himself ready. Hugh could feel the watchers growing tense, pulling for the goose. It raised its wings, flopped uncertainly, rose a few feet, stumbled and then fell back on to the stack. It began to slip and slide clutching wildly with its webbed feet.

"It's comin' down," Rhoderick went closer to the stack. The geese that had tried to help flew on honking excitedly. The wounded goose caught on a ledge of the stack and held on precariously. The released breath of the watchers could be heard as the bird firmed its position and began to call again imperiously.

Hugh with his face turned up toward the bird muttered, "When you've got lead rattling around inside you old boy you can't expect to fly like you used to do." He had a fellow feeling for the goose and he added, "The old grey mare ain't what she used to be." He had heard his grandfather say that and he knew now what he meant.

"Maybe she ain't," Old Joe snapped, "but that there goose is so busy findin' out what he can do he ain't got time to think about what he can't."

The goose was again calling, commanding, preparing to take off. Another small V formation of geese was flying low toward the stack. The wounded goose rose slowly, cautiously. It floundered. It flopped uncertainly. It began to come down. Then a kindly breeze gave it a lift. It made a supreme effort. It seemed to hang in the air and then it edged into the formation where it beat the air awkwardly. Then suddenly it caught the rhythm of the flight. A joyous triumphant honk floated down to the watchers.

"He made it," Old Joe was jubilant. For some reason Hugh felt impatient. He said, "That bird won't fly far."

"Maybe not," Rhoderick agreed, "but just bein' alive's an adventure fur him. Didn't you hear his honk?"

"If he comes down he'll come down tryin'," Old Joe cackled.

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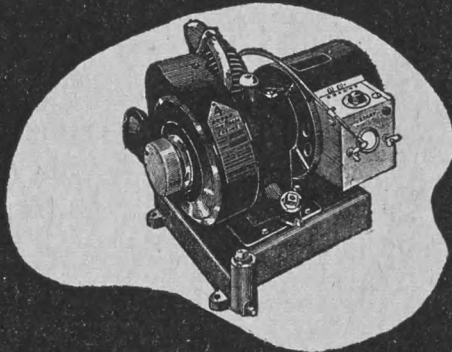
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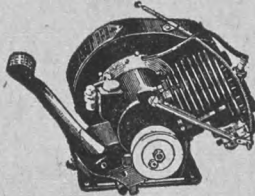


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Hugh was dimly aware that Old Joe said, "I got gas enough to take you to the hospital to see your Missus, Rhoderick, if you'd like?"

"I'd like," Rhoderick had agreed, and without further words or a goodnight the old men faded into the shadows.

At any other time Hugh would have been profoundly astonished but Old Joe's words, "That goose is so busy finding out what he can do he ain't got time to think about what he can't," had opened up a sealed room in his mind and it was exciting.

Joe was right. That goose had been so busy trying to do what he could he had no time to think of what he couldn't, while he had been spending his time rounding up all the things he couldn't do. Just being alive was an adventure for him. Hugh had heard that honk. It still rang in his ears.

He took a look at himself. Right there in the shadow of the stack with Hester standing quietly beside him he looked squarely at himself. He was not old. He was young. Twenty-three in the air

*Buy a bond for a freckled kid,  
Who lived down the street a way  
A boy with a dog just a while ago,  
But a paratrooper today.*

force was getting on all right, but not here at home. It was young, very young. Could he do as the goose was doing, get so busy finding out what he could do he wouldn't have time to think about what he couldn't?

His boyhood flashed back into his mind. His first garden, the first prize calf he had raised, his first prize at a plowing match, his first prize grain. He had been finding himself then and all life had been an adventure. Could he find himself again? Could he begin over again? A bit a suffering don't hurt nobody if he can beat it, Old Joe said. Hugh remembered his suffering but he wasn't suffering much now. Could life again be an adventure? Not doing all the things he had done. Not trying to—

Suddenly the old feeling came over him. There was the earth and the sun and the rain and the wind and the seasons and he was here to work with them. Just to be alive was an adventure. His hands closed around Hester's that she slipped into his. A new peace and happiness went over him. He drew her close.

"I'm not old," he said. "I can begin over again. I'll maybe surprise you. I'll maybe surprise myself. There are big things to be done."

Suddenly Hester's arms were around him. Half laughing and half crying she stammered, "Sounds—sounds like you've hit the beam."

"That's right," Hugh said a kind of wonder in his voice. "I believe I have. Want to come along?"

"I'd like to see you stop me," Hester sobbed, or laughed. Hugh couldn't tell which it was.

After a while Hester asked, "Want to see the bunch?"

"Nothing I want more?"

Arms around each other they strolled toward the house. The moon had risen. Dew on the grass sparkled like diamonds. Crickets in the hay were singing gaily while frogs in the pond back of the barn supplied an accompaniment. Geese were flying overhead and their shadows like little soft hands patted them gently in passing.

## Barnyard Strategy



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# THE COUNTRYWOMAN

## Proof

By ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

If radio's slim fingers  
Can pluck a melody  
From the night, and toss it over  
A continent or sea;  
If the petalled white notes  
Of a violin  
Are blown across a mountain  
Or a city's din;  
If songs, like crimson roses  
Are culled from the thin blue air,  
Why should mortals wonder  
If God hears prayer?

## Interest in Nutrition

**F**OUR of the nine provinces of Canada now have a trained nutritionist working as a full-time official in their government service. These are: Quebec, Alberta, Manitoba and British Columbia. This is evidence of the growing appreciation of the importance of proper diet in human health.

During past years many organizations of women have been pressing the need for such service upon the attention of Dominion and provincial governments. It is gratifying to note the progress made. This is only a start. Much educational work remains to be planned and launched and many investigations into actual need will have to be made. We have been slow in getting started. It is to be hoped that now, with a national Nutrition Service coupled with the activities of a fully qualified and full-time worker in the provinces, that much benefit will result to both children and adults in this country.

At its meeting in Ottawa last spring the Canadian Council On Nutrition by resolutions passed urged the adoption of these measures:

"That each province should employ at least one full-time nutritionist.

"That the government should devise and implement a national food policy to insure that every Canadian receives sufficient food to meet nutritional requirements; the Canadian Council on Nutrition offers its services as an advisory body for such a plan.

"That all white bread offered for sale or in public eating places should be made from Canada approved flour and that encouragement be given to making Canada approved flour available for household use.

"That the committee on school lunches proceed with their report, which will be given to the Minister of Pensions and National Health, urging that money be available for the purpose of improving the nutritional status of children by means of an adequate school lunch program throughout the Dominion.

"That a \$50,000 annual grant be made available for investigations on nutrition."

## In October Mood

**T**HE celebration of Hallowe'en has largely been an impromptu matter in this country. This festival, coming as it does at the close of a season of serious and heavy work and marking the culmination of "harvest home" affords a good excuse for merry making. It is easy to create the carnival mood with all its attendant color, noise and gaiety. In the past, too often this spirit of exuberant playfulness was given little or no direction and sometimes it found expression in mischievous pranks, perhaps outright hooliganism, affording no real fun to those concerned.

In some communities this has been recognized and steps have been taken through organization of social events, to divert and make use of the spirit of gaiety in a wholesome fun-giving way. Dances, house parties, large social gatherings help greatly. They can often be managed by some local club and turned to good account in raising funds for charitable and patriotic ends. So that is why we see more and more organizing and directing of Hallowe'en events.

The movement which is largely spontaneous is growing in both Canada and the United States. There is actually a National Hallowe'en Committee with an office at 152 west 42nd St. in New York City. Its purpose is to stand ready with ideas and to help get people enthusiastic. It is ready to take on interested Canadians as well as Americans. This year, its director Bert Nevins points out that there is special concern for the men and women in the armed forces. The Committee has a goal of 10 million parties on Hallowe'en. It will endeavor to have individual families pledged to invite at least one soldier, sailor or marine to a party on October 31.

Young people in service uniform in Canada and the United States are of much the same calibre and enjoy much the same kinds of fun. So we are pleased to offer for the consideration of Canadian rural readers

**Matters, some serious, others gay,  
occupy our minds now that autumn  
days are here**

By AMY J. ROE

ideas which the committee has worked out for use in a party whether it is held in a home, in a service centre or in a community hall where civilians and those in uniform mix freely.

## A Hallowe'en Party

By BILLY GOULD

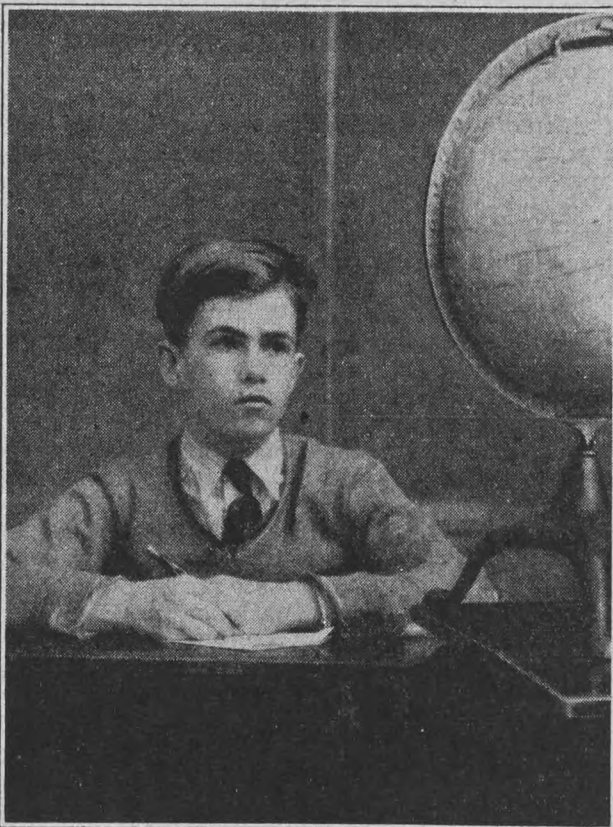
**P**LANNING a party for uniformed guests, requires a few changes in the traditional Hallowe'en activities usually scheduled, the committee advises. Although time-honored jack o'lanterns, witches riding broomsticks and doughnuts, cider and pumpkin pie should be present, add a good measure of the latest dance records, and a phonograph, and your military Hallowe'en party is assured of success.

Of course, Hallowe'en wouldn't be Hallowe'en without loads of eerie decorations, and plenty of orange and black crepe paper, but keep the decorations on the simple side, and avoid frilly feminine touches if you want the boys and girls to have a good time. There's no reason to have the party room so filled with dainty paper cut-outs that your guests will be afraid to relax and have a good time for fear of ruining some clever paper adornments.

The decorations can be very simple and effective at the same time. Orange and black paper streamers hung from the ceiling, on which owls, bats and goblins dangle are in keeping with the spirit of the occasion. Try making jack o'lanterns from apples, squashes, and even green peppers for a novel effect. Cut out a huge life-size witch and have her ride a real broomstick in the centre of the room. Don't forget to cover all the electric bulbs with dark paper so they'll emit a ghostly light. Candles stuck in narrow necked bottles which stand inside of hollowed-out cabbages are also very spooky looking.

Whatever decorations your individual fancy may desire, we warn you against any military atmosphere, such as hard benches instead of comfy chairs. After all, the whole idea behind these parties is to make the boys forget the ones they're missing back home, so a home-like spirit should prevail.

You'll probably find that planning refreshments will be a great deal easier than working out a menu for your local bridge club, for you won't have to worry about dainty, aesthetic looking dishes. Your uniformed guests reputedly have hearty appetites, and a cute little nibble of a sandwich cut-out to resemble a cat isn't even going to make one good bite. If you want sandwiches, make them regular-sizes, with substantial fillings like chicken salad, cheese and cold cuts. All your artistic talent can be concentrated on interesting containers for these sandwiches—try huge scooped out pumpkins, which add to the festive air without spoiling the guest's appetites.



*The long, long thoughts of youth. What will his world be like?*

After the more substantial part of the refreshments is planned, you can go a bit fancy on the dessert, and perhaps serve a witch's toast. All this is a half peach inverted on top of a half of a plain doughnut, with cloves marking the witches' eyes and nose, and a strip of pimento forming her mouth. This is most feasible, if you plan to seat your party for refreshments, but if it's to be buffet style, just pile the doughnuts in one mound, and fruit, nuts and orange and black licorice candies in another, and the military guests will like it just as well.

For entertainment other than dancing, the Committee suggests the traditional games that are near and dear to every young person's heart. Ducking for apples, doughnut dunking, ghost stories, fortune telling, and the many games played with nuts will all be enjoyed. You can vary the usual reaching for apples on a string by suspending a barrel hoop horizontally from the ceiling, and attaching to its pieces of candy, nuts and fruit. Then give the hoop a good whirl, and let the contestants try to snare a goody while the hoop is in motion. A few candles or other inedibles interspersed among the goodies will add to the hilarity.

It really will be lots of fun to get a few public-spirited women together and work out the details for a servicemen's and women's Hallowe'en party, so why not start now, and make sure there's no homesickness in army camps on the night when witches sail through the air on broomsticks and goblins stalk the earth?

## Needs of Our Young Folks

**G**O into a town of any size in the west, on a Saturday evening and you will find both sides of the streets lined with cars, the stores and streets unusually crowded. Small children run about and young folks stroll up and down, while men and women are apparently intent on doing the week's shopping and getting in a little visiting. There is an air of stir and excitement about, which comes from crowds. Going to town on a Saturday evening seems to have become a social institution.

In some towns and villages there may be a picture show or perhaps a dance. Too often there is nothing for the young folks to do except stroll aimlessly about to see and be seen, which after all is part of the business of being young. There may be a local cafe or ice cream parlor with a noisy radio or juke box.

During the past summer, when sessions of the Canadian Youth Conference were in session, I attended the rural section, where groups of young people were taking part in round-table discussions. They were trying to frame in their minds and express in their own words some of the problems of rural living. These folks were in their late 'teens and early twenties. In an amazingly short time they got round to the subject of the lack of recreation in the average small town, or for that matter in the large towns, for young people.

First they insisted that it was the children to whom most attention should be paid. Going to town was a big event in their lives and there should be something more than aimless standing about or playing on the street. Why, they asked, could use not be made of the school grounds and even the school buildings to provide games, competitions and even athletics? That implied supervision and the persons who undertook that would need some training for the job and an understanding of children. Wasn't there some way to impress upon a community the need and the worth of such service?

Much has been done during the war years to organize and enlist the volunteer work of men and women to provide wholesome recreation and interesting occupation for young men and women in the armed services so that they will not be unoccupied and lonely during their well-earned leisure. Town and country people have banded together to provide canteens, reading and general recreation rooms at natural centres.

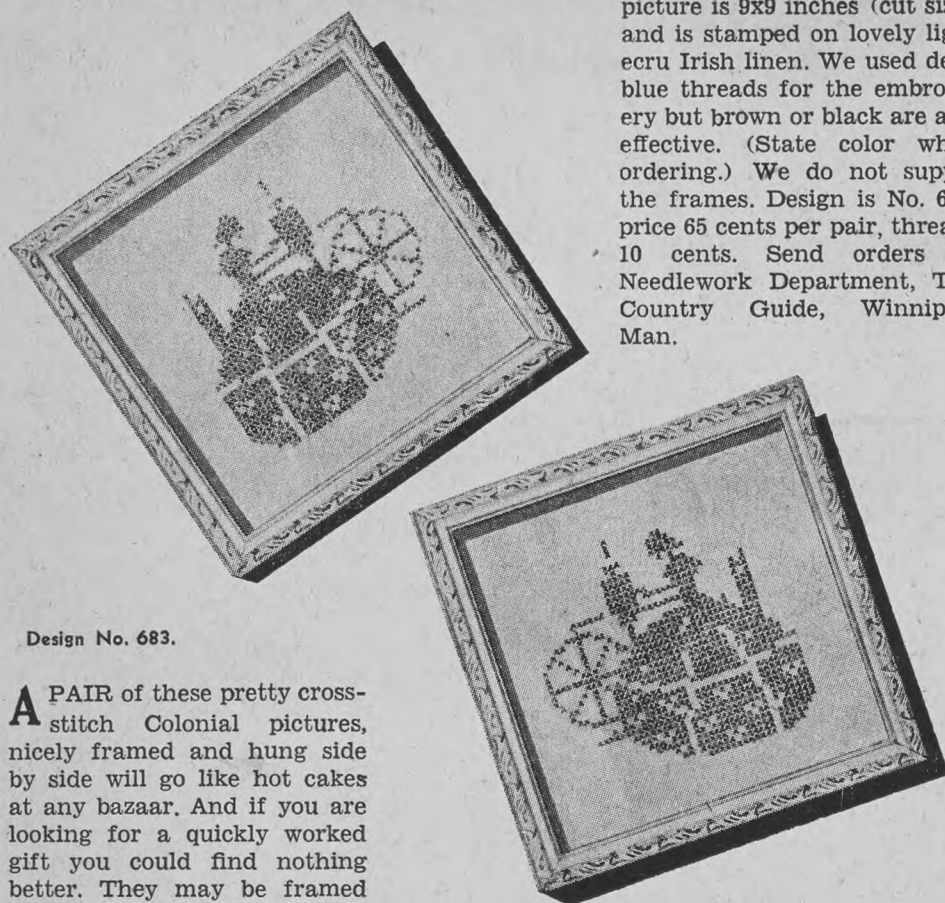
It is to be hoped that we have learned a lesson which we will be willing to carry over into peacetime. When the war is over there will come a great release of energy and time for other purposes. We could, if we so wished, divert this volunteer effort into establishing social centres for young folks, who will have to find their social satisfactions much closer to home. Lunch rooms could be run at small expense, probably at a profit, lending libraries, reading rooms carried on, dancing and games could be provided for a given number of evenings a week in any town. There will be trained leaders available. What we will need to do is to cultivate the spirit of looking upon such work as a fitting peacetime patriotic service; and to start now to do a little postwar planning for our own particular town or village.



## Cross-Stitch Pictures

By ANNE DeBELLE

picture is 9x9 inches (cut size) and is stamped on lovely light ecru Irish linen. We used delft blue threads for the embroidery but brown or black are also effective. (State color when ordering.) We do not supply the frames. Design is No. 683, price 65 cents per pair, threads 10 cents. Send orders to Needlework Department, The Country Guide, Winnipeg, Man.



Design No. 683.

A PAIR of these pretty cross-stitch Colonial pictures, nicely framed and hung side by side will go like hot cakes at any bazaar. And if you are looking for a quickly worked gift you could find nothing better. They may be framed with or without mats. Each

## In England Now

Leaves from diary of soldier's wife tells about buzz-bombs and a "farm walk"

By JOAN FAWCETT

August 7, 1944, Monday. What is it like in England now that we have invaded France and are ourselves invaded by the flying-bombs? I expect that is what people outside this island want to know. Well, I think the outstanding fact is that the ordinary day-to-day life is not really as different as we all imagined it was going to be. We imagined a complete cessation of all civilian travel, disruption of food supplies resulting in regional shortages, hourly broadcasts of instructions to the public, a possibility of German parachute-troops dropping in a suicidal attempt to damage our lines of communication. The day would dawn with a bang, we felt, and everyone would jump to attention. And then the reality: A special wireless announcement at 8 a.m. and then an hourly service of news headlines for a few days till it was seen how things were going; a feeling of excitement everywhere but no ban on civilian travel, in fact no orders for the civilian at all. There were perhaps more aeroplanes than usual and certainly more convoys during the first few days but nothing violent happened and life, anyway in the country, went on much as usual. Those of us who were not directly concerned with the war effort, felt distressingly impotent; we were not even asked to put up with any extra discomfort, such as a food shortage. Everything had been so well planned that nothing was upset, even temporarily.

After a few days the wounded started to come back by air across the Channel, and then by train to the big hospitals up north. It was very reminiscent of the last war. Among them were German prisoners, some so young, that in their wounded misery they were crying for their mothers. It seems to me one of the worst indictments against Hitler, that he has forced the beastliness of war upon such young members of this war people. A week or two after the wounded, came the French refugees. I have not seen many of them but those I have seen have been so typically French that one had to smile. They were mostly the thick set, peasant type, wearing berets and lumpy, check jackets

that have never been seen before in England. They were billeted all together in the empty houses in the town, whole families of them. At first they used to sit on their garden walls and watch the traffic going by. Hour after hour they did this, or strolled up and down but still watching the convoys and the buses. I wondered very much what they made of it all and what comparisons they were making with four years of German occupation.

Then came the flying-bombs! I have not had any experience of these myself, as I live in the midlands of England, but I know various people who have. As is usual with new forms of war weapons, it depends how you are made, both physically and mentally, as to how you react to them. Some people find them definitely trying, principally because they are so divorced from the human element, although they admit that they are nothing like as efficient or so dangerous as the old-time blitz; while others treat them casually, as a dangerous nuisance that just has to be put up with, after the fashion of wasps in summer, they spoil your fun and hurt if they settle on you but always there is a good chance that they won't. The chief effect on us here outside the danger zone, is that once again we are being asked to billet thousands of evacuees. The towns and villages are full of them; the Government have got evacuation schemes going and many more people are evacuating themselves. This house of my father's, where I live now, is a fair sample of a wartime establishment: it consists of my father, myself and my two small children and my children's mother, who is exempt from war service through ill health; a wing commander and his wife, who although English have just come over from Canada after four years there at an air force training station, who have two rooms and share some of our meals and cook their others in the kitchen; while upstairs in what used to be the maids' bedrooms we have put an aircraftsman and his wife and tiny baby. The wife and baby are self-evacuated from the flying bombs. And just to add yet more

variety, my husband may get leave any day and my V.A.D. sister is home from North Africa. It makes people smile when they hear of our "family" but it works and we all remain extremely good tempered which is remarkable. I have all the ration books and shop for everyone, it is easier that way, but everyone's two ounces of butter and half their eight ounces of sugar per week are weighed out and put into individual dishes. The other four ounces of sugar per person goes into the cooking jar. We all share the housework and also get some daily help from the village, while Nanny does the cooking, and she and I share the care of the children.

August 13, 1944, Sunday. I have been on a "Farm Walk" this evening. This is a scheme sponsored by the War Agricultural Committee to encourage and improve farming. The average, small English farmer is very conservative and it is hoped this will broaden his view. They are being held all over the country; on a Saturday or Sunday evening all the farmers of a district get together and go over each others farms to see things of interest; a field of fine wheat

on one farm, a dairy herd on another, or a new type of farm implement on another, and so on. One farmer organizes the "walk" but each farmer explains his own exhibit, giving details of the work and the stuff put into the field or stock. It was immensely interesting. Actually we hardly walked at all but were driven on flat, farm trucks, sitting on bales of straw down the centre so that we all faced outwards. There were three truck loads of us in the end as many wives came too.

The evening was lovely after a wet day, the sky very blue and heaped with white clouds. In the villages people were standing about in little groups talking, as is the way on a warm Sunday evening, but as we mounted out over the hills the breeze freshened making the wheat sway and rustle, while the inevitable aeroplane slid away over our heads, across the evening sky.

We began by looking at a ley. These are being tried now in place of our old, permanent pasture land. The field is plowed and then sown with a mixture of grasses and clover, the mixture depending on how long you intend to leave it

Turn to page 62

## Writers of The Good Old Days

A start made in Alberta to explore the use of folk lore in fiction and drama

By MARJORIE DOWLER STYLES

IN the heart of the Rockies at the Banff School of Fine Arts, the first Alberta Writer's Conference was convened recently for the purpose of furthering the collection of regional history and folklore and encouraging its use in fiction and playwriting. Because, as Richard J. Needham, columnist for the Calgary Herald said, while addressing the conference, the function of Alberta writers, is to write about Alberta; no one else can do it quite as well.

This project was introduced by Professor Robert E. Gard, of Cornell University, who successfully carried out a similar project in the State of New York. "I used to wonder why so little was published about a region undoubtedly rich in folk-lore," he said. "Since coming to Alberta 18 months ago, I have been amazed at the wealth of your material—the wild-cat oil booms; your famous characters, Bob Edwards of the Calgary Eye-Opener... Col. Macleod of the Mounted Police. Your mountains. The romance of your rivers—which alone are good for at least three books." Every settlement in western Canada has its counterpart and those attending the conference agreed to see these stories are recorded. These writers will soon be interviewing old timers, delving into dusty files, unearthing pioneer diaries, soliciting old letters, requesting such assistance from members of their community as will guarantee that no event of local pioneer interest is overlooked.

ARRANGEMENTS are under way to start a "Provincial Archives" at the University in Edmonton, where this material will eventually be kept, so it will be available to future generations. Mr. Gard has written one book and a number of short plays on the Alberta material he collected and is encouraging the use of Canadian material in his short story and playwriting classes at the School of Fine Arts.

Dr. Murray Gibbon, of Montreal, who was present, said the pioneer music must not be overlooked, and cautioned us to keep the words and music together, lest the result would be misleading. Recently he had been permitted to examine the convent Archives at St. Boniface and was surprised to find their "Song of Farewell" was sung to the tune of "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Mr. Frank Steele, editor of the Lethbridge Herald, said Senator Buchanan, his publisher, had been collecting their

regional history for 25 years. It was at Lethbridge the last great Indian battle was fought, he said, and near there, Nick Sheron, Alberta's first coal miner, seeking gold, accidentally discovered coal.

Georges Bugnet, a farmer from near Lac Ste Anne, north of Edmonton, whose three published books interpret the French immigrant, said that in no country save Canada, would one find animal stories, such as Charles G. D. Roberts wrote, so popular. This he considered was because in Canada, nature, not man, is supreme.

Mr. Dan McCowan, whose books on "Animals of the Canadian Rockies" are familiar, described his hobby of collecting the "first" books on western Canada—the first missionaries, Rundle and McDougall—the first immigrant, "A Summer in Prairie Land" by Sutherland, a man with only one hand, who travelled from Fort Garry to Alberta with his wife and three small children. He cautioned writers to be accurate when writing nature stories, the subject being inexhaustible, as the complete life story of any bird or animal has never been written. "For instance," Mr. McCowan said, "how does a fawn know what to eat?" "Where do gophers get water?"

INCLUDING members of Mr. Gard's classes in short story (which included people from Manitoba, Saskatchewan, British Columbia and one girl from Montreal) there were about 50 writers in attendance at the conference. Quite a number of those from Alberta coming from farms and small towns.

The main sessions in the afternoons were reserved for the regional history, mornings and evenings were given over to technical problems: radio, by Elsie Park Gowan; Short Story, John Gillese; newspaper features, Frank Steele and Richard Needham.

Interest was such that the Department of Extension of the University is being asked to make this conference an annual affair, with possibly a six-weeks' course in journalism for beginners and a ten-day conference for professional writers. John Patrick Gillese, a successful young writer from a farm at Rochfort Bridge, north of Edmonton was appointed secretary, while Donald Cameron, Director of the Department of Extension at the University of Alberta, continues as leader.



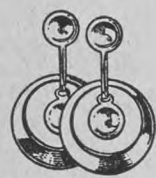
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Marjorie J. Guilford.

## Goes to Special Field

Miss Marjorie J. Guilford, formerly Assistant Home Editor on the staff of The Country Guide, in September accepted appointment as Nutritionist to the Manitoba Division of the Canadian Red Cross. The post is a newly created one and Miss Guilford in taking over her new duties will at the outset emphasize a school lunch program, which today is realized to be of great importance. The work will be under the direction of a committee of seven people, outstanding in health and public welfare and under the chairmanship of Miss Mary C. Hiltz, Associate Professor of Nutrition of the University of Manitoba. Already plans are well under way to supplement teaching and demonstration work with a short film strip on the subject.

Miss Guilford was born on a farm near Clearwater, Manitoba. She graduated in Home Economics from the University of Manitoba in 1940. Since that time she has made many friends and wide contacts through writing for The Country Guide. She will for some time, contribute further articles to this magazine. Her many reader friends and The Guide staff wish her every success in her newly chosen field of special work.

## Helpful Hints

A hint comes from a friend in England, where necessity is indeed the mother of invention: "Having more raspberries in the garden than I had sugar to preserve, I just packed screw top jars with the fresh fruit, with no water or sugar added, and processed them in a pan of water, just as in preserving with syrup. I intended to save more sugar and use this fruit for making jams later on. But that time never came, and now, on opening the fruit, we find that it is less sharp than when fresh, and needs very little additional sugar, and is excellent for use with custard or in pies."

\* \* \*

How much energy do you waste when you are hanging out clothes? Do you place the basket on the ground, bend down to get each piece, then have to pick the basket up and carry it along to its next location? Why not have a cart that brings the basket waist high, so that the clothes are right at hand, and the basket can be wheeled from place to place. If you can't manage a special cart for the purpose, use the children's wagon, with a box on it to raise the height of the basket. Easy enough, isn't it?

\* \* \*

Perhaps you know, too, that soap which has been permitted to dry out a little will last much longer than freshly milled soap which is soft. So, with this in mind, unwrap each cake of soap as you buy it and place it in your bureau drawers or among your sheets, pillow cases and towels. The soap will serve as a lovely sachet.

# MUFFINS

## MAKE THE MEAL!



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2 cups sifted flour  
3 tspns. Magic Baking Powder  
½ tspn. salt  
1 tspn. sugar  
½ tspn. allspice

2 eggs, well beaten  
1 cup milk  
2 tbsps. melted shortening  
2 tbsps. shredded apple

Sift together dry ingredients; add eggs, milk, melted shortening and apple; mix all together quickly.

Bake in well-greased muffin pans in hot oven (400° F) about 20 minutes. Makes 12 muffins.

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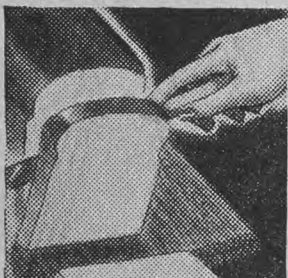


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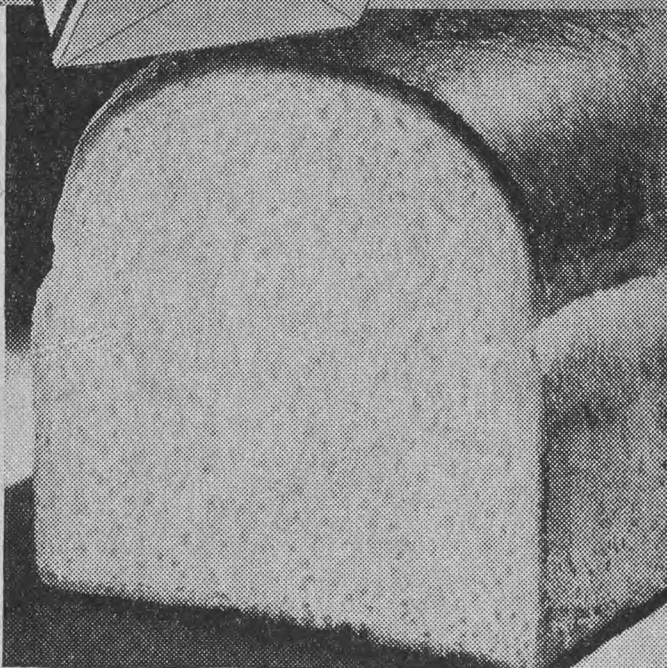
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## Sauerkraut

Plan now for winter supply of this wholesome food

By MARJORIE J. GUILFORD

**S**AUERKRAUT, long regarded as a rather lowly dish, is deserving of more popularity. For in addition to high vitamin and mineral values, the lactic-acid formed in its making is beneficial to the digestive system. This acid also has the effect of preventing some of the destruction of the vitamins which would ordinarily occur during the cooking of the vegetable.

In making sauerkraut, just enough salt is used to draw the juice from the cabbage. The juice ferments and the acid thus created helps to preserve and flavor the kraut. The fact that the salt and acid preserve the sauerkraut over a period of time, makes it a valuable winter food, particularly in rural areas, where fresh vegetables are hard to obtain. It is an excellent source of vitamin C.

### Barrel or Crock Sauerkraut

Remove damaged or soiled leaves from cabbage. Prepare five pounds of shredded cabbage and place in a jar or paraffined keg. Sprinkle the cabbage evenly with two ounces (4¼ level table-spoons) of salt. Prepare another five pounds of shredded cabbage, and add to jar, sprinkling again with two ounces of salt. Repeat until desired amount has been prepared. It is important to use these proportions of cabbage and salt to obtain a kraut of good quality.

The cabbage should be firmly pressed into the container to force out air. Do not pound. The juice drawn from the cabbage should come just to the surface. Cover kraut with a clean white cloth and then with a plate or paraffined wooden cover that just fits the container. Place weight on the cover of such size that juice comes to the bottom of the cover, but not over it. Watch this daily.

Fermentation starts soon and continues for a month to six weeks. The best quality kraut is produced at a temperature of about 65 to 70 degrees Fahr. or room temperature.

When fermentation ceases, heat kraut in its own juice until warmed through (110-130 degrees Fahr.) pack into jars, cover with hot sauerkraut juice. Leave ¼-inch headspace. Adjust covers, and process in boiling-water bath; pint jars 25 minutes, quart jars 30 minutes.

### Kitchenette Sauerkraut

Sauerkraut made this way contains more vitamin C than when made in a crock.

Test a two-quart jar for leaks. Even those with nicks can be used with lids and rubbers. Sterilize the jars, cover, rubber and spoon to be used in packing the sauerkraut. Select good firm heads of cabbage. Early cabbage is as good as late varieties. Trim off outside leaves and remove all discolored spots. In handling, keep trimmed heads clean. Rinse in running water with stem end down and drain. Shred cabbage into large pan or bowl. Add one teaspoon sugar and 2½ tablespoons salt for every 3 1/3 pounds cabbage and mix well. A two-quart jar will hold about 3 1/3 pounds of

shredded cabbage. Less sugar may be used, or it may be left out entirely.

Pack tightly with spoon into jar, working quickly. Fill the jar to the very top and press until the juice runs out. Seal the jar, fastening cover securely and set jar in a convenient place. It may leak a little but air will not enter as long as fermentation is going on actively. In about two weeks, just as soon as the bubbling has ceased, retighten the cover. Wipe the cover and sides of the jar clean and dip the top in hot paraffin to prevent entrance of air. Keeping out all air tends to preserve more of the vitamin C and the sauerkraut is less apt to discolor.

The sauerkraut will be ready when it has the right acidity, flavor and change in texture to suit one's taste. This may be in two to ten weeks. Use the juice as well as the sauerkraut as they are equally rich in vitamin C.

### Causes for Imperfections

Soft sauerkraut may be due to too little salt, too high temperatures, to air, due to improper packing, and to faulty cleaning of kraut containers. White scum on sauerkraut is a yeast growth. It is controlled by means of proper covering and weights on the kraut to prevent its exposure to air.

### Sauerkraut Juice

Heat the juice to 160 or 165 degrees Fahr. in the upper part of a double boiler, or in a kettle, stirring it occasionally. Without cooling, pour it immediately into hot sterile crown-closed bottles, or in glass jars, taking care to fill each container completely. Seal each container immediately and invert for three to five minutes. Cool in good circulation of air, but not in draft. To serve, add lemon juice to taste. Serve very cold.

### Sauerkraut Gelatin Salad

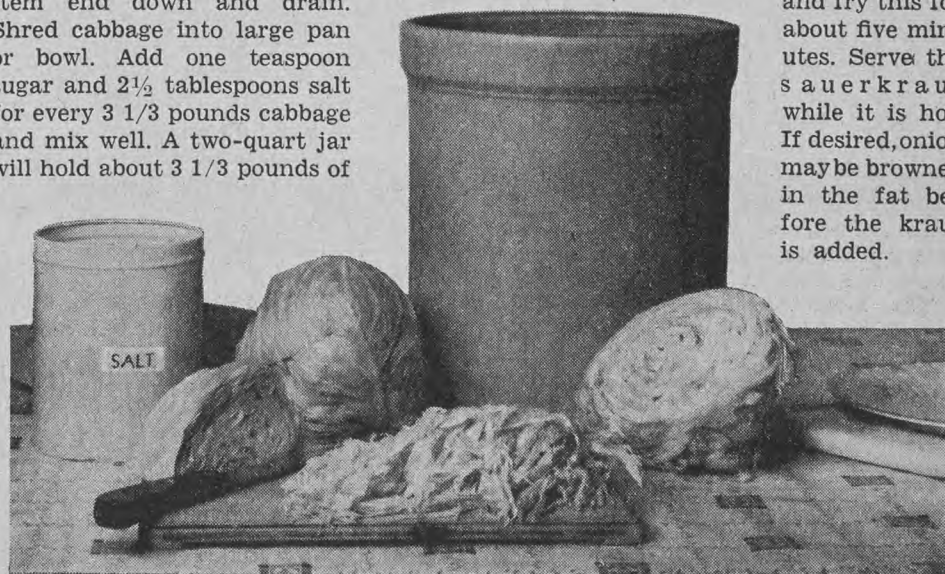
1 c. tomato soup	2 T. chopped onion
2 T. gelatin	1½ tsp. paprika
½ c. cold water	¼ tsp. salt
1 thinly sliced cucumber	2 hard-cooked eggs
2 c. sauerkraut	Lettuce

Soften the gelatin in cold water for a few minutes. Bring the tomato soup to a boil, and dissolve in it the softened gelatin. When the mixture is cool, add the sauerkraut, cucumber, onion, salt and paprika. Slice the hard-cooked eggs, and put a slice in the bottom of each small cup or mold used, and fill these with the mixture. Chill the salads and turn them out on lettuce leaves when served.

### Fried Sauerkraut

1 lb. sauerkraut	3 to 4 T. butter or other fat
¼ tsp. caraway or celery seed	

Melt the fat in a frying pan, and let it brown slightly. Add the kraut and the seasoning and fry this for about five minutes. Serve the sauerkraut while it is hot. If desired, onion may be browned in the fat before the kraut is added.



The equipment needed is on hand and the method, simple.



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## Stuffed Vegetables

**R**ING a change in your service of vegetables once in a while by scooping out their centres, to be replaced with a savoury stuffing. Tomatoes, onions, peppers, eggplant, potatoes, squash and vegetable marrow are best suited. Stuffed vegetables are attractive to look at and tasty to eat. They are ideal as part of a mixed vegetable plate, or as a supper dish, for the stuffing is usually quite substantial, sometimes with some meat included. Baking is the usual method of cooking.

### Stuffed Green Peppers

6-8 large peppers	½ tsp. Worcester-
1 lb. chopped fresh	shire sauce, if
pork	desired
2 beaten eggs	Salt to taste
½ c. uncooked rice	A little sugar, to
1 large onion,	taste
chopped	

Cut a slice off top of green peppers, and scoop out core and seeds. Mix other ingredients in order given. Fill peppers lightly to allow for swelling of rice and egg. Place in baking pan or flat saucepan and surround with canned tomatoes or tomato juice, seasoned and sweetened to taste. Replace tops. Cover and simmer slowly for one hour on top of stove.

### Baked Stuffed Onions

6 large onions	2 T. chopped parsley
½ lb. veal, ground	½ c. buttered
½ lb. beef chuck,	crumbs
ground	1 c. tomato juice
1½ tsp. salt	½ bay leaf
Pepper	

Remove outside skins of onions; cook in boiling salted water for 20 minutes, until slightly tender. Drain and cool. Cut a thin slice from the root end of the onion. Carefully remove centre, chop. Combine ground meat with chopped onion pulp, one teaspoon salt and pepper, parsley. Mix well. Fill onion with mixture, top with crumbs and place in baking dish. Add any filling left over to tomato juice, with bay leaf and remaining ¼ teaspoon salt. Pour around onions. Bake in a moderate oven.

### Baked Stuffed Vegetable Marrow

Cut a medium sized marrow in half lengthwise and scoop out seeds. Cook the halves in boiling salted water for ten minutes and drain. Fill with the following stuffing:

1 c. finely chopped	2 T. chopped green
left-over meat	pepper
2 c. medium cream	Grated onion, if
sauce	desired.
Salt, pepper	

Place the marrow on a well-greased baking sheet. Cover the filling with buttered crumbs and bake for 20 minutes in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahr.).

### Stuffed Tomatoes with Macaroni and Cheese

8 large firm	2 c. well seasoned
tomatoes	thin white sauce
1½ c. macaroni	6 T. grated cheese
1½ quarts boiling	4 tsp. melted butter
water	½ c. buttered
2 tsp. salt	crumbs

Scoop out all the pulp and juice from the tomatoes and sprinkle insides well with salt. Cook the macaroni in the boiling water with salt until tender, drain. (If you have long strands of macaroni, break into pieces an inch long). Mix well with the white sauce, in which is blended four tablespoons of the cheese. Put a half teaspoon of the melted butter in each tomato, and fill with some of the macaroni mixture. Sprinkle the bread crumbs mixed with the rest of the grated cheese on top of the macaroni and bake the tomatoes in a moderate oven for 20 minutes.

### Bacon-stuffed Potatoes

6 medium sized	½ c. chopped
sweet or white	cooked bacon
potatoes	2 T. green peppers,
1 T. soft butter	if desired
Salt	Hot milk
Pepper	

Scrub potatoes thoroughly, then dry. Coat lightly all over with melted fat. Bake in a hot oven 425 degrees Fahr., until tender. Cut a slice from top of each and carefully scoop out centres. Mash thoroughly or press through ricer. To pulp, add butter, season to taste and add bacon and peppers. Whip mixture very light, moistening as required, with hot milk. Fill stuffing lightly back into potato shells. Brush top with melted butter. Reheat and brown.

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2 tablespoons butter  
3 tablespoons  
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1 teaspoon grated  
onion  
1 teaspoon salt  
¼ teaspoon pepper  
1 cup coarse Christie's  
Premium Soda  
Cracker crumbs  
3 eggs, separated  
2 teaspoons  
lemon juice  
2 cups finely  
diced cook-  
ed carrots

Combine first 7 ingredients and cook 2 minutes over boiling water. Remove from heat and add to beaten egg yolks. Stir in lemon juice and carrots. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into greased custard cups. Place in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 50 minutes. Makes 8 timbales. And remember, Christie's Premium Soda Crackers are so fresh and flaky they enhance the flavor of soups, salads, creamed dishes. Always keep a package or two on hand.

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## IN ENGLAND NOW

Continued from page 58

down, two years, three years or five. With our limited acreage this gives us a better feed for cattle. After we had looked at some samples of sowing done with a new mechanical sower that can be adjusted to any size of seed, we were taken on to a small farm, now prosperous, with fields of wheat and fine crops of potatoes. Ten years ago it was nothing but water-logged earth sprouting rushes and small hawthorn trees, with towering, thin hedges flanking the lanes. Then we went on by way of various odd fields to see a small dairy herd on a farm with only thirty-two acres of grazing. There are usually about twelve cows in milk, the owner told us. They looked a pretty sight as they stood round viewing us with slow astonishment. Another farmer had some fine, clean pigs, and another showed a field of peas and mustard sown together. The intention being that the mustard should prop up the peas when it rained or blew.

When we got in it was after half past nine and we were ravenous for supper but between the mouthfuls we still discussed farming.

It seems as if there is going to be a big swing back to the land in England after the war. It is quite the usual thing to hear the service man say: "I'd like to farm when this is all over; I don't fancy going back to an office stool. I want to be my own master and be out in the air." They feel that they must get away from all the whirl and noise that is a modern world at war, and get back to the fundamental things that man was made for. It is quite understandable. Let us hope that they will all have the opportunity and tenacity to achieve their object.

August 17, 1944, Thursday. Young Canadian airmen are going back to camp after an evening out. I can hear them cat-calling and singing as they tear along the country lane on their bicycles. Their spirits are so exuberant

that they make our old stones blind. They make us laugh with them but they miss home, parts of it especially. I pick up a lot of them for a lift in my car. I go in and out of the town, and it's always the same question: Where there a restaurant? They are hungry for something "good" to eat; sometimes this means a steak, sometimes ice cream or sweet corn, all things absolutely extinct here until the war is over at least. And another question: Why do so many of the girls here spoil their hair with bleaching? Or, how can you have a complete Bank holiday in the midst of the fifth year of war? I shake my head for the last person to explain an Englishman is one of the breed.

To restore the sheen and body of silks after washing them. Dissolve four tablespoons gelatin in half cup cold water, then add 1½ cups hot water. Use one part of this solution to eight to fifteen parts rinsing water.

\* \* \*

New bi-focal glasses may call for new working heights, since it is easier to raise a table than to constantly adjust the eyes to the former height.

\* \* \*

A wooden box on casters makes a convenient wood box as it helps to save steps and prevent litter in bringing in wood.

\* \* \*

A small strip of leather will make an excellent button loop on a garment where the loops gets hard wear. Use scraps of leather from old gloves and bags.

\* \* \*

Darns on some types of garment may be strengthened by reinforcing on the wrong side with a piece of curtain net, and darning through it.

\* \* \*

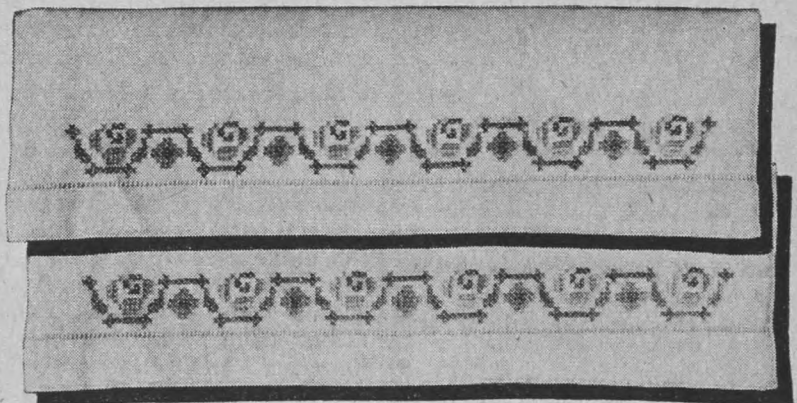
Points of wear in children's and men's clothing may also be reinforced by sewing on scraps of leather from old gloves and bags.

\* \* \*

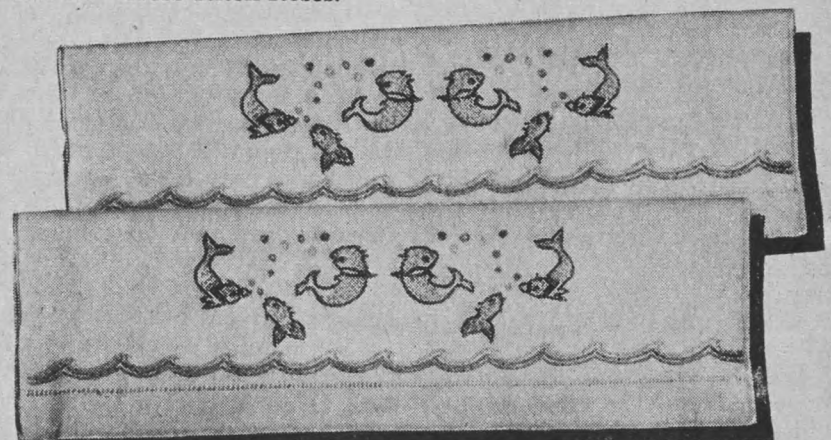
To prevent bias cut slips wrinkling at the seam when ironed, press with the grain of the fabric.

## Attractive Guest Towels

By ANNE DeBELLE



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## Keeping Up Appearances

The modern woman knows how to preserve youthfulness and charm in spite of heavy tasks

By LORETTA MILLER

skin. Also be sure that no line of demarcation shows. This can be accomplished by using the cushions of your fingers and smoothing them upward and outward from the main centre of application.

Powder is applied next. Pat on your powder and don't forget to make an application over your throat and underchin.

At this stage in the application of makeup turn your attention to your brows and lashes. The chances are the removal of powder from these eye-framing hairs will be sufficient to give your makeup that lovely well-groomed look. If your hair is blond or graying, a light touch of darkener on your lashes and a bit of darkening with a pencil along the brows will accentuate the eyes. However, I must caution you against using too much eye makeup, or your facial expression will appear heavy and you'll actually look older than without makeup.

It has often been said that "coming events cast their shadows before." Translate this to beauty terms and it means that before a double chin or even underchin flabbiness is very apparent, a slight drooping of the jowls is noticeable. Therefore, no matter what your age, it's well to look over the contours of face and throat and check any tendency toward aging in these areas.

Because so many young girls have a tendency to double chin, it should be proof enough that faulty posture and not age is often at fault. Check and double check your posture. With your shoulders and back straight, sit facing a mirror. Turn your head in all directions, noticing, as you do, which is the best angle for your underchin. The chances are it will be the position with your head up proudly and your shoulders squared. This, then, is your position to have and to hold. Notice, if you're sitting properly, your hips will be far back in the chair, your abdomen will be drawn in, and you will appear taller than usual. If you doubt this, try taking your old natural sitting position. Notice how your underchin seems suddenly to have aged and you look inches shorter, and less important.

Keep this right position, always, whether sitting, standing or walking. Keep aware of your appearance as much as possible, and, by holding your posture in check, you'll hold the contour of underchin and throat as well as the contour of your entire figure under youthful control.

In addition to correct posture as an aid toward maintaining or regaining a nice chin line, it may be wise to use nightly applications of a rich lubricating cream. Most of these creams serve splendidly toward keeping the skin surface smooth, while the combination of maintaining correct posture work together to make an excellent weapon with which to ward off aging throats and underchins.

Correct carriage calls for a slight swish as you step along. Don't walk as straight as a ramrod or Indian totem pole, but carry yourself buoyantly. Walk with a light step and with body relaxed. Hold your head high, stretch your body upward, push in your abdomen, push back your shoulders and let your arms hang relaxed. Once you learn this correct way of walking, you'll be able to walk for hours without the least fatigue. It has been rather well established that faulty posture is responsible for approximately 85 per cent of the day's fatigue. Walk well, if you want to feel on top and look your best.



Smart and lovely hair style of Louise Allbritton

**W**OMEN are girls today. Time was when a girl of twenty was considered a woman. Now, praise be, we have learned the fine art of keeping young physically as well as mentally, in fact as well as in appearance. Now the tables have turned, and a woman of forty is still considered a girl. We've learned to hold our bodies straight, our heads up, and our shoulders soldier-fashion. We've learned how to make our coiffures becoming and our makeup perfect.

Whether the modern woman is working at a bench in some war plant, whether she's raising a family in the country, or going to business in the city, the woman of today is a girl in spirit and her family and country are proud of her. It is keeping up appearances that makes one's cares seem lighter. It is knowing that she is holding back the physical signs of the years that brightens any mother's eyes and makes her walk gallantly, beautifully.

Young girls and their older sisters and mothers who are wise in the way of good looks, use a delicately fragile looking, light-flush makeup. This lovely makeup tone has a pinkish-blue cast that makes the skin appear clearer and finer. It is ever so much more flattering to the average skin than are the yellow or orange cosmetics.

If you have gone without makeup during the summer months, you'll probably find it necessary to give your skin a little extra attention before it will take kindly to cosmetics. So, after using soap and water, smooth a little cleansing cream over face and throat, following an upward and outward motion when making the application. Remove all traces of cream, after just a few minutes, or, when used at night, let the cream remain on until morning.

If your skin is very dry, smooth a thin film of lubricating cream over your face and throat. Or, if you prefer, use an oil especially recommended for dry skin. To hasten in the correcting of dry skin, it's well to keep a covering of lubricating cream on the skin all night and as much as possible through the day.

An oily or greasy foundation is the thing for use on dry skin, while the liquid type, or that generally applied with a moist sponge, will be best suited to oily skin. The correct use of the right foundation is important to a good-looking complexion.

Women who use cheek and lip rouges wisely can erase the physical signs of many years from their appearance. Never use a bright, garish makeup. Rather, be subtle and use only the faint blush of natural rosiness. If you haven't enough natural pink to serve as a guide in helping you select your rouge, match the rouge tones to the natural complexion of a child. You'll find it perfect for a natural makeup.

Use delicate fingers when putting color to cheeks. Blend the rouge so cleverly over your cheeks that the color will appear to come from under the

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3817  
SIZES  
10-40



3853  
SIZES  
10-16

3767  
SIZES 12-44

APPLIQUE 11216  
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SIZES  
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# THE COUNTRY BOY AND GIRL

## Lantern Light

By EFFIE BUTLER

When Grandpa lights the lantern,  
All ready to go out,  
To bed the cows and horses,  
The shadows dance about.

They flit across the garden.  
They hurry by the well.  
They scale the tallest tree tops  
And tumble down pell-mell.

Sometimes they chase and scamper.  
Sometimes they're very slow.  
Then suddenly they disappear  
To places I don't know.

It's fun to see the shadows  
That play about the farm,  
When Grandpa lights the lantern  
To go out to the barn.

## The Quiet Hallowe'en

By MARY E. GRANNAN

THE china dog by the fireplace was laughing so hard that the firetongs danced and swayed in the firelight.

"Hey," called the firetongs. "Stop that laughing, will you?"

"I can't," said the china dog and laughed more merrily than ever.

"You'll have to," said the firetongs. "I'm dancing here like a jumping-jack. What's the matter with you, anyway?"

The china dog looked at the firetongs, and then suddenly he remembered. The firetongs hadn't been here last night. The firetongs had been taken to the cellar to be polished and had stayed in the cellar all night. That was too bad. The firetongs had missed everything. China Dog said, "Firetongs, you were away last night, so I'll have to tell you why I was laughing. Bridget said this morning to the milkman, 'Last night was the quietest Hallowe'en that I ever did see. Nothing at all going on!' . . . But she didn't know, Firetongs . . . she didn't know."

"And I don't know either," said the firetongs, "but I do wish you'd tell me."

"Well, I will. We had a wedding here last night," said the china dog.

"A wedding! Here!" gasped the firetongs.

"Well . . . same thing as here," said the china dog. "It was in the chimney . . . and we certainly did make merry. Why last night was the noisiest Hallowe'en there'd ever been in these parts. Bridget must have slept well if she didn't hear a thing." And the china dog burst into another fit of laughing. "But who was married? Who had the wedding?" said the firetongs. "China Dog, if you don't stop that laughing and tell me, I'll pinch your tail with my tongs. I declare I will."

And knowing the firetongs to be a man of his word, the china dog stopped his laughing and told the whole story. It seems that for a long, long time the little grey mouse, Janina, had been in love with the chimney swallow. Nobody had known a thing about it except Janina and China Dog. China Dog had seen Janina crying on the hearth rug, one night in September, and had asked her the trouble. She sobbed out, "Oh, China Dog! I'm so unhappy. I love the chimney swallow and he doesn't love me."

The china dog asked her how she knew he didn't love her, and she told the china dog that chimney swallow had never seen her in all his life and that was how she knew.

"Well," the china dog then said, "I've never heard of anything quite so silly. The thing for you to do, Janina, is to meet Mr. Chimney Swallow, and find out."

"Oh, no," said little Janina.

"Well, are you going to cry all your life, because you won't find out? I think the chimney swallow is lonesome himself. He has a nice nest. I can see it here from my place on the hearth rug. You like living in a nest Janina, don't you?"

Janina nodded her little head that she did. The very next night, when the china dog heard Janina coming up the cellar steps to raid the kitchen pantry, he called the chimney swallow. He introduced him to Janina, and chimney swallow fell in love with her straight away and asked her to marry him. China Dog insisted, that because he had arranged

NOW that October's here and the days are growing short, you realize that summer is really gone. As the weather gets more chilly you will be looking for things to do and to play indoors. Have you ever thought of keeping a scrap book on games. You will find quite a few ideas in magazines and newspapers if you are on the watch for them. So often when the weather is bad and you have to stay indoors for hours at a time, either at home or at school, you wish that you had some good games to play. Well that is where your scrap book would come in handy. Sometimes you see an article about a game and after you have read it you think that you will remember it for use at some time in the future. Then you find you have forgotten some important point and the idea is no good to you.

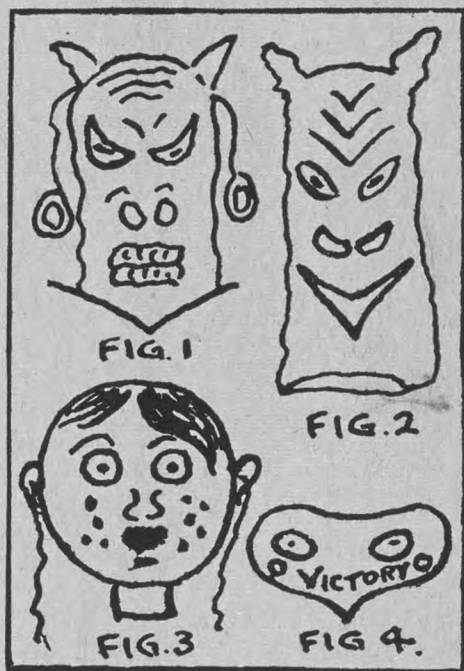
Why not start this month to keep a scrap book on games you can play, puzzles and contests. This would be a good month to start for you will find quite a few good Hallowe'en ideas. Perhaps you could arrange a party for Hallowe'en at your home, in the community hall or the schoolhouse. It is lots of fun! If you start early making plans you can work out some good ideas. For a few cents you can buy crepe paper and make orange and black trimmings for the walls and windows and have pumpkins for jack-o'-lanterns. It always seems that October is such a splendid time for a lively party coming as it does just after you have settled down into the fall school work.

it all, that he should name the wedding day. Janina and Chimney Swallow agreed, and China Dog named Hallowe'en. And that was last night.

"And," laughed the china dog again, to the firetongs . . . "What a wedding! . . . All the chimney swallows in town were here, the bats from all the deserted attics were here . . . the jack-o'-lanterns all left their places in the windows . . . the apples and nuts that hadn't been eaten were dancing like the light in the dying fire. . . It was a big night. Too bad you weren't here, Firetongs."

"Yes," said Firetongs. "It was too bad."

The china dog burst into another gale of laughter . . . "And Bridget said it was a quiet Hallowe'en."



Hallowe'en Masks

HALLOWE'EN this year should almost be a victory parade of the spooks, but, in any case, you must have a mask, you really must, you know, and what is better than an up-to-the-minute home-made face garment?

Figure 1 gives you an idea for a paper-bag mask. For this, you need a large size brown paper bag that will fit over your head. If your Hallowe'en head is too big for any available bag, make a mask from ordinary wrapping paper. Tie the corners for ears, leave the string about six inches long and wear doughnuts for ear-rings. Cut out holes for eyes, nose, and mouth. Paint in the face as shown.

A cloth sugar bag or muslin bag which you can easily sew together from remnants makes a more permanent mask. (Figure 2.)

A spooky cardboard mask sufficient to cover the face and to draw a big laugh in shown in Figure 3. Trace around a large dinner plate to make the circle for the face. Draw in the features and fasten strings to the ears so that you can tie on the mask. Cut out the eye circles, the lower half of the nose, and a mouth just large enough so that you can stick your tongue out if you want to.

Figure 4 shows a half mask, the type used in a masquerade ball where it is

only necessary to cover the nose and eyes to avoid recognition. The mouth is free for talking. This can be cut of cardboard and decorated for the occasion in a few minutes. It is an appropriate Hallowe'en mask for sedate sister, grandmother, or the baby who objects to a full mask even for a fun-packed evening like All Hallow's Eve.—Walter King.

## Sculpture Made Easy

By KERRY WOOD

IF you are fond of miniature statues and figurines, nature has provided a whole art gallery all ready for you to mount.

Find a stretch of sand-hill country where the junipers grow thickly, and spade out some of the weirdly twisted roots of this prickly shrub. Before you have dug out half a dozen roots you will have focused your attention on one or more of the curiously malformed things, and with some judicious cutting with a penknife you will have an interesting little statue of a man or woman in some expressive pose, or perhaps you will be lucky enough to find a leaping deer, a rearing grizzly, a mournful coyote with its nose in the air, or perhaps a monstrously ugly heathen-idol's head!

By scrapping off the bark and cutting away enough root to accent the shape desired, then roasting the wood a rich color over a bed of coals and polishing with fine sandpaper or steel wool, some attractive and beautiful mantel-piece ornaments may be readily obtained from the grotesque but fascinating roots of the common juniper.

## Save Your Shots

BEING thrifty is an important habit to develop at any time; in wartime it is vitally important, so I am going to tell you how my boys use their B-B shots over and over again. They fill a cardboard box with crumpled paper—a large cornflake box is excellent. Then they crayon a target on it, and place it where they wish to practise shooting. When they shoot the B-B's from their air rifle enter the cardboard target and the crumpled paper acts as a foil for the shot. When they finish their game they empty the paper out of the box and rescue the shot, which can be used over and over again. Eventually some of the shot get flattened, these must be discarded as they would ruin the barrel of the air rifle. The boys have used this method of rifle practice in the house safely all winter.—Marjorie Stiles.

## Wrong Is Right

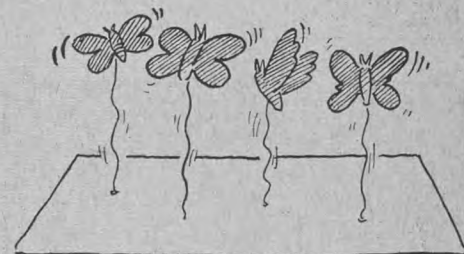
FORM two lines, one of girls and the other of boys, if possible. Have them stand up and face one another. The object of this game is to answer questions incorrectly and anyone giving the correct answer must sit down.

The boy at the head of the line starts by asking the girl opposite him a question. She must answer immediately and if she answers that question correctly, she must sit down and be declared out of the game. If she gives the wrong answer she may ask the next boy in the line (the second boy) another question

and he, after answering it wrong, asks the girl opposite him another question—and so on down the line and back again. The winner is the one who remains standing the longest. The answers to all questions must be immediate. Any hesitation puts the player out of the game.

## Flying Butterflies

YOU can have a lot of fun making and playing with these butterflies. Get a thin sheet of white paper, and draw on it a few small butterflies. Color them carefully on both sides, one not quite so



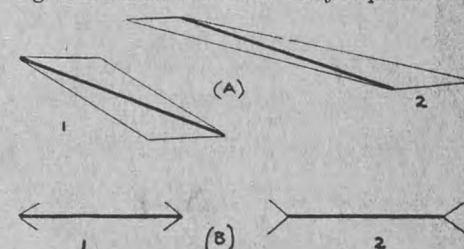
bright as the other. Cut them out and bend back the wings slightly, as they would be if the butterfly were poised for flight. Fasten to each one a piece of thread about four inches long, and fasten the other end of the thread to a sheet of heavy paper or cardboard, as shown in the diagram.

Now take a sheet of brown paper, and put it in a hot oven for a few seconds, being very careful that you don't go away and forget about it. When it is quite hot, take it out and rub it vigorously for a minute or two, rubbing one way only. Then, immediately, hold it over the sheet of paper to which the butterflies are attached. They come suddenly to life and begin to flutter about at the ends of their strings.

## How Are Your Eyes?

1. Don't place too much trust in your eyes! They can fool you badly sometimes, when you rely on them most.

Which, for instance of the two heavy lines (1 and 2) is the longer in the two figures below? Or are they equal?



2. Before the judges stands the show dog, tail and head outstretched. Head (up to shoulders) and tail together are longer than the body. As much longer as the tail is longer than the head. Or the body than the tail. And the tail is just 18 inches long. How long is the entire dog, tail tip to nose tip?

Perpetual motion, as all science books will tell you is a myth, but you can achieve nearly that with this trick.

From a lampshade hang a small steel ball, suspended by a light cord just so long that the ball clears the table top by a half inch. Now bring a book up towards the steel ball. On this thick book, lay a horse shoe magnet so that the cord lies between the arms and the steel ball is a couple of inches below the magnet. A little shifting around will give the correct position for the magnet.

Automatically, the steel ball will begin to vibrate like a pendulum. But instead of slowing down it will continue to swing. It is an eerie thing to watch, the clocklike swinging of the ball, driven by no visible power, never slowing and never speeding, just keeping on and on. Actually the driving force comes from the magnetism.

3. How much dirt in a hole with straight walls, eight feet deep and top and bottom a circle five feet across?

## Answer

1. 1 and 2 are equal in (a), but 1 is 8% longer than 2 in (b), eyesight to the contrary.

2. Head 12 inches, body 24, tail 18, altogether 4 ft. 6-inch.

3. There is no dirt in a hole of any size or shape, ever.



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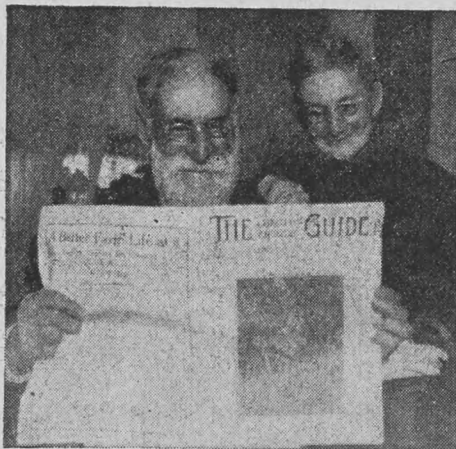
# Straight from the Grass Roots

HERE'S a story from the last Victory Loan campaign, which appeared in the Pincher Creek Echo: "Canvassers for the Sixth Victory Loan were out one day all over the district. The hearse also went out and rumors went around town that it was also out on Victory Loan business, and where the canvassers were turned down, they took appropriate action and conveyed the remains back to town. We can now state, authoritatively, that these rumors were entirely false, as the hearse was out on legitimate business. The response of the general public to the canvassers was splendid, and we would like to offer our heartiest congratulations to all on going over the top before the drive started off."

I WOULD like to tell you of an incident which took place here at the time of the flood last spring. One of our neighbors has the peculiar habit of always throwing his oat straw onto the same stack. He did this for 13 consecutive years. In the night came the flood. By morning the stack was rising rapidly. By the afternoon the stack was so high that a plane flying at 12,000 feet was caught and sank rapidly in the soggy mess. Nothing was heard of it till one day in July the biggest wind ever known out this way blew the top of the stack off and, to the amazement of everyone, an undamaged American plane rose out of the straw and flew away.—Grace Plunkie, Alta. (We won't say which P.O.)

SOMEWHERE in this issue you will find the first cartoon of a series, entitled "Barnyard Strategy." We certainly got a kick out of them when they came in. There are a dozen or more, drawn by R. H. Helmer, of the R.C.A.F., and formerly of Milner, B.C. We decided to run them as a series, so look for one in each issue. You will get a kick out of them too, unless we are very much mistaken.

ROY CLARKE, of Saskatoon, sent us this picture. It was taken of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Clarke away back in—as a matter of fact we looked up our files and identified The Grain Growers Guide cover as of March 24, 1915, and presumably they were looking at the latest issue. They settled on their place at what is now Borden in 1904 where Mr. Clarke built a substantial stone house which is still considered a real house. They burned the lime themselves from stones gathered



along the Saskatchewan River. Roy still owns the farm but operates a poultry farm near Saskatoon.

MISS MARY KORNELSON, teacher of Grades IV and V at Steinbach, Man., read Lookout Duty, from our September issue, to her pupils and then asked them to write the author. In forwarding their letters to him, Miss Kornelson wrote: "If you had seen the eyes of the children when I read them the story, and also when I asked them to write to you, you would feel well rewarded."

Now let us look into this. The author is Miss Kornelson's school inspector. Her letter shows that she was happy. We also know from the letter that the children were happy. The author was happy enough about it to send the letters on to us, and we were happy to get them. And neither the inspector nor we would have known a thing about it if Miss Kornelson had not been thoughtful enough to pass the happy word along.

LETTERS about that house plan keep on a-coming. Mostly critical. But whoever heard of two people agreeing on a house plan? If they agreed, you may be certain that one of them was still unconvinced. One man thought that stairways had been, or should be, abolished. He suggested that the man who drew the plan should get Eaton's to build a stairway to the top of the chimney on their store and then climb it at least once a day. Another thought that the house was a tremendous affair. Completely fooled. You can't build a place less than 18x26 and call it a house and this one was only four feet wider and two feet longer than that. Put up a big front; that was the idea. Another wanted to know if the writer of the article had ever heard of cedar siding. Yes, he informs us. He was nailing cedar siding on houses in Medicine Hat and Regina 41 years ago this fall. Many women like a bedroom on the ground floor, which is an excellent idea. If you have any suggestions for planning a farm home, send them along. We want to make a symposium of such ideas and publish it.

ED. JONES, of Broomhill, Man., says we hear too much about big potatoes and not enough about little ones. What with too much rain and too many bugs his potatoes didn't do very well this year. Some are as big as peas but there are a lot of little ones. He wanted to save them, though, and he sat in that patch quite a while figuring how he could do it. Suddenly he thought of his rifle with a telescope sight. By using the sight he was able to locate some of them. After finding all he could he got his wife's flour sifter to sort the little ones out of the big ones. When they are cooked and the hide is off them, he has to use a watchmaker's eye piece to locate them on his plate.



ONCE again comes the notice that the new edition of the Canada Year Book is ready, that a copy costs \$2.00 unless you are a teacher, university student or a minister of religion; in which case you can get it for a dollar, though in a paper bound cover. The King's Printer, Ottawa, is the man to write to. This book is crammed with information any one who is interested in public questions should have. We have the complete set, since 1905, handy on our reference shelves and we find that the 1943-44 edition will just complete the five feet of shelf room they take.

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## Practical Books and Bulletins

### "A Country Guide Service"

21. Grafting and Budding Fruit Trees, by G. F. Chipman—25 cents postpaid.
22. Hardy Fruits, by G. F. Chipman—25 cents postpaid.
23. Farm Workshop Guide, edited by R. D. Colquhoun—Illustrations and instructions for gadgets, and practical farm plans—50 cents postpaid. (Available Feb. 1, 1945.)
50. The Countrywoman Handbook, Book No. 1—Kitchen Labor Savers, Home Decorating, Pattern Reading, Getting Rid of Flies, Bugs, and Beetles, etc., etc.—25c postpaid.
52. The Countrywoman Handbook, Book No. 3—Nutrition (foods necessary for proper quantities of vitamins, calories, minerals, etc.), Canning Meats and Vegetables, Curing Meats, Drying Vegetables, Storing Vegetables, etc., etc.—25c.
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